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THE

# SHEFFIELD DIALECT.

BY ABEL BYWATER.

SHEFFIELD :

G. CHALONER, 3, MARKET-PLACE ;

G. WIGHTMAN, 24, PATERNOSTER-ROW ; AND HOULSTON  
AND STONEMAN, 65, PATERNOSTER-ROW, LONDON.

1839.

ENTERED AT STATIONERS' HALL.

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## PREFACE

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It may very naturally be expected that we should say something about the origin of the "Sheffield Dialect," and the reasons why it has been continued. The first attempt to commit it to writing was made at the time when the public mind was much excited by the Roman Catholic Emancipation Bill, the precious working of which we now begin to *see*, and shall ere long begin to *feel*. It will be remembered that we had two meetings on the subject, after which our first letter appeared in the columns of the Sheffield Courant. Its publication gave rise to much speculation as to who was its author, and we remember enjoying the joke in several companies, where opinions flew swiftly round as to who the mysterious writer could be.— "Hah," says one, "that chap can wroite better nor that; he's nooa fooil, depend on't." "Oh," says another, "o kno him, an o could tell his name, if o'd a moind." "Come, then," says a third, "let's have it." "Nay," says he, "o'st not tell his name, but o kno for a fact at it wer written be one at parsons." Of course we offer'd no opposition; indeed, it would

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have been utterly useless, for no one had the most distant idea that it was the production of a grinder. After this, several other letters appeared in the different papers on various subjects, and were so well received that Mr. Blackwell, the late publisher of the *Iris*, first suggested the idea of publishing a pamphlet in the dialect, and at the same time proposed several subjects for the author's cogitation. After a short time the first number of the *Wheelswarf Chronicle* appeared, the sale of which far exceeding our expectation. From this circumstance, and others, which from delicacy we shall not mention, we continued to publish until we had six numbers of the "*Wheelswarf Chronicle*," when they were collected and published in one small volume, which has long been out of print. Continuing to employ the press by this mode of communicating our thoughts, we got access to the very lowest of society, and thus directed our energies against the principles of infidels. We also kept up a close fire against that wretched crime which is such a stain upon our country, viz., drunkenness; and hence the *Temperance Chronicles* appeared: and to "unfold the principles of good living in private life," out came the *Gossips*; and, last of all, some caricatures upon Owenism. Having had such evil principles to contend against, our readers will see that in some parts of our little work, we have not paid very much attention to the Dialect: for this omission, if it be one, we must beg the indulgence of our numerous friends.

Having now given a very brief history of the origin and progress of our publications, we may

now proceed to some little explanation of characters, customs, words, and sentences :—" The Cutler's Song," p. 21, seems to be a sort of caricature on certain characters, who were manufacturers of flat-backs, and were passionately fond of plays and dancing ; hence originated " penny hops." A large room was engaged in some public house, and youths of both sexes admitted to dance for paying perhaps a penny each, or some small trifle. This practice is still observed in some parts of Sheffield, and has been the ruin of scores of the female sex. " Steem at lives at Heeley," was a manufacturer of flat-back knives, and frequently brought them by cart-loads to the warehouses in Sheffield. There is a tale about an old dame at Wadsley in the flat-back line, who had coaxed the apprentices to make seventeen flat-backs to the dozen, and still not being satisfied, she thought she should like the other knife ; so one day when all the lads were in the house, the old lady proposed that if they would make the other odd knife " they should have a spice-pudding on the Sunday ;" but we believe the old negro-driver was disappointed.

We may now say something of the Cutler's " Lozin." Early in the morning of the day when a cutler is at age, the whole neighbourhood is made aware of the fact by a peal of bells, which happen to be ingots of steel, suspended and struck with a hammer, to the great annoyance of all around. At night a supper is provided, at the conclusion of which the young man is placed in a chair upon the table. when the whole company stand round, and each taking a glass of liquor in his hand, they join in singing, or shouting, the following sentences,

which, as their enunciation is accompanied by corresponding actions, must be admitted to be very “full of meaning :”—

This young man's health, an it shall gooa rahnd,  
 It shall gooa rahnd, it shall gooa rahnd ;  
 This young man's health, an it shall gooa rahnd,  
 It shall gooa rahnd, hoi o !

The same repetitions are also used while singing the following :

Houd yer likker aboon yer chin, &c.  
 Oppen yer mahth, an let likker run in, &c.  
 O'l houd ya a crahn it's all gone dahn, &c.

The following stanza, which concludes the ceremony, is sung to another strain, and with additional spirit :

Here's a health to he, that is nah set free,  
 Which once was a prentice bahnd ;  
 It is for his sake, this holiday we make,  
 An sooa let his health gooa rahnd.

We are happy to inform our readers that this custom is now but seldom practised.

The Bull-Week—a word about that. The best account of the origin of the Bull-week, that we have heard is the following. It is said that the master cutlers, about Walkley and Stannington, many years ago, were accustomed to kill a bull, and cut it up for their men, to feast upon at Christmas, and the men, in order to pay for the extra meat, worked much harder the week before Christmas than usual ; the beef was commonly called then, “bull meit.”



## GLOSSARY.

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*Abbut*, aye but  
*Adder say*, I dare say  
*Al*, will  
*An, ans*, one, ones  
*Anole*, too, also  
*Arston*, hearthstone  
*Ass*, ashes  
*Assnook*, under the fire grate  
*At*, of the, at the  
*Bahn*, bound (*going*)  
*Bastin*, beating  
*Beledda*, an exclamation to which no particular meaning is attached;—supposed to be a corruption of the Roman Catholic oath, “By my Lady.”  
*Berrin*, burying, funeral  
*Blo aht*, blow-out, eating and drinking to excess  
*Blunt*, brass, money  
*Breet*, bright  
*Buckt*, beaten  
*Bun*, bound (*to bind*)  
*Bur*, but  
*Cloice*, close (*nigh*)  
*Coit*, coat  
*Collar*, when the wheel-band is entangled with any part of the machinery it is called a *collar*

*Colsh*, concussion  
*Corbo*, a thick-hafted knife  
*Corker*, not to be surpassed  
*Cowks*, cokes, cinders  
*Dahn't spakt*, to fetch articles from a pawn-shop: the allusion is to a kind of wooden case erected in pawnbroker's shops, reaching from the shop to an upper story, by means of which clothes or other articles, that would not be injured by such a proceeding, are expeditiously conveyed to the shopman.  
*Dee*, die  
*Deed*, died  
*Decad*, dead  
*Dobbs*, money  
*Drum*, the broad wheel which carries the wheel band  
*Dun*, do  
*Een*, eyes  
*Elsins*, awl blades  
*Entra*, a narrow passage  
*Farrantla*, decent, upright, honourable  
*Flat-back*, a common knife  
*Fork-dust*, the dry dust made in grinding forks

- Freeten'd*, frightened  
*Fun*, found  
*Ge, Geed, Gen*, give, gave, given.  
*Ger, Get'n, Gerrin*, get, got, getting.  
*Ger aht at gate*, get out of the way.  
*Goit*, a narrow stream of water.  
*Grindlecowk*, a worn out grinding stone  
*Guzzle*, to drink to excess.  
*Ha, han*, have.  
*Hah*, how, aye (*yes*)  
*Ha'in*, having.  
*Heal*, there will.  
*Heftpoip*, a temporary handle used in grinding razors and forks.  
*Heit*, eat.  
*Hettn*, eaten.  
*Hilda*, hide, to conceal.  
*Hoil*, (*subs.*) hole.  
*Hoil*, (*v. a.*) to expel.  
*Hopena*, halfpenny.  
*Hopple*, to chain the wrists or ancles.  
*Hull*, room in a grinding-wheel.  
*It*, in the. *Thro it it foir*, throw it in the fire.  
*Jannak*, as it should be.  
*Jaram*, order. *Out of jaram*, out of order.  
*Kah*, or *cah*, cow.  
*Kale, Kalo*, in turn.  
*Kelter*, money.  
*Letherin*, see *bastin*.  
*Let on*, met with, lighted on.
- Lig*, lay.  
*Liggin*, lying, recumbent.  
*Ma, mak, mayn*, make.  
*Malak*, tumult.  
*Marra*, synonymous with "beledda"---may possibly have been corrupted from "by Mary."  
*Mo'nt*, must not.  
*Mumpin*, see *letherin*.  
*Mun*, man, must.  
*Mut*, might.  
*Mut'nt*, might not.  
*Nebbut*, nay but.  
*Neet*, night.  
*Nesh*, poor spirited. *To deenesh*, to give up an enterprise dispirited.  
*Nobbut*, only.  
*Nont*, aunt.  
*No'ther*, neither.  
*Nuncle*, uncle.  
*Ontot*, on to the  
*O't*, of the  
*O'ther*, either  
*Rahm*, (*in the place of*) room  
*Reik*, reach  
*Reit*, right  
*Roite on't*, depend upon it  
*Row*, tumult  
*Sam*, to take up  
*Sap*, ale  
*Scar'd*, frightened  
*Scran*, any thing to eat  
*Scrag*, offal, remnant  
*Seet*, sight  
*Shank end*, latter end  
*Shedille*, (*schedule*) to take the benefit of the act  
*Shoo, Sha*, she

<i>Shoo'd</i> , she would, she had	<i>We</i> , with
<i>Shoo'l</i> , she will	<i>Webbur</i> , <i>Webbut</i> , well but.
<i>Skirrick</i> , a trifling coin	<i>We'd</i> , we would, we had.
<i>'Sloik</i> , it is like	<i>We'm</i> , we must.
<i>Soft</i> , fond, silly	<i>We'n</i> , we have.
<i>Strap</i> , credit	<i>We'st</i> , we shall.
<i>Swat</i> , to throw down with violence	<i>Whack</i> , share.
<i>Ta, tak</i> , take	<i>Wheelswarf</i> , the yellow sludge formed during grinding on a wet stone.
<i>Ta, thah</i> , thou	<i>Wick</i> , alive
<i>Thatst</i> , that is the	<i>Wollopın</i> , see <i>mumpın</i> .
<i>Theal</i> , there will	<i>Wor'nt</i> were not.
<i>Throo</i> , from	<i>Wotn ya</i> , what do you, what have you.
<i>Throo't</i> , through the, from the	<i>Yabbut</i> , yea but
<i>Tomma</i> , bread	<i>Yo'm</i> , you must
<i>Tubbe</i> , to be	<i>Yo'n</i> you have
<i>Unbethowt</i> , ( <i>on bethought</i> ,) to think upon, remember- ed, reminded.	<i>Yo'rt</i> , yo are the
<i>Wa, Weel</i> , well.	<i>Yo'st</i> you shall

## GENERAL RULES FOR UNDERSTANDING THE ORTHOGRAPHY.

*D* final, in all words ending with *and*, and *g* in *ing*, are generally dropped, as *stan*, stand, *thinkin*, thinking.

*I*, pronoun, changes to *o*; as *o've*, I have; sometimes to *e*: *i* long changes to *oi*, as *foine*, fine.

*N* is sometimes added to verbs, as *keepn*, *wantn*.

*Ou* and *ow*, diphthongs, change to *ah*; as *ahr*, our; *pahnd*, pound; *gahn*, gown; *nah*, now.

*The*, article, is generally contracted to *t*, and added to the preceding or succeeding word; as "*at tend at wheel*," "at the end of the wheel." When occurring between one word ending, and another beginning with *t*, it is omitted: as "*at top*" "at the top."

*I* ending monosyllables changes to *o* and *oi*; as *mo*, *moi*, my; and at the end of dissyllables to *a* as *moighta*, mighty.

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# THE SHEFFIELD DIALECT.

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## CONVERSATION I.

GUIDE—Gud mornin, sur ; o've heeard at hah yo wantn a chap to sho ya throat factoriz, an sitch loik.

GENTLEMAN—Yes, my man, and if you will be so kind as to conduct me to those places, I will give you five shillings.

GUIDE—Yo will? Wa, o'l tak ya onna whear for that ; it al be't best day's wark o've dun for menny a month ; an yo'st gooa to ahr wheel furst.

GENT—With all my heart ; and I hope you will enter into as much conversation with your colleagues as possible.

GUIDE—Tubbe shure o will ; nobbut yo mo'nt laff at are toke. Yo seen yon steppins at end at wheel ? Wa, that's are hull ; an yo mun moind yer coitlaps duz'nt catch't drum : yo mun keep cloice to me till yo getten uppat hull arston, an then yo can sit ya dahn and smook yer poip.

GENT—Is this the place, Guide ?

GUIDE—Hah, thatst dooar; in we ya! (*Guide shouts*) Hey, oud Wheelswarf! hah gooas it? Dusta hear onna news nah?

JACK—Hah, t' Dutch as tain Holland.

GUIDE—Moi oi! oud lad, thah art sharp: but wot dusta think abaht King a France an that set?

JACK—O, they loikn eggs to weel for me; we'st want another generashon a hens, if we keepn that squad here long.

GUIDE—Wa, whear mun we send him?

JACK—Whoy, send him tot King a Spain to help him to may a perricot for't Virgin. But wot al becum a Pollignac, o wunder?

GUIDE—Wot al becum on him?—Whoy, they'l throttle him, it's loik; o'd have all sitch as him hang'd an chopt as small as a horse, an throne dahnt goit. Thah shud a heeard wot Bro'me sed abaht him it square. It made mo blud run cowl e me vanes; an for all o wer squeezed ta death, o cud a staid all't neet to a heeard him.

JACK—Hah, o kno Bro'me's a rattler; he'l mak sum on em stare, when he spaiks it Hahce this seshon; an't tuther three's dacent chaps, mun; they'l do summat for uz, thah ma roite on't. O shud'nt wonder if they dooant thro't gam laws aht, an then abodda al ger a bit a hare on as awn shooitin, withaht gerrin up tot knees in a man-trap, or havvin abaht a dozen gret fat brussen gam-keepers at as heels o'ther.

GUIDE—Thear's non sitch luck, lad; they'l tak care at gam for ther sens. Bur o'd ne'er heed that, if they'd squasht corn bill; that ad be't foinest thing



for't pooar fooaks ; we'st want non a yer operative clubs ; nou, not sooa.

JACK—Abbut thah mo'nt say nowt agean them no'ther.

GUIDE—Wa, mun, o near reitla kno'd hah they mannidg'd em ; bur o'm thinkin at hah it al tak mooar honnesta nor's sturrin nah-days to mak a job on't ; ift chap turns a rooag at keeps stooar-hahce, then yore in for't ; an besaide, thah cahnt boi the stuff no'ther cheaper nor better nor o can ; an when ta's sed all ta can, thah stans a chonce a payin the munna all't days o the loif, withaht bein a skirrick better fort. Tubbe shure thah ma draw the brass aht after sich a toim ; bur o daht thahl not have a deeal a intrist for the kelter, when t' stooar-hahce chap's getten his whack. (Reik me a leet, Bil, me poip's aht.)

JACK—Oh, thah kno's nowt abaht it, mun. T' stooar-hahce chap cahnt be a rooag varra weel. He's fooast to foind securata, an he cahnt lay a hopena aht withaht committee kno's all abaht it, nor he mo'nt sell nowt uppa strap nother ; besaide, ivvera chap it consarn has a chonce to look at books, for they're awlis oppen'd ivvera quarter ; bur o'm thinkin at hah if they loikn ale hofe as weel as thah duz, we shuddent tak em in.

GUIDE—Webbut ween had enuff a this ; han ya heeard a this new invenshon wot they'n fun aht latela ?

JACK—Wots it abaht ?

GUIDE—Whoy, they sen at hah t' barbers is bahn to shave fooaks be steeam.

JACK—Cum, cum, oud chap, thaht trailin

us nah; we cahnt swalla that no'ther;—  
we'st have that swapt at onna rate.

GUIDE—Wa, t' barber told me sooa his sen.

BIL HEFTPOIP—Allads, oud frend, thah's  
geen us a clencher at last; but sum at barbers is  
sich loiar. O'l ge the a sample a wot a gret loiar  
Little Luke wor (thah knode him, he liv'd it Grin-  
dle gate) He sed at hah he wer wonce bahn up  
t' Oud Park Wood, an a gret bare cum runnin reit  
streit oppen mahth at him; an he sed, "o dubbled  
up me shet sleeve, ramm'd me arm reit dahn his  
throat, laid oud on his tail, and turn'd him insoid  
ahterds;" and if ivver thah heeard a bigger loi e the  
loif, spaik.

JACK—Hah he sartanla wor a gret loiar;  
ivvera toime he oppen'd his mahth, it wert soign of  
a loi. [*Enter child.*]

CHILD—Dad, me mam sez yore to cum hooam,  
me nuncle's cum'd we me nont, an they're booath  
bahn to me grondad's berrin.

BIL—Pooar oud crater! he's had a sooar  
toime out; heez near been reit sin his collar booan  
wer brocken won neet as he wer bahn tot play,  
we a strooak o'ert shin, at throde him intot muck,  
an brake his heead ageean a boulder. [*Shouts to  
the child*] Wa, o'st cum enah; ger hooam we the.  
O near seed t' loik, here's awlis summat cummin to  
backen a bodda; o'st have inoournin to boi for ahr  
oud lass an mesen, an't stuff an't mackin al coss  
aboon a bit.

GUIDE—Has he left the owt, Bil?

BIL—Whoy, hear'l be a bit, o reckon; thear's a  
kah an a kofe to divoide amang noin on uz.

JACK—Whoy, thear'l not be a leg a piece for ya.

[*At this moment the conversation was interrupted by a person of the name of Bob Beanhead, who, I was informed, came from Wadsley with blades to grind.*]

GUIDE—Nah, Bob, hah ahr tha gerrin on we yore colledge?

BOB BEANHEAD—Hoo, bless the loif, its finisht long sin, an we'd ere so menna speeches, an proim ans anole, when it wer oppen'd. Jooa Slitspring geed uz a lectur upp at necessata a havvin a railway to Wadsley for't better conveyance a blackberries an flatbacks to Shevvild market, an he proved it it spoit a ther teeth, becos he sed at hah we'd awlis been fooast to send t' knoives to Shevvild uppen a jackass, an wit lads makkin em trot, they shack'n t' revvits aht befooar they get'n em tot warehas. Bur if we'd a railway, he sed they'd cum sooa easy at hah we shud'nt need to revvit em at all. Bur o avver, thear wer won chap at sed summat at o cud'nt tak in; he wanted to mak us believe at hah t' world turn'd rahnd; but not sooa. Ift world turn'd rahnd, wud'nt all't watter run aht aahr well? hah, sloik it wud; an besoid, we shud all tumble off, shud'nt we? An then he sed at hah thear wornt a man it mooin, when ivvera chap e Wadsley's seen his face menny a toime. Bur at last he teld us at sun wornt a foiar, an o thowt he cum up we nowt hardla then; it's loik he thowt Wadsley chap's wer all soft, becos ween letten us poips at sun menny a toim, an if it wornt foiar, hah cud we?

JACK—O wish we mut have a railrooad to Wadsley, becos we shud ger us stooans for less brass then.

GUIDE—Thah sees nah, wot t' march a intellect's dun for us, we inventin t' railways; nobbut look backards, when they yus't to gooa to Lunnun uppatt pack-horses; wa then they went it waggin at taid em seven days, an after that, it fore days' floi. But when t' cooach begun a gooin e twenta hahwers, it wer thowt a merrical; bur if we'd teld us fath'ers at we wer bahn to Lunnun afooar nooin, they'd sartinla a thowt we wer crazy.

JACK—An sooa they wud, mun; but wot dusta think t' march a intellect's dooin for t' charrata lads; it's thowt be sum fooaks at hah they're bahn to larn em to floy, for they're beeldin summat at top at schooil for em to start off on.

GUIDE—Na, na, oud chap, it al not doo, mun; o can tell the all abaht it. Thah kno's at hah't charrata lads awlis play'd it chetch-yard, an at last they fon it aht at hah't deead fooaks cud'nt be quoiat for em, sooa they sent em into't St. James's-street; bur they kick't up to much noise thear, sooa thah see's they wor determin'd ta tak't young rascals haht a ivvera bodda's gate, an nah they'r bahn to may em a play grahnd at top at schooil.

APPRENTICE—Mester, we wanten sum:sewit, t'rattens has hetten all't hofe pahnd at wer left uppatt horsin t'last neet.

MASTER (*shouts*)—O'l sewit yo ya scamp, o'l larn yo to leeave t'sewit uppatt horsin, o will. Ser off hooam an ax are oud las for sum brass, an if

yer not back in a minnit, o'l ge yo sum kick for not takkin t'cowks up e yer kail this mo'nin.

[*At this moment one of our company rose up, mounted the drum box, and made the following speech.*]

BILL HEFTPOIP.—Mester Gentlemen ; O rala cud'nt oud nooa longer, yo'n been praisin't march o inellect. Yis, an we'n hed a varra foine swatch at march o intellect, it passin o't beer bill. Gentlemen, thear nivver wor a softer thowt cum aht at crazy brain's o silly Luke. An they sen at hah its to morraloize t'cuntra ; bur o'd ax em, wud onna bodda run his heead into a foiar as he muttent be burnt ? or wud onna chap run heead long into't rivver, as he muttent be drahneded ? Bur its just as loikla at they'd no'ther be burnt nor drahneded we dooin as o've sed, as its loikla for't beer bill to morraloize't cuntra. Nivver nooa goverment it world turn'd aht sich infatuated madness as ahr's az dun, wit passin a this bill. Its t'warst act at ivver cum throo between walls o Sent Stivvins. Gentlemen, if ivver t'morrals ov a nashon wor blasted boi legislativ innactments, t'morrals o England's blasted nah. Nobbut look wot it al doo for us ; it al ge ivvera voile vaggabond a chonce to oppen his hahce for tipplin : w——in, cardin, feitin, an ivvera koind o villana ats awlis at heels o drunkenness al be a thahsand toimes mooar common nor ivver it wor knone afooar nah. T'cuntra seems to be turned into one common pot hahce, for yo cahnt put yer heead into nooa village bur yol foind a Jerry shop (*heah heah*) : an then'twark's neglekted, childer's clamd, twoife's cursint day at ivver shoo

kno'd ther fath'er : grooacer stands in fort, pop shop gets his clooaz, an he's fooast to burn charcoal at Sunday ; he's spent brass at he shud a paid trent we—in cum'st baleys, trails him off tot gaol, an his woif an his hofe-clam'd-to-deeath childer gooaz tot warkas, an this is yer march o intellect. Gentlemen, we'st nivver nother ger a sup o gud ale, nor a bit o gud bahm.

GUIDE—Allads, Bil, thaht a ratler o avver ! thah's geen it em reit this toime. O'l bet owt he'al be sum jobs fort doctors. Belledda ! o'st not be supproized if there's a plague it tahn afooar long, for they'l ge it sum fizzic. Nah heah's the dinnah, Bill. (*Boy enters.*)

BOY—A fath'er we'n all been sca'rd haht on uz wits.

BIL—Whoy, wot's been up ?

BOY—Wot's been up ! whoy we'n all been up an dahn anole, for just when ahr Nanse wor bahn to ta't broth off at foiar, a great bahncin ratten jumpt aht at asnook ; dahn went broth upp at arston, an aht rould sheep heead upp at flooar. Suke thro'dt dish clahte at tratten, an catched me muther ore't een. Sal wur gerrin aht at gate an shoo tumbled oer't sheep heead amang't broth. Tom struck at tratten wit beesom, an't heead floid intoo a panshon ful a watter, an nok't soide haht. Sooa, yo seen, we'n hed a noist mess ; for wot wit broth, an wot wit watter, we were ommast up to't knees. Bur twarst o all Dick Greeda's dog run away wit sheep heead, an sooa me muther's sent yo sum troip.

BIL—Wa yo'n hed sum fun, o avver.

JOOA CROCUS (*comes in smooking*)—Nah oud lad, thah sees theyn getten t'act for't New Watter Cumpanna.

JACK—Hah that's anuther sample o't march ov intellect, we'm be fooast to ha't watter at their proice, and mo'nt use aboon sich a quantata no'ther. An om teld at hah they'l send a chap it hahses onna toime, to see if we wasten twatter, an if we dun they'l o'ther foin us, or else send us tot oil. But if onnabodda tumbles into't dams and gers drahdnded they'l be transported for disturbin twatter.

JOOA CROCUS—O hah, they'l transpooart deead fooaks will they; abber weel Brust dams afooar we'l stan it. We mo'nt ha na watter officers cummin into ahr hahses when they'n a moind, no'ther. Ahr oud lass sez shoo'l swat a buckitful a watter upp at furst chap at cums e ahr hahce uppa that harrand—an shoo will anole in a jiffa. Theyr as greedy a gerrin brass as oud Cobbett.

JACK—Oud Cobbett! Thah's just unbe-thowt ma; oud Cob's seld his sen for six months for two hundred sovrins, to be shown up in a caravan all oer't countra. O sartanla think he'd sell his sen to the d—l for sovrins. O reckon weest ha em shahtin t'next Shevvild fair —“ Walk in ladies and gentlemen to see this grate political animal, he'st wunder at wold, he'st mooast vorashas appetoit for kelter ov onna beast e allt collection. Feed him we this an he'l gooa onna rooad, an doo onna thing. He's not loik tuther animals, he nivver rooars when he's fed; bur when he's clam'd he mays a ten toimes bigger

noise nor all't loians it tahwer. Only one shillin ladies and gentlemen; yo'l reinember he'st foinest animal at koind at ivver were pup't an if yo miss this chonce its mooar nor ten to won if ivver yo'n anuther."—This albe toight, Bil, weant it?

BIL—Hah, lad, it will anole.

GENT.—Is that person grinding a sword, Guide?

GUIDE—A sooard! nou, not sooa; he's groindin a razor for Mester Rodgers' sho room.

GENT.—A razor! you astonish me.

GUIDE—He is, o avver; its ominast two feet long an three inch an a hofe brooad, an seven pahnd weight; yo nivver seed sich a razor e yore loif, o kno.

GENT.—No, never. Messrs. Rodgers are cutlers to their Majesties, are they not?

GUIDE.—Hah, they'rt King's cutlers, an that chap groinds for em: yo mun ha sum o their razors, an yo'lshave yer sen loik winkin; yo'l nobbut need to clap em on to yer chin an yer beard's off afooar yo kno'n owt abaht it.

GUIDE—O say, Mester, o think we'st ha no toime to gooa tot factriz to neet, yo seen its ommast dark nah?

GENT.—O no, by no means, we cannot go any where else to night, but if I have another opportunity, I shall be glad to avail myself of your assistance in the same manner.



# THE SHEFFIELD DIALECT.

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## CONVERSATION II.

GUIDE—Mester yore just man at o wanted to see. O'm bahn to Jooa Slitspring's lo'zin, to neet, an if yo'l gooa o kno yo'l be made welcom, an yo'l ger plenta o ale ta yer back, an some beef an puddin to yer bella; an besaide, we'st ha a goose.

GENT.—Thank you, Guide, I shall be glad, indeed, of such an opportunity, not so much for the beef and pudding you talk of, as the enjoyment of the conversation, &c., and if you will act in the capacity of Guide once more, half a sovereign shall recompense your kindness.

GUIDE—Wa yore jannak, o avver; yore't best chap at ivver o let on e mo loif. O cud loik tubbe yore sarvant ivvera day.

GENT.—Guide, do you know most of the persons that are invited to supper?

GUIDE—Hah, sloike o doo. Theal be mesen an yo, an Jack Wheelswarf, an oud Samma Squarejoint, an Luke Threesquare, and Bil Heft-

poip, and Jerra Flatback, and Jooa Slitspring, an his fath'er and muther—O ! an heal be Jooa Slitspring's mester, an be chonce summada at o dooant kno. O say, Mester if yo'n a moind, we'l just pop into Groves's saw factra ; its just heah, and yo'st look at their cirkiller saws.

GENT.—I should very much like that, for I have often heard speak of the superior temper of their saws.

GUIDE—Wa, then, cum up heah, an yo'st see sum proime ans. Nobbut luk ya, theahs a saw foive or six foot rahnd. That saw al cut a foreteen foot deal in a minnit. Bless yer sowl, man, it ad saw a world e two if it were wood. Nah, then, yo'st look at sum little toina ans. See yah, heeah's won heeah abaht a inch-an-a-hofe across. Nah, yo seen, thease is to saw oivry an booan, an horn, an pearl, and sich loik, and varra yuseful tooils they are, anole, bur o avver, we mun gooa or else we'st be ta late fo't suppa.

GENT.—What time is the supper to be on the table ?

GUIDE—Abaht six o'clock.

GENT.—Then we must hasten. Have we far to go ?

GUIDE—Nou, its nobbut just on yond street an dahn another, an then we gooan a bit farther, an turns to as left, streit throo a entra, an up a yard, an then wear at it ; if yo mayn haste, we'st be there in a minnit. (*Knocks at the door, and Mrs. Slitspring opens it.*)

GUIDE—O say, Nanna, ove browt mo frend wimma ; o reckon its all reit.

Mrs. SLITSPRING—Cum in, cum in, thah'd na kashon to ax that soft question, if thah'd browt hofe a scooar frends, it ad a been all reit. Preya, do cum in, Sur, yore as welcom at hooam. [*Here the husband apologizes for his wife's blunder.*] 'Yo mun ta na nooatice a are Nannah, shoo awlis spaiks as shoo thinks; shoo ment at hah yo'd be as welcom heah as if yo wor at yer awn hahce.

GENT—Thank you, Sir, I believe I am welcome, for I really think that the Sheffield people are the most free and liberal people of any in Yorkshire.

GUIDE—Wa, o've heeard that sed afooar, and o believe its reit anole.

OLD SAMMA SQUAREJOINT—O say, Jerra, heah's different toimes for prentis lads nah, thrubbe wot they wor when thee an me wor prentis, is'nt ther, oud lad?

JERRA FLATBACK—Hah, they'n better toimes on't nah, booath e heitin an clooas; we'n had menni a mess a nettle porridge an brawis on a Sunda monin, for us brekfast; an it wor nobbut a sup a hot watter tem uppa sum wotcake, we a bit a fat in, at made hear a star, an thear a star: an as for clooas, us coit cloth wor awlis as cooarse as if it ad been wovven throo a noin barr'd gate; an us britches made a lether, batten'd rahnd us hips, an raich'd dahn tot cap on us knees; an for all meit wor so cheeap, we varra seldom tasted off a Sundiz—yo mut a bowt it at tuppence-hopena a pahnd, an if yo'd twenta pahnd at wonce, they'd a geen ya a sheep heead in. Samma, dusta remember hah menni names we had for sahwer wotcake?

OLD SAMMA SQUAREJOINT—O kno'nt lad; bur

o think we'd foive or six. Let's see; Slammak wer won, an Flat-dick wer anuther; an't tuther wor—a dear, mo memra fails ma—Flannel an Jonta; an-an-an-an—bless me, wot a thing it is tubbe oud, mo memra gers war for ware, bur o kuo heah's anuther; o'st think on enah. O, it wer Tooa Clate. A, Jerra, heah's menni a thahsand dogs nah days, at's better dun too nor we wor then; an them wert golden days a Hallamshoir, they sen. An they happen wor fo't mesters. Hofe at prentis lads e them days wor letherd, whoile ther skin wor skoi blue, an clam'd whoile ther booans wer bare, an work'd whoile they wor as nock-kneed as oud Nobbletistocks. Thah niver sees nooa nock-kneed cutlers nah; nou, not sooa; they'n better mesters nah, an they'n better sooat a wark anole. They dooant mezher em we a stick, as oud Natta Hall did. But for all that, we'd none, a yer werligig polishin: nor Tom Dockin scales, wit bousters cumin off; nor yer sham stag, nor sham revvits, an sich loik—tnoives wor better made then, Jerra.

JARRA FLATBACK—Hah, they wor better made; they made tnoives for yuse then, but they mayn em to sell nah.

(*Mrs. Slitspring enters and addresses herself to the company.*)—O reckon yo begin to think yore ta ha na supper to neet; its varra toirsom; we'n been a nahwer an a hofe e troin to cut yond goose up, an wear no forred day it; (but for mo part, o sartanla beleev at hah shoo's a ganner.) Sooa yo seen Dame Flatback ger oud a won leg, an o ger oud on anuther, thinkin yo no'ne, we'd pull

em off—for we cuddent cut em—an't oud dame's hand slipt off, an shoo tumbled backards, an nockt haster uppat beef, ant beef intot asnook, an we sprottlin abaht to ger up, slapt her hand into a posnitful o melted butta, an ore that went. Wa then, ahr Jooa get tachtet tot goose, ant furst strooak e struck, grava flew all ore't winda, ant tunyans floid chock e mo mahth—(bur o thowt we shud happen be short, sooa o popt em in agean)—bur o avver, Jooa cuddent ger a passidge wit tachtet: sooa they'n tain it tot circkiller saw, to cur it up theah; nobbut o daht it al be cowl, sooa yo'd as weel begin a't beef furst.

GENT.—Who says beef gentlemen?

JACK—Nobbada sed nowt, Sur.

GENT.—Will you take a small bit of beef?

GUIDE—Nou, o'st not ha a bit.

GENT.—Perhaps you dont like beef?

GUIDE—Not haht o me seet, Sur, o dooant loik it.

GENT.—Come, then, let me help you to a little.

GUIDE—Na, o dooant loik a little.

GENT.—Shall I help you to a small bit of pudding?

GUIDE—Nou, o'st not ha a bit.

GENT.—Why, I am sure it is uncommonly nice.

GUIDE—Abber, o mo'nt ha a bit a puddin no'ther.

GENT.—I am sorry I cannot help you to a little beef.

GUIDE—Yo can, if yo'n a moind: cut me a

piece, mun, abaht a pahnd; o want non o yer fashionable bits: o should be bittin all't neet; reik ma a rooit a sallara, Jerra, witta?

JACK—Thrust that point dahn heah, o'm omnast chooakt. Mester, will ya cut oud Samma a piece a beef, an ler it be tinsoid, and varra tender; toud chap has na teeth, sooa if he cahnt mump it, he ma suck it.

GENT.—With the greatest pleasure; any other gentleman like a piece?

BIL HEFTPOIP.—Can yo cut me a boo'an, Sur? O loik a booan; o've heeard em say—

“Tnearest grahnd, tsweetest gress;

Tnearest booan, tsweetest flesh.”

If tetto'z is mush't o'l ha a sup o grava amang em. O say, Go'id thah mut a left abodda a bit o sallara; when thah heits sallara, thah't just loike a horse heitin karrats.

GENT.—Will any gentleman take a piece of pudding?

JOOA SLITSPRING—O'st ha sum when o've hetten this—but near heed, lig it a won soid o me plate, an ge me sum branda so'ce.

JACK—Jooa, this branda so'ce is as sahwer as vargas.

MISTRESS SLITSPRING (*smells at the sauce*)—Hah, lad, an sooa it is; oud dame Squarejoint's putten 'tallegar in it rahm a branda; yo can near ger nobbada to do nowt loik yer sen.

(*The next half hour was occupied in a way, so as to preclude all conversation, except now and then a word in praise of the beef, &c.*)

JERRA FLATBACK, (*makes an observation.*)—

It's menna a munth sin o ate hofe as much beef as o've dun to neet.

GENT.—Will any gentleman take a piece more?

JOOA SLITSPRING.—O'st not; o rala beleeve at heitin ta's aboddiz appetoit away.

JACK WHEELSWARF—Nou, lad, o mo'nt ha na mooar to neet.

LUKE THREESQUARE—O'st not; o think, Sur, if a bodda wer to live a this rooad all along, they'd soon ha't gaht.

GENT.—How do you live in a general way?

JERRA—Whoy, at shank end at 'tweek we livven mooastly uppa Yarmouth beef an resurreckshon poy.

GENT.—Yarmouth beef and resurrection pie! I do'nt know what you mean.

JERRA—Nou, yo're better off. Yarmouth beef meens red herrins, an a resurreckshon poy's made a booans an tettoes, ant scrag ends a oud meit: if ya seed won oppen'd, yer chaps ad watter whoile ya rooar'd; yo mut venter to ge a shillin for ivvera drop a grava wot sparkled.

GENT.—Mrs. Slitspring, every gentleman seems to have made an excellent supper, the table is now at your pleasure. (*All were rising when*)

OLD MR. SLITSPRING—*exclaimed*,—Stop pigs! if ya begun loik brutes, yo'st end loik Christians for wonce; (*so he returned thanks and the table was cleared.*)

JACK—O say, Jerra, hasta seen onna o this new coin ats cum'd aht latela, at two for threehopence?

JERRA—Nou, nor thee nother; o think at hah they'd ne'er mak threefardin pieces o avver.

JACK—Yabber o have, thah'd as weel say o'm a loiar.

JERRA—Pretha, wot king's rein are they in ?

JACK—Whoy, George't fourth ; an as pratta a coin as ivver o clapt me een on.

BIL—It's a bit oddish at nobbada it cumpana's ne'er seen non bur thee Jacka, and besaide its not varra loikla at they'd ma threehopena pieces, an two for threehopence, wot duz thah think, Jooa ?

JOOA SLITSPRING—O'l believe it when o see it, bur not till ; dun yo think it loikla, fath'er ?

OLD MR. SLITSPRING—O dooant kno, lad ; theyn happens made em a purpos to boi red herrins we, becos, thah kno's heahs a menna at threefardins a piece, an if thah ta's a penna for won thah'l ger a fardin's worth a pins aht or else a oud hopena ; heah's no knoin lad, it happen is sooa.

GUIDE—O reckon thah't havvin us a bit, Swarfa ; thah hetcht that uppa yore hull arston, did'nt ta ? Can thah say at thah's seen a king George coin at two for threehopence, wethaht laffin ?

JACK—Hah o can, nah. An as yo'n sed om tellin o loi, o'l just sho ya two. (*They all immediately rise up, and Jack throws down a penny and a halfpenny upon the table.*) Nah, is'nt them two for threehopence, eh ? (*Loud bursts of laughter.*)

JERRA—Here, Jack, sup for that ; thah'l ne'er be bet.

SAMMA SQUAREJOINT—Wot, is ther onna news stirrin, Jerra ?

JERRA—Hah, sorra news anole ; dus'nt



ta see hah't stacks is blazin up an dahn't countra? If tha gooan on a this way, we'st ha no tomma sooin.

SAMMA SQUAREJOINT—Wa, wots tubbe dun to inend it, abodda ad think we cahut be na war.

JERRA —We'st ne'er be reit whoilt corn laws is throne aht; then thah kno's we cud truck for corn, an he'ad be plenta a wark for us all.

SAMMA SQUAREJOINT—Wa, then, wots tubbe dun wit farmers, becos if we trucken for forrin corn, they wod'nt need to mak sum; and if they didn't ma sum, they'd be aht a wark, an ad be fooast ta gooa to't warkas.

JERRA FLATBACK—O, tlanlords shud sattl trents.

SAMMA —Wa, bur if trents is sattled, an corn's sattled, hah's taxes tubbe paid?

JERRA FLATBACK—O, ahr king owt to sheddle, an then we shud ha nooa taxes to pay: o'm shure he mut sheddle weel enuff, an he mut live weel anole whoile he wor it jail.

BIL—Is'nt it enuff to mak a chap hate his cuntra, to think at ivvera pooar fella's fooast to pay his munna to keep a stannin arma marchin up an dahn't cuntra e toime a peace; an nobbut look hah much ahr foine ministers heits up ivvera year e ther sallaries: an let's have universal suffridge anole; hofe at cuntra's clammin to deeath nah.

JACK—O'm not exactla a thah opinion, Bil; thah tokes abaht tministers heitin sallara; nah o think at tministers has a reit to heit wot they'n a moind, as weel as onna bodda else; an as to uni-

versal suffrin, thah't quoit aht, becos if thah'l nobbut look rahnd thee, thah'l see universal suffrin enuff, withaht gerrin a act fort.

JERRA—Webbut, o avver, o'm not much free-ten'd abaht stacks beein afoiar, hear's ten toims mooar sed nor's true abaht em.

GUIDE—O can tell thee won thing, an that's not two, if thah gooas intot cuntra villidges, an oppens the mahth, an wer bahn to say masheen, thah'd be tain up for Swing in a minnit. Hear's menna a dozen villidgese Yorksher whear they'r watchin ivvera neet for swing, an thear's been menna a thahsand cunstables sworn in tlast four or foive week. Bur o can tell thee, Jerra, wot we want e this tahn; we want'n plenta a wark, an plenta a brass fort when it's dun; an then we cud have spoice cake an ale (not Tom an Jerra) an a gud fat pig at Crissmas, as it yus't to be, an then we'd sing, Rule Britanya till we strein'd us wrist.

SAMMA—O daht we mun ne'er see them toimes ageean.

JERRA—Have a good heart, mun; thah kno's we'n a Politticle Union e Shevvild nah; it al ge things a glorious twist afooar long, moind if it dus'nt; it kno's all abaht pollaticks throo won end tot tuther.

AN OLD MAN FROM BRADFIELD (*quite alarmed*)—A, wot sooart an a thing is it, Jerra? has it been seen afooar?

JACK—Not offens; its not long sin it wer discover'd; bur its a varra grate animal, its menni a hunderd hois, an menni a hunderd ears, an menni a hunderd mahths, an menni a hunderd teeth, an it

can swell it bodda ta ommast onna soize ; it nivver sleeps, it hois is awlis oppen to see all they dun, an it ears is awlis oppen ta hear all they sen ; an if it sees things dus'ut gooa reit, it oppens menna a hunderd mahths, an gees em warnin ; bur if they tain na nooatice wot it says, it swells it bodda to sich a soize, sets his brissels up skoi hoi, nocks his teeth together, stamps his menni a hunderd feet upp at grahnd, shooits flashes a foir aht an his een, wakes slo, bur stedda, an fretens all his enemies into—roighteousness.

OLD MAN (*trembling*,)—A, o hooap it al ne'er cum to Bradfield.

LUKE THREESQUARE—Gentlemen, o move at Jerra Flatback gees us a song.

JOOA SLITSPRING—O'l seckond that mooashon ; cum, Jerra, lad.

JERRA—Wa, o'l doo me best, an't king can doo no mooar.

Cum all yo cutlin heroes, where'ersome'er yo be,  
All yo wot works at flat-backs, cum lissen unto me ;

A baskitful for a shillin,

To mak em we are willin,

Or swap em for red herrins, ahr bellies tubbe fillin,

Or swap em for red herrins, ahr bellies tubbe fillin.

A baskit full o' flat backs o'm shure we'l mak, or mooar,  
To ger reit into't gallara, whear we can rant an rooar,

Thro' flat-backs, stooans, an sticks ;

Red herrins, booans, an bricks ;

If they dooant play Nansa's fansa, or onna tune we fix,

We'l do the best at e'er we can to braik sum ore ther necks.

Hey, Jont, lad, is that thee, where are ta waddlin too?  
 Dusta work at flat backs yit, as thahs been used to do?  
     Hah, cum an tha'st gooa wimma,  
     An a sample o will gi'tha;  
 It's won at o've just fooaged uppa Jeffra's bran new stidda;  
 Look at it well, it duz excel all't flat backs e ahr smitha.

Let's send for a pitcher a' ale, lad, for o'm gerrin varra droi;  
 O'm ommast chooakt we smitha sleek, the woind it is so hoi.  
     Ge Rafe and Jer a drop,  
     They sen they cannot stop,  
 They're e sich a moita hurra to get to't penny hop.  
 They're e sich a moita hurra to get to't penny hop.

Here's Steeam at lives at Heela, he'l soon be here, o kno.  
 He's larnt a new Makkarona step, the best yo ivver saw;  
     He has it sooa compleat,  
     He troies up ivvera street,  
 An ommast braiks all't pavors we swattin dahn his feet.  
 An Anak troies to beat him whenivver they dun meet.

We'l raise a tail be Sunda, Steeam; o kno whoa's won to  
 sell;  
 We'l tee a hammer heead at end, to mak it balance well.  
     It's a reit new Lunnon tail;  
     We'l ware it kail for kail;  
 Ahr Anak browt it we him, that neet he cum bi't mail.  
 We'l drink success unto it—hey! Jont, lad, teem aht  
 t'ale.

JOOA SLITSPRING—Sup, Jerra; heah's nobbada  
 can sing that song loik thee yit.

LUKE THREESQUARE—(*Takes up a glass of  
 ale.*)—Heah's the health, Jooa, an wishin thah ma  
 awlis ger plenty o wark at Corbo's.

GUIDE—Jerra, what sooat an a bull week had  
 ta?

JERRA—Whoy, mun, o did pratta weel while Crismas E'em it monin, an then o'd varra bad luck, Thah kno's o thowt o'd ger up at won o'clock, an gooa tumme wark. Sooa ahr oud lass wakken'd ma, an o thowt it wor late, sooa o jumpt aht a bed in a hurra, an set off tot shop as hard as ivver o cud gooa; an as me oud gronfath'er yused to say, misfortins is nivver to seek; o had'nt gon far befooar o run reit on too a bag a soot at sum sweeps had just rear'd up. At first o thowt it wor a watchman asleep, sooa o thowt o'd ge him a grip, an o squeez'd him as hard as ivver o cud; bur when we booath went dahn, he brust, an marcy on me, o'st ne'er forget it, o wor up tot elbers e soot, an me mahth an een wor chok full. Wa, thowt o, mo bull week's spoild at onna rate; o shall be loik to sahwer sum. O avver, we a bit a trubble, o scrambled tot shop, an as sooin as ivver o lifted trap dooar up an sho'd me soota face, they cut e all direkshons; sum went aht at winda, an teld em towd lad wor it shop; won tumbled ore't stooil head furst intot assnook; anuther shahted, 'Dooant tak me, mester, an o'l nivver blend Jerra's springs no mooar.' Bur at last o perswaded em at hah it wor me, an rare an pleased they wor.

GUIDE—Sooat yung rascald begun a confessin his sins, when he thowt he wor bahn tubbe tane, did he?

LUKE THREESQUARE—Thah mays me think at Heela Jointer. He wor cummin to't shop abaht hofe past won a Cristmas E'em it monin, we a point a milk in a pitcher, for his brekfast, e won hand, an sum looaf it tuther; an as he wor turnint

corner, summat nockt pitcher aht on his hand. 'Wot's that for,' says he, an up we his fist; when all in a minnit, a jackass set up sich a rote, at made ivvera hair on his heead stan streit, an away he ran, reit acrosst street, up to't knees in a looad o muck, an thear he stuck, an whoilt jackass roted, he shahted; bur o avver, we a bit a sprottlin, he ger aht. But thah moinds he wor scented aboon a bit.

JACK—O reckon yo heeard hah Bob Beanhead diddelt squintin lawyer t'last week, at Owlton seshons.

JERRA—Na, o ne'er heeard nowt abaht it: hah wor it?

JACK—Whoy thah kno's, he wor called in for a witness, an't oud squintin lawyer thowt he'd run his rigs on him, becos he cum throo Wadsley; bur Bob sho'd him hah it wor dun. T'lawyer thowt a o'erfacin him we axin him questions. [*It must be observed, that the lawyer's name was Mr. J. Catch.*]

LAWYER.—Well, my man, what do you know about this affair.

CUTLER—Hah, o kno a bit abaht it.

LAWYER—Come, then, tell us what you know.

CUTLER—Wa, shoo call'd him a varra fahl name.

LAWYER, (*Mimics.*)—O, shoo call'd him a fahl name, did shoo? (*Turns his head to look at the cutler.*) How long is it since you was at Wakefield?

CUTLER,—O cahnt tell exactla, bur o kno yo an me wor there together.

LAWYER—Well, well; but what did you hear the woman say?

CUTLER—Wa, o'l ashooar ya, ahr Sal an me's been marrid this twenta years, an shoo nivver call'd me hofe sich a fahl name yit.

LAWYER—Well, I have nothing to do with your Sal; but come now, tell us what a 'fahl name' is.

CUTLER—Wa, thear's a menny fahl names it world; but hears sum fahler nort tuther; bur o thinkt fahlest name e all tworld is 'Jack Catch.'—*(Loud laughter.)*

LAWYER—*(colouring)* Well, but what did you hear the woman say?

CUTLER—Wa, o'd tell ya, bur o'm afeard yo'd be mad.

LAWYER—*(Out of patience)*—You clown, why do'nt you speak out what you heard?

CUTLER—Wa, will ya be mad? It wer a fahl name yore sartin. *(Lawyer appeals to the judge.)*

JUDGE—Well, my good man, you must tell the learned gentleman what you heard the woman say.

CUTLER—*(Bows to the judge)*—Yes, sur, o'l tell him; nobbut o'm afeard he'l be mad. *(Looks the lawyer in the face.)* Will ya be mad, sur?

LAWYER—*(In a rage)*—Speak out, novice!

CUTLER—Then yo weeant be mad, will ya?—Yore shure yo weeant be mad? Wa, shoo call'd him a squintin fool. *(Uproarious laughter through out the court.)*

SAMMA SQUAREJOINT—Hear's luck, lad; wish-in thah ma nivver work at flatbacks.

JERRA—Ahr oud lass has been readin it e sum paper, at hah thear's been a varra shockin accident tain place it East Indies.

GUIDE—An wot is it, Jerra?

JERRA—Whoy, shoo sez at hah't north powl's brokken, an at hah they're bahn to send all't oud pensioners to mend it. It's suppooas'd at hah Captin Parry's ship, wot went aht uppa discoveries, run ageean it won neet it dark; but they sen it wor crackt, an that'st reeason it's been sich weather abaht nah.

JACK—Pretha, Jerra, hah can't north powl be it East Indies? Yore oud lass can see dubble, cahnt shoo? Dustah kno what soot on a thing't north powl is, Jerra?

JERRA—Hah sloik e doo. Its't gudgen end o't world axeltree, wot sticks aht.

*At this moment there was a general move. The company broke up, and my guide conducted me to my lodgings.*



# THE SHEFFIELD DIALECT.

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## CONVERSATION III.

JACK—(*Enters and finds them sitting round the fire.*) Wotst wheel lame, or is ther nobbut a collar?

BILL—Na, lad, t'mane bands brokken, an toud cobbler cahnt be fun. They sen he's a freeman o Lincon, an's gon to ge his vooat, to help to mak a nashonal band, as't system may work better.—Wots that thah's gotten under thee arm, Jooa?

JOOA—Whoy its't *Merror*, o've browt it to let thee look at a queer soign ats in it. Its't rummist at ivver o seed: it wor coppid throo a booard ore't dooar a John Grove, a Whoite Waltham, Berks. O'l reed it thee, mun e?

BIL—Hah, tubbe shooar, lets have it.

JOOA CROCUS—(*reading.*)

John Grove, grocer, and dealer in coffee and tea,  
Sells the finest congo's, and the best bohea;  
A dealer in coppice, a measurer of land;  
Sells the finest of snuffs, and the finest white sand;

A singer of psalms, and a scriv'ner of money,  
 Collects the land tax, and sells virgin honey;  
 A ragman, a carrier, a baker of bread,  
 And a clerk to the living as well as the dead;  
 Vestry clerk, petty constable, sells scissors and knives,  
 Best Virginia and buckles—collects the small tithes;  
 Is a treasurer of clubs, and a maker of wills;  
 He surveys men's estates, and vends Anderson's pills.  
 Woollen draper and hosier, sells all sorts of shoes,  
 With the best earthenware—also takes in the news;  
 Deals in hurdles and eggs, sells the best of small beer,  
 The finest sea coals, and's elected o'erseer,  
 Deputy surveyor—sells fine writing paper,  
 Has a vote for the county, and linen draper;  
 A dealer in cheese and the best Hampshire bacon;  
 Plays the fiddle divinely, if I'm not mistaken.

Nah oud lad it's a topper, issent it ?

JACK—Wa, it sartanla is a comical soign, but it thahs a moind, o'l bet thee an odd jill, at o'l mak won e ten minnits as rum as that is, an it shall be desoided bit cumpana.

JOOA—Well o'l stan it. (*Jack Wheelswarf retires.*)

JOHNY ELSIN—Well, Jooa, o think thah'l win, for o ne'er seed sitch a soign e me life,—its so full a contrara things; nobbut think at difference between snuff an whoite sand, woollen draper and ragman, dealer e cheese an small beer; If Jack beats this, o'st think he's jannok o avver.

BILLA FORKDUST—O kno Jack's a rum stick, but o think he'l be buck'd this toime : o neer seed sitch opposites in a soign nowhere, an o've been e mooast parts at cuntra at won toime or anuther.—He's nobbut two minnits too.—Hear he cums, o'm shure. Thah't just e toime, oud lad.

JACK—Well, hear it is.

“Johny Queer, lives hear, boi’s oud rags, an sells new ans, taiches music be steeam, linen draper an dealer e horse shoos, muk marchant an parish clark, pig killer and bellman, an dealer e muffins and muk-forks, honey an soot, red herrins and rasins, spades an peppermint, blackin an bacon, fiddle strings an flahwer, troips on trip sticks, barm an sand, pahder an cabbage, beesoms an flannel neet caps, teeth pahder an fish hooks, pickl’d cabbage an dubben, parrasols an pistils, bears greease an hob nails, pinder an man midwife, an dealer e all sooarts a hardware but tracle.”—(*Here was a regular laugh, and it was agreed that Jack had won the wager.*)

JIM FLINT—O wer bahn to ax ift treform bill pass’d wooa we mut send throo Shevvild,

BILLA—O its full soon to spekilate uppa that yit. Jooa, read us that letter tot Horticultural Society.

JOOA CROCUS, (*reads the letter.*)—“My wif had a tom cat that dyd, being a torture shell and a grate favourit; we had him berrid in the guardian, and for the sake of enrichment of the mould, I had the cark’s deposited under the roots of a goseberry bush; the frute being up till then of a smooth kind, but the next season’s was all hairy; and more remarkable, the catpillars of the same bush was all of the same hairy description.”

JOHNY ELSIN—That’s a corker, oud lad,—Billa, tell us abaht toud bare.

BILLA FORKDUST.—Yo seen this singlar thing taid place when we wor abrooad, and o shall

nivver forget it whoil ove a day to live ; we'd been follerin tennama into a wood ommast all't day, an we'd getten so far in at we cud'nt foind trooad aht agean, an we wandered an wandered backard and forrad, and sum went won rooad, an won went anuther, till it begun to be darkish ; sooa o begun o thinkin where o mut lig all't neet, tubbe aht at gate at woild craturs, an at last o seed an oud hollo tree, we a track reit up soid on't ; soo'a we a bit a trubble o ger up tot top, an sum hah me feet slipt throo under me, an o fell dahnt insoid, reit tot bottom ; bur o moi stars, when o get tot bottom, an fun mesen in a bare's nest we three yung ans in, o rala thowt o cud'nt live anuther minnit, fo'rt hoil wor so woid, o cud'nt ger up agean. Heah's nobboda can gess wot mo feelins wor then, for o expected nowt else bur o shud mak a gud supper fort oud bare when shoo cum, an't thowts a havin me blood sukt, an me booans crash't between't jaws of a monstrous bare, freezed me varra blood an paralois'd ivvera limb. Bur I bethowt mesen at oud bare ad cum dahn wit rump furst, an o thowt if o cud but scare her a sum hah, shoo'd happen run up agean, an whoil o wor thinkin dahn shoo cums, an o laid fast oud on her tail we booath me hands, an o squeez'd as hard as ivver o cud ; an as soon as t'oud lass felt summada ad houd on her tale, up shoo went, an rarely o laft, for it wor sich a conveyance as o'd neer travel'd by befooar ; bur, o avver, when we get tot top, o geed her a extra shove, an shoo tumbled tot bottom, an brake her neck an o wor not a bit pleased, yore shooar. Bur o avver o left me lodgins wethaht payin owt ; an as luck ad hav it o get tot regiment same neet—wornt it queer ?

BIL—Hello! hear's Jem cummin. Wot, has ta been e bed whoil nah?

JEM QUILBACK—Hah, o wer up late tlast neet, an o'd loiken'd to getten shot anole.

JOHNY ELSIN—Thah had? Whoy, hah did ta mannidge that? Did summada troy to rob thee?

JEM—Nou, it ad put em abaht to rob me; o shud loik to catch em robbin me when o have nowt. O went to seet lass, thah sees, an't oud lawyer heeard us token under twinder; sooa he ger aht a bed, an we heeard him cummin tot winder. Away tlass ran intot brewass, an o squeezed mesen cloice undert winder ast oud chap cud'nt see me, an held t' mop just o'er me heead. "Whooa's thear," he grumbled, hofe asleep an hofe wakken, "if ya dooant spaik, o'l foir; o'l blow yer heead off, if ya dooant spaik. Whooa's thear? wonce—whooa's thear?—twice; o nivver miss me aim; yo'd better spaik—(o just turn'd t' mop rahnd, an't oud chap made his sen shure he seed me)—whooa's thear? three toims,"—an then he let floi, an as sooin as he shot, o let t' mop fall. Intot chamber he runs tot woif. "A, mo lass, o've shot a man, o've shot a man; prethe leet a candle, an gooan look; o seed him fall." Away gooast oud dame intot fowd, to look fort deead man, an't lawyer tot winder. "Dustasee owt, luv?" "Nowt but t' mop blone e pieces," sez shoo. "Curse the fello," sez he, "o'l turn Sal away directla," an aht he bundled her, neck an heels; sooa thah sees o wer fooast to bring her to ahr hahce, at it made it late afooar o get to bed. But toud chap ad anuther gooa t' same neet. He had'nt been e bed long afooar he wer

wakken'd we hearint dooar creeak, just as if it wer bahn to brust oppen. Aht a bed he jumps, lays oud on a rusta dagger, dahn stairs he gooas varra softla, "o'l sarve em aht this toime," sez he too his sen, when t' dooar geed anuther crack,—he gooas acrost flooar on his tippy tooas, puts his oud dagger tot latch hoil, geed it a reglar thrust,—but moi hoies, t' dooar floid oppen loik leetnin, an sent toud lad we his heead intot assnook, an thear he laid bellorin aht "Tak me munny an spare meloif." An laffable to tell, 't thief proved to be nobbada bur his awn oud mare, at had been rubbin her hinder parts agean't dooar, an when shoo felt dagger prick her, shoo up we her heels, an sent booath dooar and her mester too a respectable distance.

JACK—O sa Jooa, these knoives a Rodgers' is proime ans, arnt they?

JOOA—Hah, heahs non to beat em, theyrt best putten together of onna it tahn o beleeve. O say, Jack, can thah begin an tell me ivvera thing ats dun at a pen knoife throot furst tot last.

JACK—Now o cahnt, nor thee nother, o'm shooar.

JOOA—Cum, o'st stan an odd glass o Crossland's threepenny at o doo, an thah kno's itst best stuff it tahn.

JACK—Webber whooas tubbit judge?

JOOA—Whoy, see the, heahs Jooa Slitspring just cummin in, he mun; thaht shooar he'l foind me haht if o dont tell thee reit.

JACK—Cum then, start the man.

JOOA—Wa then o'st begin wit blade makker furst:—

1st. He mood'st blade.

2nd. Then he tangs it.

3rd. Then he smithies it.

4th. Then he hardens an tempers it, an he's dun we't.—Wa then heast spring makker :—

1st. He moods it.

2nd. Then he draws tuther end aht an turns it, an's just as menna he'ats fort scale ; wa then't blade gooas tot wheel tubbe grun an sich loik.

1st. Nah, thah kno's, we awlis groind tang furst, fort mark to be struckn, bur ivverra bodda dus'nt.

2nd. Then groindt blade.

3rd, If its a rahnd ended knoife, tangs is glazed an pollisht.

4th. Then they'r choil'd if they'r not fether-edged ans.

5th. Then theyr grun uppatt droi stooan.

6th. Swages is glazed, ant backs, if theyr tubbe pollisht.

7th. Wa then theyr lapt.

8th. An then polisht, an he's dun we't.—Then heast Cutler's wark al bit warst, bur o think o can mannidge :—

1st. He sets scales tot plate.

2nd. Bores t'scales.

3rd. Foiles an fits em.

4th. Nocks em aht an marks springs.

5th. Rahnds springs, an hardens and tempers em.

6th. Then he rasps an sets his cuverin.

7th. Then he matches an pins em on.

8th. Tak's em dahn an dresses t'edges.

9th. Nocks em aht an scrapes t'edges at iron scales.

10th. Puts springs intot hefts.

11th. Squar'st blades an dresses em.

12th. Nails em in joints an sets em.

13th. If theyr stag they want heftin.

15th. Foils't bowsters.

16th. Ruff buffs t' hefts.

17th. Ruff glazes't bowsters.

18th. Then woips sand off.

19th. Foine buffs em we oil an rottenston.

20th. Foine glazest bowsters.

21st. Then glosses em off, an theyr finisht, arnt they, Jooa ?

JOOA—Nou, lad, not sooa, thahs mist two things. Thah'l loise if ta dus'nt moind.

JOOA CROCUS—Wa o can think o nowt else. Wot have e mist, eh ?

JOOA—Dus'nt thah kno at after't springs is hardened an temper'd, theyr glaz'd an burnisht ; an at after he matches an pins em on, he nips em an bores't thick horn hoils, an puts points in.

JOOA CROCUS—Wa mun, o did'nt owt to lo se for that bit ; bur, o avver, let's just reckon hah menna toimes won part or anuther on em gooas throo us hands.

JOOA—Wa, then, we'll begin wit blade makker furst :—

Blade Makker .....	toimes	4
Scale an Spring Makker ...	toimes	4
Groinder .....	toimes	8
Cutler or Setter in .....	toimes	23

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Total..... 39



Besoides a menna mooar little jobs, sitch as wettin an woipin, &c.

JACK EMMERA—Bill, hasta been tot Crovs wheel latela ?

BIL—Nou, o think o've ne'er been sin they throde tweelswarf uppa oud Em—r—n. Wot made thee ax ?

JACK—Becos o'd a chap at ahr hahce tuther neet at sed they'd begun a drawin teeth be steeam—hasta heeard nowt ?

BIL—Not a whisper. Dusta kno hah they dun ?

JACK—Whoy't chap tees a peece a band rahnd his tooth, an then fassens tuther end tot wheelband, thro'st band on tot drum, an away it gooas ; an ift string ouds fast tot tooth, o'ther his heead or his tooth gooas we it,

BILLA—O reckon thaht shooar we'st believe thee ?

JACK—Wa, yo can pleasyer sens ; but chap at teld me, seed him do it.

JACK—O say, Jerra, dus ta kno shah long it is sin ther wer a conjunkshon e this part ?

JERRA—Not o marra, o kno'd nowt abaht him : there wer wonce a chap at they call'd Ben Jenkisson, at lived at Mahce Hoil Fooage, but that's twentayear sin.

JACK—It's na use token to Jerra ; Bil, duz thah kno.

BIL—Hah, o doo, an rarela o laft when o seed it, o'l ashooar thee.

JACK—Whoy, o cahnt see wot ther is to laff at e looking at a conjunkshon. Hah long is it sin, prethe ?

BIL—Wa, ne'er moind, thah'd a laft anole if tad onna laffin in thee.

JACK—Whear wor ta when ta seed it ?

BIL—Whoy, o wer gooin up Chetch lane.

JACK—Wot o'clock wor it ?

BIL—Abaht hofe-past alevven it forenoon.

JACK—Wa, thah art nobbada hardla, to toke abaht seein a conjunkshon be day leet ; prethe dooant tell nobbada that tale no mooar.

BIL—Webber o did, an o can foind thee hofe a dozen mooar at wer starin at it at same toime.

JACK—An prethe wot plannits wor they ?

BIL—Mars an Venus.

JACK—Hah long is it sin ?

BIL—Abaht a fortnit ; it wer that same day as we kild ahr pig.

JACK—Thaht a monstrous gret loiar, Bil, bur it's no use sayin no mooar abaht it.

BIL—Thaht short a faith, Jack, bur o avver, o'l tell thee hah it wor, an then thahl be satisfoid at its possable to see a conjunkshon be day leet. Wa, thah sees, hear wer won at barrack officers runnin as hard as he cud, ont Brinsed Orchard street, an at same time a foine young lady wer runnin upt Chetch lane, an they booath met at corner together, we sitch a colsh, at he carried her hofe ont street befooar he cud stop his sen ; an if that wornt a conjunkshon, o ne'er seed won.

JACK—O'l ge in to thee, Bil ; thaht rayther to menny for me this toime.

JACK EMMERA—Wot, is ther onna news nah ?

BIL—Whoy, hear's Bell's Loif hear, bur o think hear's nowt but dog feitin, an man feitin, an bettin,

an challengin; bur o suppooast Courant sez at hah Nicholas wants to doo just as he loiks we us an France.

JACK—O'l tell thee wot, Billa, o ne'er loik to read Bell's Loif, o dooant loik it; it'st biggist blackguard paper at cums aht a Lunnon. O meean to say at sich papers as that does mooar towards demorrалоizin prentis lads e England, nor all't athisticle gabble at ivver wer publisht; he'st advocate a that mooast inhuman system, at gooas bit foine smooth name a self-defence,—alias, inan-man-gling. A chap's lookt on as nobbada e their hoi, withaht he's qualifoid to nock his naber's een up whenivver he fansa's his sen offended. A man battle, a dog battle, or a cock battle cahnt tak place nowhear, but they'r publisht e their durta collums, an surkillated all o'er England, to harden an blunt feelins at roisin generashon. Men wer made social beins, an o suppooaz accoordin to Bell's nooation a this verta, it consists e braikin won anuther's ribs an jaws, crackin ther skulls, an nockin ther een up, &c.; varra foine indeed, Mes-ter Bell's Loif! But he dus'nt stop here; bein sunk tot lowest pitch o depravata, he's ne'er better pleasd nor when he's feastin his hoies upp at mangled limbs on his awn dog wot's been torn to pieces o'ther to gratifoi his fiendish passions, or to win for him a beggerla troifle a munna; an these ist lessins a morallata at Bell's Loif's taichin throot countra.

BIL—Well dun, Jack, thah's oppen'd on him at last, an if yer all in a moind, we'l tak it in na mooar.

JOOA—Wa thah mun mak a mooation ont, an

then have it put, for o'm nooa frend to boxin nor dog-feitin no'ther.

BIL—Gentlemen, o wish to move at we dooant tak Bell's Loif in onna mooar.

JOOA—O seckand that mooation.

JACK—Gentlemen, it's been moved be Bil Heftpoip, an seckanded be Jooa Slitspring, at we discontinna takin Bell's Loif in; them gentlemen wot thinks at Bell's Loif's not a fit paper to cum whear thear's prentis lads, on accahnt of its demorraloizin tendency, al signifoit same be loudin upt reit hand——contrary opinion——non, non, non. Yunaninous.

JOOA.—O say, Sam, hah long is it sin thah wor lock't up all't neet e York minster?

SAM SPLENDALL—O, it must be sev'nteen year sin.

JIM FLINT—Wot wor thah ivver lock't up e York Minister all't neet? didn't ta see na ghosts an sitch loik,—hah did it happen, Sam?

SAM—Whoy thah see's it wor when we wor quarter'd there, an sooa won Sunday neet o went tot fore o'clock prayers, an gers intot organ gallarra an fell fast asleep, an they all went away an lockt me in, an o nivver wakened whoil abaht twelve at neet, when o fun mesen ommast stiffen'd we cowl; (for it wor Crismas;) wot to doo o cud'nt tell, for it wor so dark at o cud'nt a seen a ghost if ther'd been onna. O avver o woke't abaht an clapt me hands to me soides, til at last o heeard Jerra cummin to ring't six o'clock bell, an o kno'd he'd be fooast to cum throo't organ gallara; sooa up't steps he cums an unlockst dooar, an just when he

wor cummin in, o says too him, "A Jerra, o'm glad thah't cum":—but my stars! he smasht lantern upp at flooar, an ommast flew dahnt steps; aht at minster he ran.—"Wotst matter, Jerra, wotst matter?" sed a man at seed him runnin so fast: "the d——l's it minster," says Jerra; sooa o went to Jerra's hahce to perswade him at it wor me; but not sooa, there wor nooa gerrin Jerra into minster that monin.

JOOA—See thee, Jack, whooas this foine man ats cummin?

JACK—O kno'nt lad; bur he's non cumin to see us.

JOOA—Yabber he is; he's just turn'd corner, (*Enter a Gentleman*).

GENT—Well Jack; I have just been looking at your observations\* upon the eloquent speech delivered by Mr. Palfreyman, in Paradise-square.

JACK—Yo han! an wot dun yo think abaht em, eh?

GENT—Why, I think if you had only clothed your ideas in better language, they would have made a deeper impression on the public mind.

JACK—Hah, bur o ha'nt had t'larnin as yo han; bur, mun, okno wots wot—an for all o'm a groinder o'm not so soft as e look.

GENT—Well, well, Jack, I don't think you are a fool; yet it is my opinion that some parts of your letter border rather too much upon the marvellous.

JACK—Hah, an wot part's that, eh?

\* See the letter addressed to the Editor of the *Sheffield Courant*, entitled "A Groinder's Opinion," &c.. on a succeeding page.

GENT—I refer to those parts relative to that new fangled system called Phrenology.

JACK—Oh, oh, then yore not a frenollogist, o see.

GENT—No, no ; I detest such infidel systems—they lead to nothing but downright Atheism.

JACK—Houd, houd, sur ; dooant be in a pashon ; let abodda spaik. O wonce wer as much ageean it as yo wor ; but o axed a chap a question abaht it, an he sed at hah o mut look for me sen ; an sooa o did, an o fun it all reit.

GENT—What ! do you mean to affirm that the doctrines of phrenology are founded upon reason ?

JACK—Hah, o doo ; an o'l lig yo tuppence o can ma it aht.

GENT.—Well, Jack, as I cannot stay long with you, I'll propose a question, which I think will puzzle the best of you.

JACK—Cum then ; aht we it.

GENT.—We will suppose a man has the organ of theft, and is in practice a thief ; but on account of a sudden conversion to Christianity, he becomes an honest man. In this case, a phrenologist would be deceived ; because whenever he finds this organ developed on the cranium he concludes at once the man is a thief, or his science is fallacious.

JACK—O see yore objekshons tot doktrin is fahnded uppa yer ignorance.

GENT—What do you mean by that ? Do you mean to insult me ?

JACK—Wa, sur, o meean as o say, becos there's nother t'organ a theft nor murder, e frenollogy.

GENT—Why, it is the current opinion that there

is an organ of theft, and that the subject cannot be otherwise than a thief.

JACK—O it'st current oppinion, is it? An sooa yore a gentleman a larnin, an yo thinkn at hah't doktrin a frenollogy's belt uppa t'rottan fahndashon a public oppinion, eh? Yore a rattler, o avver. Yo mun look for yer sen as o did.

GENT.—Well, Jack, you are very bold; but yo u will not deny that in this science there is the organ of music, and that every one possessing it must, of course, be a musician.

JACK—Wot! dun yo mean at hah he ma sing withaht a voice, an fiddle withaht larnin? It dus'nt taich sooa; bur it taiches at if a chap's gettn t'organ o music an t'organ a persevera'nce, he ma, we applikashon, mak a musishon.

GENT.—Well, Jack, I see no wonderful utility in that discovery.

JACK—Yo dooant! Wa, o think yo ha'nt gettn t'organ o disarnment then. Nah, suppooas at yo wor a frenolleger, an yo'd a child,—a lad we'll say,—an yo discover t'organ of distruktivness, an t'organ of akquissitivness uppa his skull, yo mut trane him up e habbits which is opposit to them two things, an he'll stan a better chonce a beein booath honnest an koind nor all t'larnin at caddemies ad mak him.

GENT.—Well, Jack, you astonish me. I begin to think there is more reason in this science than I was aware of. But I heard that Dr. Spurzheim said that Christianity should be scouted out of the world; and so I thought his system bordered upon Atheism.

JACK—Wa, if he did say sooa, o think he'd getn t'organ a madness; for o'l venter, we frenollogy a me soid, to tak onna athisticle wark at wer ivver scroled, an, we won single strooak, dash it to hat-toms,

GENT.—Well, Jack, if you do that, I think you will convert me.

JACK—Wa, o'm sartan o can.

GENT.—Well, Jack, be as concise as possible, for I am almost suffocated with dust.

JACK—Hah, its not loik bein e yore parlor; bur o'l sooin doo it. Nah, yo knone at hah't athisses sen at torganoization at brane is enuff to produce thowt; but frenollogers sez at hah't brain is nobbut torgan at moind maks itsen knone we; an sooa yo ma see at a strooak at hah frenollogy geest deeath/ blow to athism.

GENT.—Well, I must be honest; I cannot answer to these things. But I cannot stay, the dust is so oppressive. Farewell, Jack; and I shall be glad to see you at my house.

JACK—Farewell, sur.

JOOA CROCUS—Oud chap, he cums up we nowt hardla; but thah's gen him a corker, o avver.

JACK—Hah, an o cud a gen him mooar if he'd stopt. Thah sees, we all his larnin he knode nowt abaht it.

JOOA CROCUS—Is he cummin to ahr wheel ageean, Jack?

JACK—Nou, o'm to gooa to their hahce.

JOOA CROCUS—Thah art? Moi hoi, oud lad, thah'l be reit enuff thear—they'n a rare tap.

JACK—O think e me heart, Jooa, thah's getn't



organ a guzzlin ; for thaht awlis ravin after swill. Pretha oud the noise, an ger on we the wark. But whooa's this wot's cummin ?

BIL—Whoy, its Figaro.\*

JACK—Good mornin, mester Fig ; hah dun ya deo ?

FIGARO—Quite well, Jack : I have just been delighted with a sight of one of the most beautiful horses that my eyes ever beheld.

JACK—Yo han ? o wish o had him ; adder say it'st same as o seed yisterda, an o wisht it wer moine.

FIGARO—It is very wrong to covet other people's property.

JACK—O kno its wrang ; but hah can abodda help it ? Wot'st cause a sitch a sin, think ya ?

FIGARO—Cause ! why, the sensation of sight, to be sure ; for it is plain enough, if you had not seen it, you would not have coveted it.

JACK—Good stars, man ! this is a new doctrine. Can t' sensation a seet be't cause of a covetous principle ? Nah suppooas o'd nobbut seen it we won hoi, shud o be as guilta as if o'd seen it we two ?

FIGARO—Most certainly not ; and if you had shut the other eye, you would not have been guilty at all.

JACK—Then o see clear enuff, at if o mun avoid moral evil, o mun be blufted. But suppooas o wer to steyl this horse, an be tain up an troid, an fun

\* The name of a low weekly periodical, frequently at war with the author, and the notorious vehicle of obscene ribaldry and infidelity, long since extinct.

guilty, wud they put me hoies aht for bein't cause on me steysin it?

FIGARO—No, blockhead! they would hang thee by the neck until thou wert dead, dead, dead!

JACK—Wa, that's not fair to hang me neck for wot me hoies did. But houd a bit, Fig; o think thaht a bit muddled. O begin to think at hah me hoies had varra little to do we't, no mooar nor bein't medium throo which me moind perceives, an after sitch perception me depraved principle covets; an when this is put into action a chap begins a thievin. Sooa its clear enuff at this evil did'nt cum aht a me hoies, becos it did'nt exist whoil covetousness created it. Thah reeasonin, mester Fig, s'just as silly as a chap wot ad say at his hoies wert cause a leet, becos if he had'nt oppen'd em, he'd ne'er a seen it.

BIL—Figaro al ge thee sum blackin.

JACK—Whoy, tubbe shooar he will, becos he deeals e nowt else.

BIL—O say Jack, o heard say at thah's had't impidence to send Carloile a challenge when he wor e Shevvild tuther week is it true?

JACK—Hah that shall be true.

BIL—Wot, then, wud'nt he cum up?

JACK—O've nivver heard a word, o ca'nt tell wots reason.

BIL—Wot wor't subject?

JACK—Whoy here's a copy on it.

“MR. CARLILE—Sir,—I understand that you have challenged any man to discuss any religious subject. Now if you will write upon a subject which I will propose, I hereby challenge you to

produce a more rational account of the origin of man than that given in our scriptures, and I will either refute it, or publicly confess my inability, for I consider that if the scripture doctrine of the origin of man can be overturned, the Christian scheme must fall.—Yours, &c. A. B."

BIL—An so he dar'nt meddle, eh! O fancy its rather a puzzling subject for em; for theyn a vast menny oppinions abaht t'orrigin a man; won chap says at hah we came be chonce, an another says at hah we nivver came at all. Nah that chap must be wrang, because we're sure we're here. Then another chap says at first woman at ivver wor seen wor fun in a forest, but hah shoo got there he cud'nt tell. An o think its varra weel Carloile didn't leet on her, becos if shoo'd happened to be ill-tempered he'd neer a married her. Get em uppa this subject an yo'l soon find a soft place e ther nappers.

JOOA—We'n been teld be won a these wise men at hah nater produced animals, an at hah e toime shool mak sum mooar.

JERRA—Wa, that's true enuff, becos thah kno's nater maks maggots nah, an sich loik.

JOOA—O shud think we'st have a fresh plate it next creation.

JERRA—Hah, we'st happen have a set a black teeth, anuther mahth sumwhear, an ears wot al reych dahn too us shoo heels, an then they'l doo to lap us sens in e steed a sheets.

JOOA—As for black teeth, o shud'nt think much abaht that, becos there's a good menny nah wots

rayther soota; but for havin anuther mahth, that's aht a all reeason, becos we'n summat to doo to fill this we han; an as for long ears at ta talks on, o shud ne'er loik to run't risk a bein lugg'd fort sake a carryin me awn sheets wimma.

JERRA—But o think this a softish spekilation, Jooa.

JOOA—Just as soft as Carloile's tale abaht men, women, and childer livin it sea, sum we one leg, an sum we a tail, &c.

JERRA—Whoy is Carloile 't author a sitch stuff as that?

JOOA—Whooa 't author is o dooant kno, bur o kno at Dicka publish't it, an suppoosed it true.

JERRA—There's a chap at are shop wot says he has'nt a soul.

JOOA—Hah does he kno?

JERRA—Whoy becos he says he's ne'er seen it, nor felt it, nor heeard it, nor tasted it, nor smelt it.

JOOA—Wa it ad be rayther odd if he'd smelt it; but did he ne'er feel his sen think, an will, an judge, an sich loik? (*An infidel overhears them, steps in, an answers.*)

INFIDEL—Well then, according to your own account there are four out of the five senses against you.

JERRA—Webbut, dun yo beleeve it existence a pain, when yer tooth akes?

INFIDEL—Most certainly.

JERRA—Did yo ivver see a pain, sur, or heear one, or smell one, or taste one?

INFIDEL—No.

JERRA—Wa then there's fore aht at foive ageean yo; dun ya believe it?

INFIDEL—I am compelled to believe it.

# THE SHEFFIELD DIALECT.

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## TO'T PUBLIC.

AHR readers are already aware at a gang a persons, radical reformers, alias free-thinkers, are determinately and brutally bent upp at destruction of all loyal, religious, and moral feeling, partik-  
kelarly it lower classes o this populous tahn. Nah, it's ahr intention to upset this mob—that's ahr object; an we'll attain it, even tho' it cost us life and fortin. It's pratty weel knone at the Great Mogul o this faction has lately paid a visit to this tahn, and has been sowing the seeds of corruption in the moinds of the inhabitants. It shall be ahr place to root em up. This we will do!—this we can do. An when we'n getn houd on em, we'll scatter em to the fury of the whirlwind, that they may be hurl'd into eternal oblivion. We mo'nt—nay, we cahnt bear to see't roisin generation corrupted; nother can we allow this unnatural gang to go unpunished. We shall, therefore, it pages a this book, houd up the dogmas of these craturs e ther

true colours, an we'll furnish ivvera prentis lad we arguments which will enable him to mock, even to madness, any infidel who may be soft enuff to enter the list with him, for we hesitate not to say, at we can tak the principles of infidels from Gibbon an Hume, down to that dirty cratur, Carloile, an we wou single strook we ahr intellectual musher, shivver em to atoms. One word more, an w'en dun. Ahr readers will see at once at hah we'n improved a good deal in us spellin sin we last appeared it litterary world. Indeed there's no helpin it, for there's so many ways an means to obtain knowledge nah-days, at we should be considered the most stupid blockheads in existence if wo did'nt mend anole. O avver, we hope at if ivver w'en occasion to cum before t'public again, we'st he able to show em an unbeatable specimen both of grammar an logic. It litterary lowerworld we are already supreme, and we may safely leave the middle and higher classes to the care of Mr. Smith.

Your's respectfully,

JACK WHEELSWARF.

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#### CONVERSATION IV.

JACK WHEELSWARF—Well, Bil, has ta seen Gemini's reply to ahr Chronicle?\*

\* *Gemini*, a writer in *Figaro*, the publication before referred to. Our readers should bear in mind that these conversations were first published under the title of "*The Wheelswarf Chronicle*."

BIL HEFTPOIP—O've seen a thing wots nick-named a reply.

JACK—Well, wot thinks ta abaht it?

BIL—Whoy, he begins his nominy we a cantin sort an a tale abaht labourin under disadvantages on their side of the question; that they dare not say all they can for fear of pains and penalties.

JACK—Wot a larom. Theyn sed all they knew long sin. But thah kno's, Bill, this poor thing, Gemini, is a creature of necessity, therefore he had no choice but to say what he has sed, soft as it is; an thahl ne'er blame him for doing wot he cud'nt help doing.

BIL—Oh! oh! Necessity caused him to tell loies, did it? Now, to tell a wilful falsehood is a moral evil; therefore, necessity, in this case, is the cause of moral evil, and not sensation. But, o avver, if he's nobbut done what he cud'nt help, its no'ther his misfortune nor his fault. When he says at gentlemen on their side the question labour under disadvantages, he says a necessary falsehood, which falsehood we shall necessarily prove to be unnecessary. For instance, Carlile comes to Sheffield; takes the Theatre, challenges a religious public to discuss religious subjects, without the least interruption from the powers that be; nay, they have imprudently, and from interested motives, arrogated to themselves the right to insult a Christian community, not only by their abominably filthy language, but by exposing in their windows the most horrid pictures of things which are considered the most sacred; an then this thing cries out, "It is needless to expatiate on

the courage of one man (a Christian, too,) who throws down the gauntlet to another whom he knows to be fettered," &c. Pray who threw the gauntlet first? Did not Carlile? You first give a challenge; and when you are foiled, as we foiled you in our last Chronicle, you begin to pull a long pitiful fiddle face; "O we dar'nt say all we can for fear of pains and penalties;" when the fact is, the very biggest, and best, and wisest, of all yer gang cahnt advance a single argument fit for a dog to grin at.

JACK—But hark the Bil, he's just been charging Christians with gross perversion of the obvious meaning of a sentence; and when we sed we would upset that mob, meaning their principles, viz.—by shewing their absurdity, what sort of trickery does this honest infidel resort to? listen;—"Now here is a specimen of baseness and illiberality. Here is a sample of the mild and tolerant spirit of a Christian. He tells you that if he cannot accomplish his purpose by fair means he will by foul; that when his reasoning fails to attain his ends; he will call in the aid of fraud and force." Now the above is the construction of a creature of necessity—a gentleman infidel!—a Latin scholar! —Well, well, he'd no choice but to say so; its all a case of necessity.

BIL—O wish o had houda that rascal Necessity, o'd give him sich a drubbin we mo intellectual musher as should mak him necessarily remember it as long as ivver necessity necessitated him to tell lies. Religion's in a tottering state, he says; but what state is infidelity in, whilst Carlile dare not



accept the challenge of a poor mechanic of Sheffield, and has since refused to answer another in Manchester, and one at Barnsley !

JACK—Well, then, here's another necessary falsehood palmed upon us. He says that we are the mouth-piece of a certain party. But are we ? No, we are not now, and never were ; we stand single handed, always have done, and always will do. We have seen the time when we have kicked five or six of these necessary creatures before us with ease, and we rejoice that we are now intellectually stronger than ever. We remember that Voltaire sed he would upset Christianity ; but has he ? No. If, then, the giant infidels of the French Revolution who massacred two or three millions of human beings, could not, how shall the pigmy scavengers of our day do it ?

BIL—Nah then for't reply ; in which we find every argument in ahr Chronicle evaded. Ommast first thing at o seed set me a laughing till me sides ached. Gemini says, very seriously, at hah Carlile nivver wor a tinker : no, no, not a tinker, nother.

JACK—Well, well, we'd been teld at hah he wor. Wot wor he, prethy ?

BIL—Guess.

JACK—A cobbler, happen.

BIL—Nay, guess again.

JACK—I shahnt : if ta kno's, tell us.

BIL—Whoy, he says he wor a tinner an brazier.  
(*A laugh.*)

JACK—Cum, cum, we wornt far off, o avver ; but o say, Bil, just twig him here ; he sez he kno's nowt abaht Carlile's moral marridge ! another necessary lie, o fancy.

BIL—Wot, not know nowt; cum, this al do; it's to dirty for em; o loik this. But he says Carlile's going to explain; when he knows very well he has explained. And what is he going to do? he's going to publish all the correspondence between his infallible self and that immaculate fornicatress, Miss Sharples, his present moral wife. But let's get on to another necessary falsehood. Gemini says that we adduced no proof that organization was not the cause of sensation.

JACK—We proved it, and we again assert, that mere organization, destitute of action, cannot possibly be the primary cause of any thing; nay, a man may have ocular demonstration of such a fact, if he please. Pray, what effects would the organization of a steam engine produce without any power? Every one knows that it could produce none. But, says Gemini, "take away from us the five senses, which are the media of all knowledge, and you would deprive us of our thoughts, or that bone of contention, the mind." Now this is what an Irishman would call advancing backwards. We are told in the above passage, that the five senses are the media of all knowledge; and so we said in our last Chronicle; and so we say again. And we also say, that that which receives knowledge, through such media, is the soul, the immaterial, thinking principle: but, says Lawrence, "take away from the mind of man, the five external senses, and the functions of the brain, and what will be left behind?" The day is coming when Mr. Lawrence will know what, says a certain writer. "We admit the sympathetic connexion (who has ever called it in question?) be-

tween the organ and the immaterial principle ; nay we admit, that every act of the mind involves some mechanical act of the brain. But we maintain, that what sets the mechanism in motion is not, and cannot be matter, because matter is incapable of spontaneously changing its own state." So much, then, for the senses, and as for our argument on moral evil, it stands untouched, and we know that it is beyond the power of any twin, or all the infidel twins in existence to overthrow.

BIL.—Well, then, wot's next ?

JACK.—Why he says at "all men grant that it is utterly impossible for a man to avoid committing sin," an then it next page, he says "Man is a creature of necessity." What a contradiction. Well, then we'n a quotation throo Mirabeau, the first sentence of which is unintelligible : no infidel in the world can make common sense of it. "Man's life is a line that nature commands him to describe upon the earth." Who can tell what is meant by nature commanding men's actions ? And then he says at a man "Is good or bad, happy or miserable, &c., without his will going for any thing in these various states." If, then, a man be a thief, he is a thief without his will. Is he ? It sounds rather paradoxical, too. I do believe this at when a man's going to be hanged for his thieving, his will goes for nowt, for if it went for any thng, it would be for him not to be hanged, but Jack Ketch won't let it. Now let us suppose the thief in a Court of Justice.

MAGISTRATE.—Well, my good man, what was the reason that you committed the crime of which you stand accused ?

PRISONER—Why, sir, I think it's very unjust to bring me here for doing what I couldn't help ;—it was all *necessity*.

MAGISTRATE—Do you mean to say that you were actually starving for want, and that, therefore, you did it only to preserve your life ?

PRISONER—O no, sir, you quite mistake me. The line of my life, sir, is described to me by nature, from which it is impossible for me to swerve ; and, sir, it happens that the line which nature has described to me is a thieving one. I am, Sir, a creature of necessity, and have no choice but to act as I have acted.—[*Here the magistrate retires for a while.*]

PRISONER—Mine's a hard case.

A FELLOW WITH A LONG STICK—Silence, sirrah, here's t'magistrate coming.

MAGISTRATE—Well, my man, I believe you are out of the reach of all law ; for all the laws in existence are founded on the principle of free agency.

COUNSELLOR—Now, my good man, you have made such an excellent defence, if you will come to my house in the morning, I will make you a present of five sovereigns.

PRISONER—(*Touches his hat.*) Thank you, Sir, I'll take care and go.

MAGISTRATE—Hollo ! what's that you say ; you'll take care and go ; I thought you had been a creature of necessity. You said nature had described to you a certain line from which you could not swerve ; but now you are describing a line to nature ; you have, at the sound of five pounds, made up your mind to act ; and in the

morning, in spite of nature's line, you will go for the cash.

PRISONER—Yes, Sir, but I shall go from necessity.

MAGISTRATE—But I'll take care you do'nt. Gentlemen of the Jury, bring in your verdict. (*The Jury retires for a while, and returns a verdict of Guilty.*)

MAGISTRATE—I am now under the painful *necessity* of *necessarily* informing the prisoner at the bar, that it is *necessary* for me to *necessitate* him, *necessarily* to leave the country. You will therefore be *necessarily* transported beyond the seas, there of *necessity* to stay for the *necessary* term of seven years, and so then there will be an end of your *necessary* thieving.

BIL—Well, then Gemini refers agean to ahr Chronicle, and says that we sent ahr challenge when we knew that Mr. Carloile's stay in Sheffield was concluded. Now, we wish the public particularly to notice this, because they have made so much ado about it ; for the fact is, Carlile received our challenge on the Friday, and he left the town on the Saturday, a day sooner than he expected, according to his own statement. But why not accept it at any time ? He might have written in his own Wash Tub Gazette, and possibly it might have been more interesting than the bombastical Tom-Paine-nonsense, for which he makes his dupes pay at present. These poor deluded creatures remind me of the old woman who went from house to house begging ale, and it was all very good : at last they gave the old lady some swill ;—" O, it's very good," said

she ; and so it is with Carloile's admirers. It's no matter what kind of unconnected jargon, or however monstrously absurd, their cry is, it's all very good. A man said, the other day that Carloile had confirmed him in his opinion, although (said the man) I could not understand what he meant by what he said.

JACK—Now, we have heard very frequently of the honesty of these free-thinkers ; they say we only want the truth, and, especially, we detest the man that would either alter or pervert any sentence to suit his own purpose ; but what is their practice ? We have a very fine sample of their honesty in Gemini's quotation from Ecclesiastes ;—Solomon says, chap. 3rd, verse 21st, "Who knoweth the spirit of man that goeth upward ?" Gemini makes him say, 'Who knoweth the spirit of man that *it* goeth upward.' Solomon continues, "and the spirit of the beast that goeth downward to the earth." Gemini continues, "and the spirit of the beast that *it* goeth downward to the earth." Our readers will see that the word "*it*" is not in the text ; and they will also see the baseness of the man who would thus sacrifice his reputation at the shrine of Atheism. The despicable wickedness of the attempt stamps infamy on the cause it is designed to serve. However, in the next place, we have Gemini's account of the origin of the New Testament. "A set of priests (says he) who called themselves the Council of Nice, being in possession of a lot of Jewish fables, got up the New Testament, as we have it at the present day." Now this wonderful discovery of the origin of the New Testament, according to Gemini's account, is no origin at all, but

merely a compilation of books already written. If Gemini or any of his brethren can tell us who wrote these books, they may then venture to state their origin; but what he has advanced is false. For it can be proved that the Canon of Scripture was determined immediately after the death of St. John, the last survivor of the Apostolic order. The Canon of the Gospels was determined, indeed, before his death, for we read in Eusebius that he gave his sanction to the three other Gospels, and completed this part of the New Testament with his own. And by the death of John, the catalogue of Scripture was completed and closed. But, it may be asked, by whom was the Canon of Scripture determined? It was determined—not by the decision of any individual, nor by the decree of any council, but by the general consent of the whole and every part of the Christian Church: it is, indeed, a very remarkable circumstance that, among the various disputes which so early agitated the Church, the Canon of Scripture was never the subject of controversy. The reason of this agreement is a very satisfactory one. Every one who is at all versed in Ecclesiastical History, is aware of the continual intercourse which took place in the Apostolic age, between the various branches of the Church universal. This communication arose out of the Jewish polity, under which the various synagogues of the Jews, which were dispersed throughout the Gentile world, were all subject to the sanhedrim at Jerusalem, and maintained a constant corres-



pondence with it. Whenever, then, an epistle arrived at any particular church, it was first authenticated, it was then read to all the holy brethren, and was subsequently transmitted to some other neighbouring church. Thus, we find that the authentication of the Epistles of St. Paul was "the salutation of his own hand," by which the Church, to which the letter was first addressed, might be assured that it was not a forgery. Had we space allowed we might go on to a great length, but we must wind up by referring to a few authorities which afford ample proof that the Testament existed as a whole long before the Council of Nice.

Justin Martyr, A.D. 140, speaks of the memoirs of the Apostles (i. e. the Gospels) being read with the writings of the prophets, every Lord's day. In the epistle of Diognetus (of the same date), we find the following paragraph;—"The fear of the law is known, and the grace of the prophets is acknowledged; the faith of the gospels is established, and the writings of the Apostles are preserved," &c. Dionysius, of Corinth, A.D. 170, speaks of some who had "attempted to corrupt the Scriptures of the Lord." Irenæus, A.D. 178, says, "that no common punishment awaits those who add or take from the Scriptures." Theophilus, of Antioch, A.D. 181, thus expresses himself;—"the writings of the prophets and the gospels are in unison, because that all being inspired by one and the same Spirit of God." Clement, of Alexandria, A.D. 194, says, "that the Scriptures in which we have trusted, have been confirmed by the Almighty authority."



Tertullian, in his Apology, A.D. 200, remarks, "Whoever, therefore, you are, who think us to have no concern in the welfare of the Cæsars (i. e. the Emperors), look into the word of God, our Scriptures, &c." Origen. A.D. 230, "that the sacred volumes breath the fulness of the Spirit." What, then, are we to think of Gemini and his Council of Nice, which sat in the fourth century?

BIL—Oh, he's a creature of *necessity*.

JACK—In conclusion, we think that the beginning and end of Gemini's production, constitutes what Carle would designate an immoral trinity,—that is, two falsehoods producing a third, the third being all between. Now, Gemini,

"Fare thee well, and if for ever,  
Still for ever, fare thee well,"

But that thy name may be handed down to posterity, I propose the following epitaph (for this purpose) which a wag wrote on the most distinguished of Pyrrhonists:—

"Here lie comprest, in oaken chest,  
Or here at least, did once lie,  
The blood and veins, and bones, and brains,  
And soul of Gemini."

# THE SHEFFIELD DIALECT.

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## OCCASIONAL PAPERS.

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### LETTER TO'T KING.

*At a meetin o't frends a Reform, held uppa ahr hull arston, May 7, it furst year a Reform, it wer reggillarly agreed on, at this letter shud be sent to ahr Royal Reform King :—*

MESTER KING, SUR—As wear all on us won a yore subjects, we think at hah it's nowt but ahr duty to express us joy, an deloit, an admirashon, an approbashon, an sitch loik, uppat glorias victora at yo'n lately getn ore't ennamies a reform. Please yer honour, sur, its not ahr intenshon to puff ya up we praisin ya ; but we will say this, o avver, yo'nt best pluck a onna chap at's sittn uppa that throne this menny a year. Yoar summut loik a king, yo are. Yo'n dun mooar good sin yo cum nor hofe a grooas a kings afooar yo ivver did, an

yer name al be reich't dahn to mortalatta, if yo nivver dun anuther hopeth a good whoile yo livn; but we knone varry weel at yoar that sooat an a chap, at yo cahnt live wethaht dooin good to yer subjects.

If ya please yer Madjesty, they yu'st to say abaht ahr tuther king (yer brother yo knone) at hah't Duke wor't chap wot droives the sovrin; but, sur, we're varry happy to say, an to see, at yo'n geen things sitch a glorias twist, at nah they sen, at hah't Sovrin's t'chap wot droives't Duke; an we hooap at hah yo'l continna to droive booath't Duke an all't burrow mungrin crew till yo'n drivven em all intot Tems.

Sur, they sen at hah ift reform bill passes into a law at it al shak yer crahn off'a yer heead: fudge—do'nt believe em; it al revvit it ten toimes faster on nor ivver. Its not a loikla thing, mun: when a king's crahn's putn on his heead be his ministers an his people, wot tratur dahr tutch it. But yoar not to be diddled we sitch oud woman jargon as that, nother; nou, not sooa, yo'n sho'n em hah its dun; an when they varra little expected it anole. An sur, its ahr prayer at yo'l gooa the rig till yo'n fettled t'hoil clean aht. An ahr advice is, at ift next parliament weant reform, at yo'l hoil em aht ageean, an weel war-rand it, at they'l o'ther reform or refrain't next toime. Sur, when we lookn at benefits at this reform bill al put on us wear rala astonisht at onna bodda shud be so mad as to oppooas it. One gud effect a this bill al be the makkin a 500,000 new constuents throot best ant mooast trust worthy

men it land, an al mak mooar strength for protectin  
 proparta, t'laws, ant loyalty at kingdom. Please  
 yer honner, Sur, is this owt loik a revvolushon at  
 silla Wetheril an Peel toke't abaht. Bur, it alsoo  
 be all up we em, an its are desoir at yo'l mak it  
 intoo a law, at onna burrowmonger at's catch't  
 cuttin his throit, hangin, or drahdin his sen, or  
 takkin onna sooat a poizon we a intenshon to kill  
 his sen, shall be berrid at fore lane ends, an a stake  
 drivven throo him; for yo kno'n, Sur, at when't bill  
 passes, theal be a woal gang on em al ha to gooa  
 hooam, an its thowt be sum at they'l neer be able to  
 survoive it,; an, Sur, we think at hah it al be't best  
 way for yo to let em gooa hooam it neet as nobboda  
 ma see em, an at yo'l be so koind as to provide  
 mooarnin cooaches for em to gooa in, an at there  
 may be a dumb peal rung at ivvera tahn they  
 gooan throo, an't cooaches stop whoil they sing't  
 follerin hymn, tain throat *Sun* newspaper:

Curses booath doir an deep,  
 Let us we fervor heap  
 On Liberty.

Ahr burrowmungering score,  
 Alas, will nivver more  
 Triumph the people o'er:  
 England is free!

Satan, to thee we pray,  
 Hurl patriot kings away,  
 Let 'em not stand:

An sin' we seek in vain  
 Are burrows to retain,  
 Let revolution reign  
 O'er all't land!

Sur, we'st send fore rattlin chaps aht a Yorksher at al do ya sum good,—all reformers; an we believe at hah yo'l have a grate majorrata e favor at bill, it next meetin; yo'l have sitch a glorias set a reformers as nivver sho'd ther faces e that hahce afooar; an't reflection a sitch a victora as yo'n get'n al be a ivverlastin consolation to yer sen, an it al shed sitch a luster uppa yer name, as time itsen, we all its changes an revolutions, al nivver, nivver tarnish. Bless yer sowl, mun, yo'n wun all us hearts at won single strooak, an we're redda to follow ya, o'ther throo muck or blood, ast case mut requoire. Nah, pleear yer Madjesta, afooar o be quoit wroitin this letter, we'n to beg won thing on ya, an that is, at if ivver yo cum to Shevvild, at yo'l cum uppa ahr hull arston, an bring all yer oud razors we ya, an we'l mak em shave loik winkin. Sooa no mooar nah throo yore mooast royal and dutiful subjects,

## WHEELSWARFS.

Ahr Hull Arston, Shevvild.

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## CONVERSATION

BETWEEN A FREETHINKER AND JACK WHEELSWARF.

FREETHINKER—Well, Jack, you are throng grinding elsins, I see.

JACK—Yis, Sur, here's nowt getn withaht workin.

FREE—What name do you strike? is it Greaves which is marked upon the tang?

JACK—Yis, Sur.

FREE—Is it the same Greaves which is so much noted for making good nails.

JACK—T' same chap exactla, Sur; they sartanla dun mak best nails a onnabodda; they'r not cut be steam, yo kno'n; they dooant mak em threesquare an withaht points. Cobblers has na kashon to bore hoils to nock ther nails it shoes; they'n nobbut to stick em intot soils, an away they gooan, an they lookn weel when they getn in, that's best on't.

FREE—Well, Jack, I believe you are correct, and I believe they make the best clog nails of any house in the country, and as for their sprigs they are not to be equalled.

JACK—Yore reit, sur, wot yo sen's truth itsen.

FREE—Yes, it may be, but there are many opinions about what truth is; some believe that the Bible is truth, perhaps you are one of that class.

JACK—Sloik e am, o see no reason whoy o shud'nt, can yo tell me onna?

FREE—Yes, Jack, the end for which it was written, and the persons who wrote it, are reasons sufficient for you rejecting it.

JACK—Whoy, wot wor they written for, an whooa wor they wot writ em?

FREE.—They were written by a pack of priests, to gull the people.

JACK—Then yo do'nt believe at hah Matthew, Mark, an't rest on em writ gospels, dun ya?

FREE.—Certainly not, it's all a hoax.

JACK—Yore shure they did'nt, are ya?

FREE.—Yes, quite confident; I don't believe that ever such persons existed.

JACK—Wa, o kno yore mooar larn'd nor me, bur if yo sen them chaps did'nt wroit em, yo owt to tell us whooa did.

FREE.—I have told you.

JACK—Abbut wot did they call em, an wot century did they live in? becos if yo cahnt tell that, o'st begin to think at hah yo kno'n varra little abaht it.

FREE.—You are very ignorant, Jack; if you had read as much as I have, you would not suffer yourself to be gulled by the priests.

JACK—O'st be a good deeal woiser if yo'l tell me wot they call'd chaps wot writ Boible, an when they lived.

FREE.—Do'nt you see that the priests in all ages have used it to keep the people in subjection?

JACK—Aye, aye, sur, but wot did they call em, an when did they live!—Don't shuffle, sur.

FREE.—I don't consider myself under any obligation to answer every silly question you may propose.

JACK—Then yo don't kno wot they call'd em, nor when they lived, dun ya? Nah, o'l ax yo a question;—if yo cahnt tell me whooa wrote books at Scriptures, hah can ya prove at chaps did'nt wroit em whooas names they bear?

FREE.—(*In a passion*) I shall not answer any such questions.

JACK—Becos yo cahnt; summada's gull'd yo, o think; wot part a yore bodda does yer soul lig in?

FREE.—Soul! I believe in no such trash; the modification of subtle matter is quite sufficient to produce thinking; but you know very little about such subjects, I am certain.

JACK—Aye, aye, is ther matter thin enuff to think, eh? Did ya ivver see a square idea, or a oval thowt, sur? Becos, yo kno'n, all matter mun have sum shape to exist in, an if thinkin be material, why not have long thowts, an hard ans, an sum toimes varra soft ans, as yo seem to have just nah?

FREE.—Don't you know, Jack, that every thing which has motion, supposes extent and solidity? For instance, fear is an emotion, and produces the movement of trembling in the members?

JACK—O dear aye, an joy al produce t' movement a jumpin, an luv al produce onna thing, an malice is a mooashon at ad sooin pull all yer hair off, whoil jealousy ad scrat yer een aht; nah these is all on em material mooashons, an sum on em not varra noist ans no'ther; but then if luv be matter, it ad seem odd to say a piece a luv, or a lump a joy, a yard a malice, or a peck a jellousy. Wotn ya say, sur?

FREE.—Why, Jack, these subjects are above your comprehension.

JACK—Near moind; nah yo sen at ivvera thing wot's mooashon suppooases extent an solididity, dooant ya?

FREE.—Certainly I do.

JACK—Is ther onna mooashon e fear?

FREE.—I have before shewn you that it produces trembling.

JACK—Then fear is solid and extended as long as a May powl, happen, an as hard as a brick, eh? Cum, cum, this is not being gull'd, o avver; accoordin to this doctrine, we'st have hard fears, an



soft fears, long fears, an short fears, hot fears, an cowl fears, swift fears, an slow fears, black fears, an whoit fears, thick fears, an thin fears ;—is'nt this being gull'd, sur? the philosophy of Helvetus, eh?

FREE.—You talk nonsense? is not sound material? and you would not say that it was heavy, or that it was measurable?

JACK—O'd say at sahnd wornt matter, an o'l mak yo say sooa befooar o've dun we ya, if yo'l stick to yer principles ;—yo believe at matter has an independent existence, dooant ya?

FREE.—Most certainly I do.

JACK—Did yo ivver kno sahnd produced withaht impression, or withaht air? if not, oshud loik yo to tell me hah sahnd can be material, sin its dependent for its varra existence uppa impression an air?

FREE.—Well, well, Jack, perhaps you may be right, but its a subject which I have not studied much.

JACK—Did ya ivver studda owt, sur?

FREE.—Yes, Jack, I have studied much, and have forgotten more than ever you knew.

JACK—An if o may judge at quallata a wot yo'n forgetn, be wot yo kno'ne nah, yo'ne sartanly forgetn a gud de'al at nivver wor worth kno'in; but it puts me abaht to kno hah yo can o'ther forget or remember owt.

FREE.—You are no philosopher, or you would have known that all our ideas are impressed on the brain, and that all the particles which compose the human frame, undergo a change every seven years.

JACK—That's rather odd, becos if ideas is im-

presst uppat brain, an if't brain changes ivvera seven years, hah is it at o can remember owt at wor impresst twenta year sin; becos o've had new brains twice sin then; wethaht toud brains tells't new ans what they kno'ne just as they cum. Is this memra, Sur, or is it being gull'd?

FREE.—You are quite metaphysical, Jack. You are a curious fellow,—where did you study?

JACK—Uppa ahr hull arston, sur, an o think rayther to better purpose nor yo han. Bur o'l ax ya anuther queshton, an then o'l be off tot ware-has. Suppooas o ge up mo relidgen an taks to yores, shud o mak a better meinber a sociata, or a better fath'er, or a better husband, or a better sarvant? shud o be honnister, soberer, moraler? shud o stick to me word better? shud o be happier e me fam-mala, or e me awn moind? will yore principles cumfort me when o'm badla, an mak me bare afflictions we patience, an help me to meet death we curridge an quoitness, an ge me a bloomin hope a futur immortallata?—becos mo relidgen al do this for ma, an if yores al not do so much, o'd better keep this o've getn, an be gull'd, nor tak yores; had'nt e, sur?

FREE.—I shall soon begin to think that I have suffered myself to be gull'd; for I am certain my principles will do nothing of the kind for me; but I will think of these things, and will see you again. Farewell!

BIL HEFTPOIP—O say, oud lad, o think thah's ommast ungull'd him; o shud'nt wonder if he is'nt at chappel a Sunday.

JACK—O wish he may, we all me heart. T' chap

seems to proide his sen in h is larnin, an rala o cahnt see wot he's larnt, nobbut to shuffle when he's axt a queshton. But o mun be off; thro me band off, Bill, witta?

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## QUESTIONS AND ANSWERS.

QUESTION—How do you prove the existence of an intelligent God?

ANSWER—Design proves it.

Q.—How?

A.—Can any one examine a steam engine, for instance, and at the same time believe that it never was made? Impossible! And if we examine the contrivance and skill manifested in the works of God, every unbiased mind will be constrained to acknowledge them to be the contrivance of an intelligent God.

Q.—What are we to understand by the word nature?

A.—If the word nature be used for the intrinsic manner of existing, it means that constitution, make, or disposition, in which any thing is produced.

Q.—What are we to understand by mind or spirit?

A.—What the essence of spirit is, may not be known: but its existence is (like matter) known by its properties.

Q.—What are the essential properties of spirit?

A.—Consciousness and volition, the existence of

which is as certain as that of matter.

Q.—Can organization produce thinking ?

A.—Mere organization cannot be the cause of thinking or intelligence ; because it is plain, that precisely the same state of the organs shall often be found before and after death, and yet, without any violence having been done to them. In one moment man shall be actually intelligent, and in the next incapable of thought. Besides, organization is only the arrangement of parts, which possess no such power ; and, when they are perfectly organized can produce nothing until the machine is acted upon,—and then, nothing contrary to its nature.

Q.—From whence is human intelligence ?

A.—Not from matter, either organized or unorganized. We have seen that it cannot be from organized matter ; and if from unorganized, then must all matter think. Intelligence, therefore, must come from an intelligent being,—and that being is God ?

Q.—Is the soul of man immortal ?

A.—The soul of man being immaterial, is, therefore, incapable of being dissolved : and, we would say, let those who assert that the soul will be annihilated at death, prove it, for it does not occur to us, how death, which is only a privation, can annihilate that which has a positive existence.

Q.—Is an infinite series of men possible ?

A.—The notion of an infinite series of caused and successive beings, is absurd ; for of this infinite series, either some one part has not been successive to any other, or else, all the several parts of it have been successive. If some one part of it was not

successive, then it had a first part, which destroys the supposition of its infinity. If all the several parts of it have been successive, then they have all at once been future; but if they have all been future, a time may be conceived when none of them had existence; and if so, then, it follows, either that all the parts, and consequently the whole, of this infinite series must have arisen from nothing—which is absurd, or else there must be something in the whole, besides what is contained in all its parts.

Q.—What is life?

A.—The presence of an immaterial soul with the body, is the source of animal life; and the separation of the soul from the body, is that circumstance which causes death. Mr. Lawrence, indeed, makes life to consist in the sum total of all the functions: thus he makes life a cause which owes its existence to its own operations; and, consequently, a cause which, had it not operated to produce itself, had never existed at all.

Q.—What is man?

A.—Man is a compound being, made up of matter and spirit.

Q.—What is meant by a moral agent?

A.—He is a moral agent, who is capable of performing moral actions; and an action is rendered moral by two circumstances,—1st. That it is voluntary; 2d. That it has respect to some rule which determines it to be good or evil. Moral good and evil, says Locke, is the conformity or disagreement of one voluntary action to some law, whereby good or evil is drawn upon us from the will or power of the law maker.

Q.—What, then, is that law by which our moral actions must be tried ?

A.—Such law, which, whatever it may be, must be given and enforced by God himself, and have respect to him,—because there are many moral actions that cannot come within the cognizance of any human law.

Q.—Do the Christian Scriptures contain the rule of moral action ?

A.—Most certainly they do, and the purity of their morality is a proof of their Divinity.

Q.—But it has been said that no testimony can prove any deviation from the known sequences of cause and effect, and that an event is impossible which contradicts our experience.

A.—Indeed !—That is not only denying that testimony can prove a miracle, but it is denying the possibility of a miracle at all. So that whatever a man may have sensible evidence of, if it be contrary to his experience, he must not believe it. Now, what would have been thought of the persons who saw our Saviour raise the dead, if they had said, We most certainly saw the body raised, we saw him walk, we heard him converse, we felt and handled him, and we know that he lived and acted same as before his death ; but then, we are also convinced that such an event is contrary to our experience, and, therefore, we cannot believe it ?—Why, we should write, madmen. I would ask, Can the Almighty cause an event to take place, which should be a deviation from the laws of nature ? They who believe in the existence of a God cannot deny it. Then it may be safely affirmed that an

event is possible which might contradict our experience.

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## A LETTER TO ALL THE WESLEYAN METHODIST PREACHERS.

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And in his brain,  
Which is as dry as the remainder biscuit  
After a voyage, he hath strange places cramm'd  
With observation, the which he vents  
In mangled forms.—*As you like it, Act II.*

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SURS—O reckon yo'l all on ya see Dicky Hotly's satire : o mean when yo'n seen this letter, yo nivver will see it ; an that's just wot o'm wroitin to ya for, O reckon yo dooant kno him, but o doo, an o'l tell ya wot he is nah, an wot he has been. He has been a Methodist, an a useful Sunday School taicher ; but o'm sorry to say at nah he's a confirmed atheist ; an yo'll happen excuse us when we tell ya at we'n pledged us sens to look after this set ; we knone all't gang on em, an we'n grooapt all their sculls, from the infidel conductors of the Fargate Bull-dog,\* to the execrable authors of "What is love," "The system of Nature," and "The Ruins of Empires," an to a man theyn all a soft place in em. Nah, yo'l understand, at this

\* Figaro in Sheffield.



Dicky Hotly is a varra larned chap; they sen at hah he can toke latten, an adder say he can; an he can toke abaht toud Egyptian Hermes, an loiks his cosmogony better nor that a Moses, although there wor sum animals made then wot had na sense (an o think there's some on em left yet); an he can mak sum fooaks stare as if they wor stuck, we token abaht Zoroaster's Magic Oracles, an as it happens he nother kno's when he lived nor when he deed. An he can toke abaht Manetho, Berosus, Sanchoniatho, Diodorus Siculus, Aristotle, Plato, an that set,—in a word, uppa religious subjects, he can toke owt but common sense. But still he's a varra sharp chap, o'l ashooar yo, for he's fun it aht at religion's all a farce, an at God nivver did give a revelation to man; if he had, he says at hah he would a made it universal (hah did he get to kno, o wunder); an he says at nooa revelation can prove it sen—wot'st yuse a makkin it universal then; wot a flat! Sooa then, if God gives a revelation to man, they'l beloik to ax Dicky Hotly whether it be true or not.

Well then, yo'l tak nooatis, he's one a them sharp chaps wot weant believe at they've a soul. He once axt me to sho him one, an sooa if onna on ya's browt one we ya, yo'l happen let him have a look, an then he'll see wot sooat on a thing it is. Be wot o heeard him say one neet, o rather think he believes at souls is made a phosphorus, an accoordin to a discovery made lately be a French brain scratter it taks abaht two grains an a hofe to mak a soul on a common sooat, bur o believe Dicky's ad weigh hofe a pahnd its sich a wopper.



Wa then, aht at fullness of his brains he's devollopt anuther mystera, an he tells fooaks at sun shoines he an eternal law! Wotn yo think abaht that gentlemen; did ya ivver hear tell of an eternal law befooar? Nah, yo knone, for a thing to be eternal, it cahnt be sed at ivver it wor made; but ahr Dicky, poor fellow, has made that to be eternal wot must, of necessity, be dependent uppa summat else for its varra existence. Yo knone weel enuff at the words "eternal law" is as flat a contradiction as ivver wor spluttered.

Wa then, Dicky's fun it aht at there's nooa sich things as spirits e existence; nowt at sooat; its all a hoax; spirit means air, and sich loik: an o wonce heeard him ax a chap for a definition of spirit, an't chap told him just as much abaht spirit as he 'kno'd abaht matter; an then he shuffled. Dicky says at hah he dus'nt kno wot tessence a matter is! Whoy that's queer, isn't it? for if he dus'nt know ivvera thing, hah can he tell at there is'nt beings e existence distinct throo matter? an if he does kno all things, yo'd loik to see him adder say. Here is summat e existence, wot he calls Deity; but wot it is o dooant kno, an o'm shooar yo ca'nt tell, for o heeard him say won neet, at it wornt matter, an spirits there is non, he says; whoy then it must be nowt, becos he says whativver is immaterial is nothing. He's a noist lad to burlesque on nabodda isn't he, think ya? an we can ashoor ya at allt rest on em's as soft as he is, for they can non on em advance hofe a dozen steps in a metaphysical argument fit for a dog to grin at. Tubbe shooar, they can black, abuse, an

bully't ministers o relidgon, but neear heed em ;  
yone a better job agate. Remember wot oud  
Shakspeare says—

Men that make  
Envy and crooked malice nourishment,  
Dare bite the best.

Leave em to us, an when ivver they cum in as  
way, we'll rattle are intellectual musher abate ther  
phosporus nappers, till they cry, hold, hold, enuff.  
Nah o could tell ya a gud deal mooar abaht this  
Dicky Hotly, but o shud think yo'n seen enuff  
to convince yo at its not yore duta to nooatice o'ther  
him or his satire. An sooa o'm yores respectively,

#### A SHEVVILD CHAP.

N.B.—O'd rather be a kittlin an cry mew nor  
won a these same metre satire-mongers.

# THE SHEFFIELD DIALECT.

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## CORRESPONDENCE WITH THE SHEFFIELD NEWSPAPERS.

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A GRINDER'S OPINION OF A CERTAIN GENTLEMAN'S SPEECH  
DELIVERED IN PARADISE-SQUARE, IN FEBRUARY, 1829.

*Tot Editer at Shevvild Kurrent.*

MESTER EDITER,—Sur, we'n been at boopath t' meetins, an we'n heeard booath soids, an nah we're bahn to ge ahr opinyon abaht summat at we heeard. We'st confoine ahr remarks to George Cubitt's an L—— P——'s speeches. Yo kno'n, mester editer, at hah't last gentleman sed he wud answer all at George Cubitt sed at t' Wednesday meetin; an sooa we stopt till Friday to hear him; an nah we han heeard him, an we do'nt think at he's hofe anser'd him. Nou, not sooa; he'll foind him his wark, yo may wroit on't.

It furst place, L—— ne'er contradicted him abaht that nasta dirta bill at they stickt up ageean't walls. He kno'd it wer a underleggin touch weel enuff: an then he forget term, Catholic emancipation. He may doo pratta weel to bawl tot Oirishmen, or javver abaht chetch-rates; bur he'll ne'er doo for sich forheeads as ahrs. We'n getn torgans a disarnment, an we can tell him at t' exclusion at Catholics wer a part at bill a roights. Nah, does he think at hah we're booath blind an soft? We'n seen t' Acts, an if we are groinders, we'nt organ a judgment just aboon us een. Bur here's anuther thing: he ne'er refuted Cubitt abaht Cirkillation a traks e Spain, Italy, &c.; he ne'er tutch't him uppa this bit. It'st blessed liberty a Catholic toimes e 1829! Aye, aye; if o may rub me hand o'er L. P.'s cranium, o'st foind he had'nt t'organ a remembrance. An then, yo kno'n at Cubitt sed at hah't constitution wer dove-tail'd, an at hah they cud'nt tay one part off withaht hurtin all on't. As for what P—— sed abaht this, it wer all me hoi an Betty Martin; it nobbut amahnted to this much, at there wer anuther dove-tail put in. What he sed abaht this originated in his havvin t'organ a quibblin; but we're not to be diddled be quibblin lawyers.

An nah for his replies to Cubitt's Magna Charta: an here o've anuther desire to grooap his skull for't organ of evashon. Cubitt referred us tot burnin of William Sawtree, withaht a trial be jury. He ne'er sed at hah it wer no use to us; nou, not sooa. O'm astonisht. If it had been tuther Luke, o shud'nt a been so struckn as e am. An then

ageean, yo kno'n, Cubitt sed at hah there wer't elements of a constitution e 1688; an then L—— sed at he sed we derived all us liberties throo us heathen ancestors. Nah yo ma see at a strooak he's gotten't organ a quibblin, an yo ma wroit on't, he's so yused to it at he cahnt help it; but o avver, he made t' Irishmen shaht rarely: an o'ther after this, or else befooar, he sed at hah all secks persecuted e ther turns. Prethe, L——, dun they doo sooa nah? Nou, not sooa. But Catholics does, booath e France, Italy, an Spain anole. O once heard Mr. Stafford, language larnar, say, at hah they wud'nt let him taich a schooile Italy, becos he wornt a Catholic; an it's not long sin ivver so menny men wer imprison'd e France, for wantin a Protestant parson. An if ta wants owt aht a Spain, thah ma gooa tot inquisishon, at's under sperritle guvvernment at pope, an thah'l foind at between't years 1481 an 1808, not less nor three hunderd an forta noine thahsand noine hundred an twenta one, wer burnt aloive, condemned tot galleys, &c.; an mooar nor foive millions of inhabitants has disappeared e Spain, sin't holy office exercised its horrible ministry. Wot dusta think abaht this, eh? This is't liberty a modern Popery e Catholic countries. But thah's not getn't organ a disarnment for these things, oud chap.

An then Cubitt sed at hah Ireland wanted larnin; an then yo kno'n, P—— sed they cud'nt have it, becos Catholics cud'nt endow schools. O, L——, thah's a bad memory. Thah kno's wel enuff at t'Catholic priests e Ireland dus'nt loike t'poor fooaks to larn. Its not aboon two year sin a mob, heeded

be a priest, set foiar to a Protestant school, an't mester, pooar fella, wor fooarsed to run to save his napper. An here's sun mooar things at we'n fun L—— P—— aht in ; bur we'n dun him enuff this toime. Bur o avver, there's anuther matter at we fun aht at Catholic chapel a Sunda, at stonishes us mooar nor owt else, an that is, at hah't Catholics is bahn to mak L—— a present, an its to be raised be subscription, for his varra able speech e their favour. Nah o wonder what they'll ge him. Lawyers weant quibble for nowt, eh? Ge him summat loikla, an he'll prate long enuff. O think e me heart, t'Lukes is all aloike; for tuther Luke weant gooa a arrand withaht sun puddin. But we'd forgetn anuther thing. L——toked abaht doin to others as he'd loik em to do to him. An nah we beg, at if ivver thah maks anuther ration to us, prethe do'nt pull sitch long fiddle faces at us, for we wod'nt do sooa to thee.

Nah, Mester Kurrent, these is ahr opinyons, at we'n thowt uppa ahr hull arston, an we hooap at hah yo'l may em public; for yo kno'n at us groin- ders is all on us his madjesta's loyal subjects, an wot ivver we ta e hand we awlis gooan throo we't, becos we'nt organs a determination an perseverance.

An sooa we're yore's respectably,

JACK WHEELSWARF,

Seckretary.

## CHRISTMAS SINGING.

*Tot Editer at Shevvild Irish.*

MESTER IRISH—O've heeard a great noise this year abaht whear't best singin ad be ; sum sed at hah it ad be at Ebenezer, becos they'nt barrick band ; an sum sed at hah it ad be at Proddistant Mettethodisses ; but won chap sed it ad be e Scoteldon street, an anuther sed at hah it ad be at Norfolk street. O avver, o thowt it wod'nt look weel to see't barrick sowgers we ther red breeches on it chappel. O thowt, thinks oi, o can see them onna toime it Hoide Park, when there's fire works, or a balloon gooin off, an sooa yo seen, o wod'nt gooa there. An then, o thowt, wa o'l not gooa tot Proddistants, an't orkester at Norfolk-street is at trang end at place, sooa o wod'nt gooa there. O avver, at last o concluded to gooa tot Sahth-street dahn't Moor, an heear what sooart an a squad they wor. Sooa o gooad at hofe-past ten it mornin, bowt a book at chap at dooar, an intot gallara o ran, clapt mesen dahn fair facin em, an o sartanla thowt at hah it wert noistest seet at ivver o seed e all me loife, they all sempt to be dranged sooa pratta. A noister set a lasses an good lookin chaps ne'er sang at Chrissmas ; o wor reight dahn pleased we em afooar ivver they sang a ninch. Bur o avver, as soon ast furst strooak wor struckn, it made mo hair stan streit o me heead for joy. O thowt, thinks o, t'barrick sowgers ma blo ther een aht afooar they can ma sitch music as this ; an as fort Proddistant chaps they bet em castles. But at

six at neet, o sartanla thowt won at fiddles sed allaluyah. O avver there wer won member wit trumpet made me feel varra queer; o dooant think at hah Clegg cud a dun it better. An then, sur, there wer two chaps, wit twizzled trumpets, an't chaps wit things at they pull backard an forrad, an't chaps wit flutes, an't chaps wit bum bases, wer all proime workmen. But thear wer won chap at top a all, at play'd a crater loik a corner cubberd. O thowt at hah it wert grate gronfather a all't bum bases. Moi hoi, he made it thunder aht just loike mahnt Etna, when it's balm to Brust. Bur o avver, sur, if o ma tell ya all at wonce, o thowt it wer loike be'in it York minster; for't lasses sang loike neetingales, an't rest on em switcht away loike winkin. O ne'er seed nowt loike it e Shevvild afooar. It made sitch a depreshon uppa mo feelins, at whent' collectin box cum, o geed t' chap sixpence all at wonce, an it wer worth it anole. An nah, sur, o'st conclude, we ge'in it as mo opinyon at hah't Sahth-street chaps is't top sawyers this Chrissmas, an sooa o'in yore respectable groinder,

### A SHEVVILD CHAP.

December 26, 1829.

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### PRIZE FIGHTING.

*To't Editor at Shevvild Markara.*

SUR,—O seed e yore paper tlast week a letter soigned Pollux, an we yore permission o'l mak sum remarks on't. We han e this letter sum reasons



fort increase a depravvata e this large an poppillous tahn, an these reasons is said tubbe War an Ingenuity. Nah, Sur, o'm at a loss to kno wot Pollux means, when he says at hah't chaps wots aht a wark is fooarced to ha recourse to ther awn ingenuity to save ther sens thro want an poverta, an gooin throo voice to voice, they wallow it very moire a depravata, wethaht he means theyn plenta a toime to larn to box, an sooa we gooin throo brothel to brothel to mak feightin matches, they wallow it moir a depravvata: if this is wot he means o understand: but alas! feightin's his favourit system, its manly an noble, its poor man's amusement, an its suppooarted bit press an sum at gentlemen it cuntra, an its sum props it nobillata; an last a all, its be this varra rational system at t'Inglishman sattles his disputes we: o rare boxer, thahs sum proime recommendations to mak us admoire the; but o think Mester Pollux thah's rather libelled charracter a Inglishmen; o'm a Inglishman, but o'st be asham'd o me ears to reduce mesen tot state a brutallata at thah recomends. If that sistem wer general weest have ivvera petty foggin fop darknin us eyes if we shud happen to contradict him; an if wot o'm sayin shud mak the mad, o may expect sum o thah poor man's amusement abaht mo ears, as't mooast rational way a sattlin this dispute. O cahnt pretend to tell wot sooart o ideas thah has abaht morals a Shevvild, but if thahl gooa it woods on a Sunday, thah ma see plenta a the awn crew practisin't noble art a boxin, an then tell us wot maks a part a Shevvild's depravata. Here we'n booath't laws o God an man

brokken, an thah may gooa throot streets an thah may hear young ans makkin feights we all't attendant curses uppa your eyes an limbs, an then tell us whether feightin dus'nt mak a part o Shevvild's depravvata. Gooa tot ring, where thah ma see two brawny fellows we a savvage fierceness not to be met we it brute creation, manglin an braikin one anuthers lims, an then tell us whether feightin maks a part a Ingland's depravvata. Gooa tot ring where murderous pugilism's made a system a gamblin, an whear't feelings of a motley mob's nobbut hardened we seein slawter an death; an put to these miseries brokken constitutions, starved-to-deeath families, burden'd parishes, an childer ruin'd be bad example, an then tell us whether boxin maks a part a Ingland's depravvata. An still Mester Pollux has't impidence to recom-mend this worse nor beastly system tot public—a outrage agean humanata, an a insult to common sense. But he says its suppooarted be gentlemen, an sum at nobillitta. Aye, aye, an o'd say prostitutes thieves, gamblers, swindlers, vagabonds, an all't scum a Ingland; a group quite worthy a sich a sistem.—Yours, &c.

J. WHEELSWARF.

# THE SHEFFIELD DIALECT.

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## THE TEMPERANCE CHRONICLE.

NO. I.

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SCENE—*Six or seven workmen sat round the fire, reading Mr. Buckingham's Bill.\**

JOOA<sup>r</sup> GUZZLE—Well, it's softest bill at e'er o seed e all me loif.

BILLA<sup>r</sup> SLAPE—O, he's mad, mun.

JACK SWALLOW—O did'nt think he'd been sitch a fooil.

JACK WHEELSWARF (*Entering*)—Hollo, hollo, wot nah? wot's all this noise abaht?

TOM SWIPES—Hey, oud lad, hear's the foine Silk Buckingham's insane bill here; he ow't to be sent to Bedlam for a year or two, to talk tot chaps wot's crazy. A varra noist man! he wants to bring t' spy system up. We'st not be allah'd to get a point a ale, withaht havvin a policeman at us heels,

\* A Bill brought into Parliament by Mr. Buckingham, for the suppression of drunkenness.

an takkin us up whether we're drunk or nooa, just when they'n a moind; but if ivver he cums here agean, we'll stooan him.

JOOA—O cud'nt a thowt at he'd ivver a made sich a ass on his sen; ivvera bodda's laffin at his crazy bill, an all t' members it Hahce a Commons al laff at it when they seen it. Besoide, wot bisness has he to meddle we us? Cahnt we get drunk when we'n a moind for him? we do'nt aks him to pay for it; he'd better moind his own wark an let us alooan; he mo'nt gooa for Shevvild na mooar.

HARRY SAP—Look wot hundreds a pahnds t' landlords al loise; sitch as Bil Grey, and Tom Wila, an that set, wot's made sitch alterations an accommodations for ther customers! It'st mooast unjust bill at ivver wer made.

JACK SWALLOW—He ca'nt hinder us for gettin drunk after all he's dun; becos when we'n had a quart at one place, we can gooa to anuther. But wot's to becum on us families when we gooan tot hoil? This al be noist fort parish; for o'm quoit shure t' rooad to Wakefield al nivver be clear; t' ratepayers al sooin curse Buckingham's Bill.

TOM—O'l have ale if theas onna to be getn it spoit o Jemmy Buckingham or his bill ot'her. Its proime this; we're not to have a point at after we'n dun at neet. O wish o had him here; o'd drahd him we wheelswarf. And we're to have none at all a Sundays. Its unbarable this! He's dun it to pleas't parsons. O'l neer run abaht to get him vooats na mooar.

BILLA—Yo do'nt need to bother yer sens, that soft Bill al ne'er pass. Country's not prepared for

it. But its loike all't rest on his hare brained tricks. He cahnt be reit in his heead, o'm shure; for he's setten all't nation a laffin at him. Besoid his Bill is'nt practicable: and o shud think he'l ne'er be so soft as to bring it in.

JACK—A bodda cahnt get a word in edgeway we yo; it must be a shockin bad Bill: but o shud loike to hear it read, an then o can judge for me sen. Jooa, read it, wilta?

JOOA—O've na patience to read sitch stuff; thah may get summada else.

HARRA—O'l read it the, oud lad, but o do'nt loike it. (*Here he begins to read, but is interrupted.*)

BILLA—Thro it it foir.

JOOA—Put it it wheel kit.

TOM—Rip it up.

JACK SWALLOW—Aht at winder we it.

HARRA—Cum, cum; Jack ow't to hear it, at onna rate, as weel as us. Soilence. (*Harry proceeds to the end.*)

JACK—Thank the, Harra, o can exercise me awn judgement nah.

JOOA—Wa, an wot dusta think ababt it, eh?

JACK—Why, I think there's na need to black t' poor fellow, as yo'n been blackin him. Wot is ther in it ats so varra bad? O can see nowt.

BILLA—Then thah't bloind; its all bad; there's not a bit a good in it.

JACK—Billa, thah deeals rather to much it wholesale line for me; but cum nah, let us examine these objections fairly, and withaht prejudice a ot'her side.

JACK SWALLOW—That's nowt but reit, an o think if they'r fairly lookt into, they'l be fun pratta weighty.

JACK—Wa then, Tom Swipes says at it al bring't spy system up. Nah o think not; o think it differs varra much throo't spy system, for it must be considered that t' police officer al have no inducement whatever to tak a man unjustly, and secondly, it al be a varra difficult matter for him to get two witnesses aht an a ale-ass to swear that anuther wer drunk.

JOOA—But policeman ad hire men a purpos to sware owt.

JACK—'Then he'd be sooa much bigger a fooil to pay part of his wages to others for doing wot ad nivver benefit him a fardin. That al not do, at onna rate.

BILLA—Wa, o think me sen't policeman wod'nt be sitch a flat as that no'ther; but gooa on Jack.

JACK—Wa then, Jooa Guzzle says at ivvera bodda's laffin at it. An if they are, what does that prove? O laft at it becos it pleased me, be fillin me we hopes that ere long drunkenness would be no longer practised in this christian country: others laff at it because they think it a silly bill; and some feign to laff, who at the same time, are afraid of losing their traffic; but after all; it is much easier to laff at a bill than to prove it unreasonable; it must take a man of some parts to shew by a process of reasoning that any new project will or will not succeed; but any idiot may laff, although he may not be able to advance one single step in any

argument whatever. Yes, and many who wish to be thought wise men find it more convenient to laff at an argument than to refute it.—Well then, Jooa seems to think at he's a reit to get drunk onna toime when he's a moind; nah o say he has'nt. He's nooa business to get drunk at all, becos a man wots drunk is a nuisance to society. The man wot deprives his sen of the use of his reason, is not fit for the company of reasonable beings. An habitual drunkard is a walking pest. His belly is like a swill-tub, an his flesh and bones are as foul as a rotten turnip. The stench of his besotted carcase is actually unbarable: he's neither fit for earth, heaven, nor hell; he's a creature without comparison, for he's neither like man, beast, nor devvle—

TOM—Houd, houd, Jack, thah't layin't sledge hammer on; o cahnt stan it no longer; thah's made me hate seet a me sen, ommast. For wot o think, o'l near get drunk no mooar; thah's changed moi opinion at bill, o avver.

JACK—But Harra Sap says it's unjust; becos, says he, t' lanlords has spent so much money e makkin alterations an accomodations for ther customers. O'm sure, Harra, thah't varra feelin. T' lanlords owt to be obliged to thee: thah'l get a glass for that, o'm shure. But dusta think, Harra, at when these misery-makkers made these alterations, at they studdid thah interest or ther awn, eh? There can be little daht abaht this queshton; an let me tell the, at they were made with a shure calkillation at sitch dupes as thee had pay for it? Well then, Jack Swallow thinks "at theal be as much drunkenness when t' Bill's past as ther is

nah." But o think not ; for there's a many wot al get drunk, wot wod'nt loike to gooa tot hoil for it ; that's clear enuff. An then if a lanlord nobbut gets foind wonce for havvin a man drunk in his house, he'l tak care at that chap near gets drunk there agean ; that's another check. An besoid, there al not be aboon won-sixt at ale-ases at ther is nah ; an nooa dramshops ; it al be all up we that set. Sooa there al not be't means at there is nah. But Jack wants to know wot's to becum on his famala when he's it hoil. Prethe, Jack, wot becum a the famala when thah't drinkin three or four days a week, eh ? Wot dusta do we the famala then, eh ? Thah't varra uneasy abaht the famala then, arnt ta, eh ? O can tell thee wot becum on em. Tha woife, wot wer wonce as bloomin a lass as ivver't sun shoined on, is nah reduced to a mere skeleton ; her squalid cheeks tells a tale of woe hardla to be utter'd, without wishin she had never been born, or cursing the hour when she gave herself away to one who makes her life intolerable. The childer are covered, and hardla cover'd, even with rags, an hofe pined to death ; whilst thou art skulking at the ale-house, finding fault, to be sure, with the parliament men for makkin bad laws, an not finding us wark enuff, when at same toime thah't to idle to doo hofe a wot ta has ; an there thah sits we the poip e the cheek, an a streeam of filthy slaver running down both sides a the besotted mahth, an the rags all bedaubed we rolling, loike a pig, e the awn muck, a spectacle too ugly, too filthy, too loathsome for human eyes to behold, without a shudder of disgust striking through one's frame. There thah sits, quite ripe



for anything horrid or abominable ; neither the tender entreaties of an affectionate wife, nor thy children's piercing cries for bread, can make the slightest impression on thy callous heart ; nothing but oaths and curses can escape thy slaky lips. What a mass of corruption—what a human muck-middin ;—what a sample a depravity, only to be seen on earth ! What al becum a the famala when thah't e prison !—Good stars ! why, they will be a thousand times happier withaht the ; the wife ad bring the childer up comfortably but for thy drunkenness. Thah's popt all the awn clooas, an hers anole, an thah nocks her eyes up because shoo weant foind thee summat else to swallow. Thah wears the Sunday clooas ivvera day, an thah't forced to sit lounging upp at arston withaht shirt whoile the woife weshes it. Thah's nobbut won pair a shoes, an thah't forced to tee em rahnd the ankles ; an thah get the coit sleeve torn off tuther neet in a lark when thah owt to been e bed ; an thah wants to kno wot's to becum a the famala, eh ? Aye, aye, thah must be trubbled abaht the famala !

JACK SWALLOW—Its all true ; but thah did'nt owt to let lo'ce a that fashion : but o'st be loik to alter.

JACK—The next objection is, says Tom Swipes, t' Jerry shops are to be closed at eight o'clock, we arn't to have a point after we'n dun. O yes you may : brew yerself, Tom, yo'l get it for hofe at price, and ten times better. But its my opinion you would be much better without any ; however, at onna rate, you'l be better without Jerry shop ale. Well then, another evil in this drunken Bill is that

these shops are to be closed on Sundays. This is the best bit abaht it; for to see a man drunk at week-days is bad enuff; but to see a fellow come rolling drunk on a Sunday mornin, (when others are just going to the house of God,) reeling and staggering about from one side of the path to the other, insulting every one wot his heavy eyes can get a lazy look at, is a crime doubly sinful; it is a direct insult to all law both human and divine. But how much more reasonable would it be if men, instead of visiting the ginshop on a Sunday mornin, would repair to some place of devotion, there to mingle their praises to that God who is the author of their existence, who has blest them with all the comforts of life, and made such ample provision for their present and eternal welfare! This would be something like rationality; and were this the constant practice of men, those infernal haunts of vice, the ginshops, would soon become extinct, sobriety would take the place of drunkenness, and a great moral reformation would be the consequence.

BILLA—Its no yuse tokin mun, his bill's not practicable, an besaide, cuntry's not prepared for it

JACK—Well, but wot part at bill is it ats not practicable?

BILLA—Whoy its all on it not practicable.

JACK—But how dusta know—by what process of reasoning can ta prove it?

BILLA—Whoy becos ivvera body says at hah it is'nt.

JACK—But it offens happens at wot ivvera bodda says is a loi. Dus'nt thah know, Bill, at

“they say” is t’ first word of a loi? Besoide thah shud nivver black a man’s character we heearsay tales; thah shud awlis hear an see for the sen, an then thah can exercise the awn judgment upp at case. O mun have it proved before o can believe it.

BILLA—Well o do’nt care wot ta says, o’m sure it is’nt.

JACK—But if thah cahnt prove it is sooa, thah’d better houd the noise. Hah dusta know its impracticable?

BILLA—Whoy becos it is.

JACK—“Whoy becos it is!” This is a general argument against this drunken bill. If we ask a score fellows why the bill is impracticable, we get a similar answer, “Whoy becos it is!” But prethe Billa, is it impracticable to give up selling small quantities of spirits on the premises—or to shut up these dens of destruction on the Sabbath-day—or to close beer shops at eight o’clock at neet, or to sell the licenses to the highest bidder—which would prevent favouritism—are these things impracticable? To me, at least, they seem easy enuff to be done.

BILLA—Abber o near look’t at it a that road. But thah ma depend on it, cuntry’s not ready for it. He wants ta do to much at wonce mun.

JACK—Can a man do to much to remove the greatest evil that ever cursed the land?—Drunkenness is the crying sin of England, and the man who employs his time and talents (as Buckingham has done) for its removal, is an honor to his country. To hear sich men as thee, Billa, make sich

objections, is not so much to be wondered at; but to hear men who profess to be the followers of Jesus Christ telling the world that the people are not prepared for the removal of drunkenness, is a sickner. Then it appears that drunkenness is necessary a little longer yet; and although a remedy might be found, the country's not prepared for it. What do they mean?

BILLA—Whoy, they mean at hah he shud ha done it by degrees.

JACK—Yes, just as men get drunk by degrees. But o think that half measures al nivver do any good in this case; it must be a regular sweeper to upset drunkenness. It is a desperate case, and requires severe treatment. Suppose a man attacked by the cholera, and the physician, seeing it to be a desperate case, orders mustard plasters to be applied to his body, and his friends tell the medical gentleman that the patient is not prepared for it; what would he say, or what would he think of such conduct?

TOM—Whoy, he'd say they wanted him to dee.

JACK—Yes, and he most certainly would dee, by degrees anole. Drunkenness then is a moral cholera; and it will require a mighty effort to remove it. But I grant there are some who are not prepared for it. It is a fact that a person said he would risk hell for drink;—he was not prepared for it. The gin and spirit sellers, whose traffic brings on individuals and families an overwhelming flood of misery and distress, are not prepared for it. The drunkard, the debauchee, and the prostitute are

not ready for it. But who are prepared for it? Every sober, honest, and industrious man; every one who has the fear of God before his eyes. These are prepared for it. And ask the children of the drunkard—ask his wretched, ragged, and all but murdered wife,—ask the mother, driven to desperation by the execution of her dissipated son; and the orphan, made so by the untimely death of drunken parents;—ask the convict, who broke the laws of his country in a state of intoxication;—ask the emaciated youth, whose vicious life has stretched him on a bed of sickness, with the certainty of death before his eyes, and the more fearful expectation of hell in a future state, as the just reward of his infatuation (for the word of God informs us that drunkards shall not inherit the kingdom of heaven)—ask these then, if they are prepared for it. What then, will religious men still affirm that the country's not prepared for it? Let a blush of shame redden their cheek, and a sigh of repentance heave their breast for ever having uttered a sentence so cruel and so untrue.

TOM—O'l ne'er say nowt agean him na mooar.

JACK SWALLOW—Nor me no'ther.

HARRA—Abodda wer in a passion.

BILLA—O think different o't Bill nah, but still o think it al not pass.

JOOA—O kno his Bill's agean mo habits; but he'st have mo vooat, cum when he will.

# THE SHEFFIELD DIALECT.

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## THE TEMPERANCE CHRONICLE.

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NO. II.

BILLA SLAPE—Hesta seen that letter at wer e Wila's winder, Bil, abaht Buckingham? becos o understand he says at hah we're all on us a pack a thickheeds e Shevvild.

BIL HEFTPOIP—Thah't shure he sed sooa, are ta, Billa?

BILLA—Wa, o heeard a chap say sooa wot red it, an menny a won besaide.

BIL—Abbut he near sed nowt at sooat. Wot he sed wer summat else. As near as o can remember, he sed at hah ivvera parliament man owt to be as much superior to his constituents e legislative knowledge as a father is to his childer, or a school-mester to his scholars; an o think sooa anole. He must have a muddy set a brains at studies politics ommast all his loife, an yet kno's no mooar abaht good or bad government, woise or foolish laws, nor a workin man. But still he dus'nt say at ivvera legislator is sooa, but at they owt to be.

BILLA—But o reckon he means ta say at he is.

BILL—If he dus'nt mean to say sooa, o do. Prethe, wot did onna on us kno abaht t'East Inda Company's monoppola befooar he cum an tell'd us; an wot did we kno abaht duties of a legislator befooar he inform'd us it Music Hall? An whooal ivver forget him pepperin Eneas Macdonald? Eneas nivver will; an o'l venter to say, at wot he sed that afternoon, proved at he'd mooar knowledge abaht that subject than all't politishons e Shevild put together.—But whooas cummin?

JOOA GUZZLE—O it's Lusha—drunk ageean.

BIL—It puts me abaht, Lusha, to kno hah thah carries on; thah's been drunk ivvera day for a fortnit, an near struckn a strooak; an thah kno's we want t'knoives to finish, an the mester wants to livver em, but it's ten to won but he'l get t' order cahntermahnded nah.

LUSHA—Dusta houd owt, Billa, o want another jill, an then o'l gooa to me wark. Match me this hopena, witta?

BIL—If ta arnt off, Lusha, varra sooin, o'l thro thee it goit, thah idle scamp. They toke abaht groinders (an we kno they're bad enuff, sum on em), but they're nobbada where thah cums. There's nowt at thah'l not do for ale. Thaht the mooast infamous loiar at ivver existed; thah went last week to yore mester, an told him the woife wer e labor, an thah wanted ten shillin to get summat to mak her cumfortable we. O dear aye, shoo's sum cumfort we thee, shoo has:—but thah cud'nt cum it; he kno'd his man. An then thah set off tot Funeral Club, an told em the woife wer deead, an thah pretended to rooar, did'nt ta? But thah's not dun we

that yit. An becos thah cud'nt cum no'ther a these points, thah went hooam, an whoil the woife went aht to beg a morsel a bread for't childer, thah fetcht bed an pawn'd it for seven shillin, an the woif an three childer's been fooast to lig upp at straw ivver sin, an nah they're gone tot warkass, an if thah dus'nt cut thah mun gooa for a munth—but here he cums; it's all up nah—(*Constable comes in, with Lushy's wife's father.*)

CONSTABLE—Cum, Lusha, thah mun go we me—thah'l get it this this time.

FATHER—Of all the disgusting objects that ever came in contact with my vision, thou art the most hateful. Thou hast an human form, 'tis true, but there is nothing else about thee worth the name. Thou art completely stultified, and completely lost to all sense either of shame, honour, or consistency. Not a single feeling of love or affection is ever kindled in thy breast, no, not to the dearest friend thou hast on earth. Thy life is loathsome, even to thyself; and thy vicious appetite has rendered thee incapable of ever extricating thyself from the absolute power of a tyrant, whose influence increases upon thee the longer thou art governed by him. That unquenchable thirst for ale which possesses thee, has stript thee of every thing like rationality, so that thy present state, wretched as it is, excites no feelings of contrition in thy heart. Admonition is lost upon thee; it is like throwing a spark into a sink of filth and nastiness, only to be extinguished the moment it falls. Thou hast mixed up with thy composition a poisonous infusion, which will prey upon thy vitals as insidiously, yet as securely,



as the blood-sucking vampyre. Thou livest hated and hating, and (if grace prevent not,) thou wilt die unlamented, and thy children will dance thee to thy grave.

CONSTABLE—I think I do'n't need to hopple thee; thah can hardly walk, much more run away. Come on, my lad, thah'l be sober when thah's been a neet under t'clock. (*Constable takes him away.*)

JACK—This is a stiffner, o avver. Whooad ivver a thowt at onna chap ad a dun wot he's dun for ale!

HARRY SAP—A man, we'n seen many a plate at thah kno's nowt abaht.

JACK—Cum then lets have sum on em.

BILLA—O wonce seed a chap at ad chew brokken glass till't blood ran aht on his mahth a stream for a point a ale; an o've seen two chaps gooa aht on a alehouse into a pop-shop, an one on em pawn his shoes offen his feet, jump uppa tuther chap's back, an ride back tot alehouse an spend't brass.

JOOA—O once seed three on em tee a hofe brick up e brahn paper, an put a knoif at ahtsoid, an sell em to a Irishman for hofe a grooas a knoives; an o kno a woman at pawned her shift, sell'd froin pan an smoothin iron, cut bottom at bed oppen, took feathers aht an sell'd em to raise money for ale; an shoo wonce teed a sheet rahnd her body, as her husband mut'nt see at shoo had owt, an pawned that.

TOM—Abbur o kno a better plate nor onna o them, at wor made sin Christmas, upp at Mooar. Ther wor foive on em; well then, two on em went

into an oud hahce, and one pull'd his trahsers off, a varra good pair anole, an there he sat in a corner hofe starved to deeath, whoile tuther lot went an pawned em for foive shillin. Wa then, they set off to a clock makker at sell'd clocks for foive shillin t' furst payment an a shillin a week after. They got a clock, went an popt that for fifteen shillin, then went an lo'sed chap's trahsers an took em tot oud hahce, an then they'd ten shillin to spend. O've seen a woman sell her bonnet for tuppence-hopena, an o kno two chaps at nockt ther vices up an pawned them for ale; an o've knone chaps, inooar nor wonce, get a looad a coils o ther mester, an order em to be liver'd at a alehahce for a shillin or two less nor they cost, for hofe money an hofe ale.

HARRY—O kno a chap at listed fort sake of a shillin to get some ale, an at after wor fooast to pawn a suit of clooas to raise money to pay't smart we; he wor a sharp an, wo'nt he. O've seen a pensioner pawn his affidavy, an o've seen another get beef stakes a strap, an sell em for ale: o've seen steel left for ale, an o've seen a fellow pull his shirt off an sell that for ale; an o've seen breead sell'd hot aht at oven for ale.

JACK SWALLOW—Wa but o kno on a dacent plate or two. O kno a oud lass at went to a dram shop for a bottle a gin, an moind va, shoo'd two bottles in her basket, an won wor filled we watter, an when t'chap ad filled her bottle we gin, shoo took it, put it intot basket, an pullin tuther aht rather in a hurry, shoo sed, "O dear, just let me leave it here whoile o gooa it market, an then o'l

call an pay for it." "O yes, to be sure," sed t'waiter, "we'll take care of it." An sooa he did, for shoo ne'er fetch't it. O've knone a chap gooa hooam after he'd been drinkin a week, to pay his woife till shoo ged him a shillin at shoo'd getn be weshin: an as for poppin coits, hats, shoes, an sitch loike, that's a ivvera day job.

BIL—O've had it teld me for a truth, at a chap had been drinkin for a fortnit, an durin that time one on his childer fell badla. His woife went an teld him many a toime at it wer loikla to dee, but he wod'nt move. In a day or two it deed, an won at childer went to tell him that, but he wod'nt leave his lush. Well, just when his woife had getn ivvera thing redda for berrin't choild, in he cums, taks coffin offat table, sets it ontot flooar, sams table up, taks it away, an pops it for mooar ale.

JACK SWALLOW—See the, Jooa, here's Fuddle's lass bringin sum wark on her shoolder; hah's that, o wunder?

JOOA—Are ta fooast to carry t' wark thesen, lass? wot's ta dun wit jackass? has he getn it pinfoud, or hah?

LESS—Nou, he's not it pinfoud as o kno on, but he's disappeared.

JOOA—Wot, has he flown away, then?

LESS—Nou, he's nobbut a unloikly bird to floi.

JOOA—Wa, wot's becum'd on him then, let's be knoin.

LESS—Well, if o mun tell ya't truth—me fath'er's swallow'd him.

JOOA—The fath'er's swallow'd him! He must have a rare wide gullet; hah did he get him dahn?

LASS—O he melted him, an he went dahn be degrees?

BIL—See the, Jack, here's Dr. Letsom's list of the effects of drunkenness;—idleness, peevishness, quarrelling, fighting, lying, swearing, obscenity, swindling, perjury, burglary, murder, and suicide. Drunkenness brings on sickness, puking, and tremors in the hands in the morning; bloatedness, inflamed eyes, red face, sore and swelled legs, jaundice, pains in the limbs, and burning in the palms of the hands and soles of the feet, dropsy, epilepsy, melancholy, madness, palsy, apoplexy, death; and is punished by debt, black eyes, broken bones, rags, hunger, hospital, poorhouse, gaol, whipping, the hulks, Botany Bay, the gallows.

JACK—After this, I would ask again, whether society is not prepared for a bill, the principles of which strike at the root of all these calamities?

BILLA—But then, they foind fault we Buckingham limitin't number a public hahses.

JACK—O it ad mak em mooar respectable, an less liable to encourage drunkenness; an besoide, we shud happen get ale we not quoite so menny trimmins in.

TOM—Wot dusta meean be trimmins e ale? o near heeard tell a that befooar.

JACK—O thah should ha heeard Pollard when he wor here, an then thah'd a knone wot trimmins wor: but o'l tell the wot he sed. Won a these tom an jerry chaps sent a note to a druggist for trimmins for two pecks of malt. The druggist sent wot he thought was the order, an the man brewed, an he gave't grains to two fat pigs, which killed em

booath. The man went tot druggist an tell'd him he must a sent him wrong stuff, fort grains had poisoned his pigs. The druggist lookt at the note, and found he had given him trimmins for two packs of malt instead of two pecks. Eighteen penneth a trimmins al mak as much ale as a seck a malt; an this is home-brew'd ale.

TOM—An wots trimmins prethe?

JACK—Henbane seed, grains a paradise, vitriol, opium, tobacco, an sich loik poisonous stuff. O kno a woman at sent to a certain ale-hahse e this tahn for a jill a ale, an it made her so drunk at her husband wor fooast to help her up stairs to bed.

BIL—See the, Tom, here'st comforts of a drunken man, here, copied from the window of J. Nicholson, Bolton, a reformed drunkard. "A weary body, bitter belchings, red and inflamed eyes, very drowsy, head-ache, dry lips, parched throat, little appetite, wants some ale or spirits, no money, credit gone, landlady very saucy, wife crying—now scolding—then swearing, children dirty, fire low, shivering with cold, shop bill not paid, clothes pawned, employment lost, character gone, cannot face the overseers, no demand for soldiers, neither money nor clothes to tramp with, no resource but these—a rope, a knife, or a pit."

TOM—Well he's miserable enuff o'm sure. Wot fools we are to bring all this misery on us sens fort sake a ale; but o'l join't Temperance Society before o'm a day oulder.

BILLA—Will ta be a tee-totaler, Tom?

HARRA—O he's not prepared for a tee-totaler, he'd better soign't moderate pledge, an then he can ha a point when he loiks.

JOOA—Aye to be sure, he mun ha wot al do him good, he dus'nt need ta get drunk, yo kno'ne.

JACK SWALLOW—He would be soft to be a tee-totaler ; besoid e its not a loikla thing at a chap wots been yu'st to have ale ivvera day, an get drunk every week, could leave it off all at once ; it's not practicable.

BILLA—Nou, nou, it al be troin to do ta much at wonce.

TOM—O'l tell yo wot o think abaht it : o think o nivver felt better prepared for it e all me life, for ; o feel quoute determined nivver to taste owt onna more at al mak me drunk.

BIL—Stick to that, oud lad, an thah'l be a happy man. Let "Never touch, lads," be the motto. A firm resolution and perseverance is all at's necessary to prepare a drunkard for a tee-totaler. Hunderds have had sitch resolutions, an hunderds are enjoying 't benefits on it nah, an whoy not thee ?

JACK—Thah mut just as weel ask an habitual drunkard to get drunk agean, as to ask him to soign't moderate pledge. This is just sich like jargon as is browt agean Mr. Buckingham's bill.

BIL—O believe e me very soul, at that bill, if pass'd into a law, together wit exertions at Temperance Societies, ad produce mooar happiness e this cuntra, nor onna bill ats passed t' Hahce a Commons fort last century.

# THE SHEFFIELD DIALECT.

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## THE TEMPERANCE CHRONICLE.

NO. III.

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BIL HEFTPOIP—Nah, Jack, hah are ta, o hooap thaht better after the journey; hah dusta loik Clee-thorps

JACK WHEELSWARF—O, o'm a gud deal better, lad, an o loik Cheethorps rarela; it's a proime place to gooa too; cockles grows there, mnn; o think we get aboon a peck t' same day o get there.

BIL—What cooach did ta gooa by?

JACK—Whoy, thah'd na kashon to ax sitch a queshton as that;—be't Red Rover, to be shure; o'st near gooa we nobbada else but Dan; he'st best an't steddier droiver upp at rooad, an besaide o near seed him drunk e me loife, an he's awlis so cheerful an civil anole.

BIL—Aye, o believe he's a varra stedda droiver, an a sober chap anole, an that's what he's loik't for.

JACK—Hah's temperance chaps gerrin on, dusta kno?

BIL—O rarela ; but wot dusta think ? thear's sum a these drunken politishons tells us, at if it wornt for't public hahses, we shud be all kept e ignorance, becos it's thear they hear'n all ther news. They're sharp ans, arnt they ? Nah, suppooas they read a daily paper, an spend sixpence a neet, that ad be three shillin a week ; but if foive on em ad join, they mut have a paper for a penny a neet, that ad be hofe a crahn less nor if they went tot alehass, an it ad save em't trouble a gettin drunk anole.

JACK—Here'st loif a Jooa Guzzle here Bill, mun e read it the ?

BIL—Hah, let's hev it.

JACK—(*reading*)—The first thing at Jooa Guzzle can remember wor his being put e breeches, an t' second thing wor he get drunk at same day ; an after this his father us't to tak him a walkin at Sundays, an call at alehahses to get a point a ale, an while he wor very young he became quite a drunkard. His father put him prentice to a tailor, an he wor a drunkard anole ; an sooa booath't mester an t' father an't son wor all on em drunkards. Jooa had six shillin a week for his board, which he regularly spent e ale, &c. ivvera week. When he wor just turned fifteen, he ran away to Lunnun, get a good place a wark, an here he spent mooast on his money we goin to balls an theatres, till his cloathes begun to be shabby ; he then begun a going to alehalises, an sich loik low places. He got a foreman's place at two pahnd a week, staid abaht six year e Lunnun, an then ran away to Liverpool, where he cum throo : here he get married to a



varra respectable lass, at wor uncommonly weel clooathed; but they had'nt been married long befooar he swallad em all, an then run away to Lunnun agean, an shoo followed him. He staid e Lunnun this time just as long as he could get onna ale a strap, for, said he, o cud'nt turn't corner of a street but o met a ghost. He then run away to Brighton an tell'd a chap to tell his woif at he wor gone to Liverpool, an of course his woif went after him. In a bit a toime he left Brighton, an went back to Lunnun, but not finding his woif he set off for Liverpool; his woif determined not to live we him onna mooar, but his promises of amendment caused her to troi him agean. He then began business for his sen, an got so much trade that he employed two or three journeymen, but still he would have his lush, an one day he went we a friend to see his cousin, at wor a steward it Glasgow steam packet, where he got so beastly drunk that he fell asleep, an cud'nt be wakken'd, sooa they sailed away we him drunk as he wor. When he wakken'd next mornin, he stared abaht him an wonder'd where he'd gotten to; he wor in a snug little parlor he thowt, but where he wor he cud'nt tell. In a bit, o avver, t' captain cum dahn—"Well my boy," said he, "do you know where you are, this morning?" "No, Sir," said he, "that o don't." "Well," said the captain, "but you are on the road to Glasgow." Well, thowt he, o'm in a noist mess this toime, for he'd fifteen soverins in his pocket, an he'd left his men withaht ther wage; but, o avver, he thowt he mut as weel mak his sen easy, an

mak't best he could on a bad job. In a while they reached Glasgow, where he went ashore, an't furst thing at he lookt for wor a ale-ass, an he wornt long afooar he fun won, an in he went, got drunk, an some sober man pickt his pocket of all his sovrins, and left him pennyless. In this predicament the mester turned journeyman, an went to seek wark, when he met we some of his Lunnun shopmates, an instead a workin, they all took to drinkin for abahnt a fortnit, but at last Jooa tired em all aht; an sooa he set off an cadged his way to Edinburgh, an being a good workman he soon get wark. Here he begun to visit what they call singing houses, called free an easy, an being a capital good singer, soon form'd an acquaintance with the principal men. He was much noticed by the Earl of Falkirk, and he soon found means to get into the Earl's pocket, for he lent him a sovrin and invited him to go out airing with him next morning; however he went into another part of the city that night, got drunk, an got his pocket pick'd of all but sixpence hopena; with this he set off uppa tramp agean, an in a while once more reached Liverpool. He ageean went to his friends an made many fair promises, an they assisted him agean. Well, he got on very well agean, but still he liked the lush, until at last he sold some cloth belonging to some gentlemen wot he wor goin to mak some clothes for, an then he cut agean, he then went to Bristol, an from there took a varra long rahnd till he came to

Shevvild ; here he got wark, an't same day he got so beastly drunk that the person where he lodged at would'nt have him in, till he wor persuaded be some of his friends. He continued to drink all that week, an when he could get no more he popt his boots to raise more ale, an when he'd spent all't money, he begun to work—at Sunday morning to be sure. At Monday he went tot shop, met one at men, axt him to gooa an have an odd point, but he would'nt, at last he consented, an they continued drinkin an odd point till ten o'clock at neet, an all't next day. An at Wednesday morning he went to his wark, an durin t' day one at men begun a toking abaht Mester Pollard's Lekter at Tahn Hall uppa Temperance an sich loik, an sed at hah he wer gooin to ge anuther at Lancasterian School, an sooa Jooa thowt he'd gooa hear what chap ad getn ta say, an sooa he went, an the statements made be Mr. Pollard came we sich force to his conscience that he formed a resolution to soign't moderate pledge, an sooa he did ; but, thowt he, if o tak won glass to do me good, o'st want two, an then three, an o'st be drunk agean, sooa o'l have non at all ; an sooa he ged up drinkin altogether. Abaht a fortnit after this, thear wer a temperance tea drinkin it Brunswick school-room, whear Jooa thowt he cud loike to gooa ; but wot wor he to do ? he'd popt his boots, an his clooas wornt fit to be seen ; he'd no'ther money nor credit ; o avver, he borrow'd some clooas a won at men, an away he went to Brunswick School we a determination to soign t'

tee-total pledge, an sooa he did, an's continued a steady man ivver sin. He soon fetcht his boots dahn't spaht agean, he bowt the clooas at he borrowed, an soon after he bowt an entire new suit, an then he paid all his ale shots off, an in a little time after this, he sent some money home to his friends, that they mut mak matters up we them wot he'd defrauded afooar, an nah all things are made comfortable. He's nah in his reight moind, an on Saturday, June 27th, he left Shevvild for Liverpool, where he is now living as happy as ever he lived miserable, an there's ivvera reason to believe at he is at present under very serious impressions. We will now ax these persons wot laff at temperance societies, wot they think abaht this? It is not a fiction, but real fact, an this is not the only victory which has been won bit exertions at Shevvild Temperance Society. Thear's a chap wot's living e Shevvild at this toime, wot nivver had a hahce on his awn to live in afooar he joined temperance society here; but as soon as he join'd em, his wife took a hahce directly, an all't furnitur they had to put in it wor two stooans, an they han em it cellar nah. But he soon get some furnitur an sich loik, an nah both him an his woife an childer are weel clothed an fed anole, an ther hahce begins to look respectable. This is another laurel for't crahn at temperance chaps.

## A CONTRAST.

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Look on this Picture and on that.

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## THE DRUNKARD'S HOME.

A SATURDAY NIGHT SCENE.

[*Goes into the house reeling drunk, but has scarcely sat him down before the wife, like some fury, thus addresses him—*]

WIFE—A, thah clam-vengence rooag, whear's tha wage, pretha ?

HUSBAND—Houd yer noise.

WIFE—O shahut houd ine noise, thah villand ! where are we to get summat to heit, thinks ta ? Childer's hofe poined to deeath, an thah cares no mooar abaht em, na mooar nor if they wer as menny dogs.

HUSBAND—Th—th—th—tha mun pop summat.

WIFE—Wot have e to pop, scamp ? thah's tain all we han, long sin—its not a month sin ta popt bed clooas ; an last week thah run away we little Bill's shoes an pawned them for a shillin, an't poor little fellow (*here the tears roll down her cheeks*) has been forced to go barefoot. Look at him, unfeeling wretch, as ta art ! O wish ta were drahdnd e ale. But o'l see wot t'overseers says it monin.

HUSBAND—Ge—ge—ge—ge—get us summat to heit, or o'st mak ya jump just nah.

WIFE—O would if o thowt it ad choke thee.

HUSBAND—Gooa an—(*hickup*)—get sum a strap.

WIFE—Gooa the sen, thah swine ! thah't ore't heead an ears e debt nah, t'grooacer's had nowt this fortnight, an there's four pahnd on besoid : thah't ready fort jail an o wish ta wer in, an niver to cum aht no mooar.

HUSBAND—Wot do o care ? fetch us summat to heit, or o'l nock yer een up, ya —.

WIFE (*In a passion*)—O'l see the stiff furst, thah drunken swoine ! [He strikes her—she gets the potter—he nocks her down—she screams murder—the children, almost frighten'd to death, are clinging to their mother—the neighbours get up—call the watchman—watchman rattles at the door—cries of “ He'l murder me,” from within—the watchman breaks the door open—a regular scuffle ensues—the husband, with the potter which he had wrenched from the feeble grasp of his half-famished wife, and the watchman, with his paddle, fighting ; battle royal—a few spankers about his ears, take him off to the watch-house : the horrid scene is over ; and all this is the effect of drunkenness !]

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## THE HOME OF THE PIOUS TEMPERANCE MAN.

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Every thing neat and clean : a handsome sofa—hair-bottomed chairs—carpet uppatt floor it tuther room—mahogany chest of drawers it chamber—beautiful clock—good feather beds—a full cubbord

—a ratlin big ham an a flick a bacon hangs up ageant wall—a bag a flour up stairs, an a thumpin cheese it cellar. They don't gooa tot grooacer, an say, "We'st pay ya for wot we han to-neet;" nou, nou, their's is awlis reddy money—they'n nivver to gooa it threeweek-street\*—nivver botherd wit baileys—nooa rent bad—nooa customers at the popshop—nooa sittin up allt neet, waitin of a drunken husband—nooa nightly brawls to disturb the peaceful slumbers of pious neighbours—no cries of murder are ever heard here—no black eyes or broken bones—no ragged and half-starved children—no curses are exchanged between husband and wife, until oaths are ended with blows—no skulking in the house allt day of a Sunday, with a head fit to split from a drunken debauch the night before! No, no! the father has three suits; one to work in, another for neets, ant tuther for Sundays—his smiling wife is seen occasionally in a silken dress, and has lots a others laid by, but mind, they've nivver been to my uncle's: here are six young immortals, four of which go to school every day, and are not permitted to gallop the streets on a Sunday; but are neatly dressed in beautiful blue, and like as many little angels, are seen walking to the house of God, to mingle their praises to the God whom their parents have taught them to honour; and at night the father calls them together, they read, they sing, and then the father prays, and they sweetly retire to rest. And these are the blessings of pious temperance!

\* The Court.

# THE SHEFFIELD DIALECT.

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## THE GOSSIPS.

NO. I.

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“WHOSO findeth a wife findeth a good thing,” says Solomon; (but o reckon he ment if he fun a good an;) an sooa we’re of opinion at a beautiful virtuous woife is just luvliest seet e all God’s creation. When we think, for instance, of sitch splendid mind-stars as Mrs. Hemans, Hannah More, an sitch loike as them, we actually forget at it wer possible for woman to do anything but please. O avver, we’re quoite shooar at if we’d had are existence in a higher rank of life, we nivver cud a believed one hofe a wot we’re bahn to tell. A mother’s influence in her family is universal; and, therefore, if she be virtuous, her childer will be lovely, and she will be loving and beloved by all around her; but if she be a idle, ill-temper’d gossip, wot loikes to moind other fooaks’s business, an neglect her awn, why then, it’s all up for happiness there; her childer will be clownish, ragged, an dirta; her house will be just loike a Irishman’s wig, all in a uproar; her husband will seldom be seen uppen his awn arston; an “woe be to the man that dusnt loike his



arston next best to his woife an his wofe best of all ; it wer better for him if he had ne'er been marrid." Just think for a minnit of a poor fellow cummin hooam throo a hard day's wark at eight, or it may be noine o'clock at neet, his woife gon aht as usual, childer kickin up a row, foire ommast aht, an thear's no'ther a bit a soop nor a sup a watter for him to wesh him we. Being completely maddled, he sets off tot alehass, an get's drunk ; an that's the consequence of his woife's gossipin. As for us sens, we'd rather be exiled to Juan Fernandez nor be teed to sitch vixens as these. An as to token abaht curin em, why, it's all fudge ; for thear's nooa fizzick within't raich a human skill wot can do it ; an we think at when a chap's getn a idle, gossipin, ill-temper'd woife, his misery's just complete. Of all the distressin objects which a depraved world can possibly present, the poor fellow wot's hamper'd we a crater a this sooart has by far the strongest claims uppa ahr sympathy. We may pity the wretch, but how to advise we know not. Oh, says one, if o'd a woife a that sooart, o'd do't same as't tubthumper did—o'd hoop her. O dear aye, nockin a woman abaht, an exchangin curses it seet an hearin at childer, must have a gloriously happy tendency. Yes, yes, there's a rectifying influence e black eyes, adder say ! Nonsense ! the man wot beats his woife's a monster of the mooast monstous kind.

An sooa nah we'l introduce ya tot arston a Dolly Doolittle, whear yo'l see t' table an't chairs cuvver'd all o'er we dust, t' sinkston full a pots an plates unwesht, t' asnook full a cowks, potter, tongs, scummer, an fender as rusta as oud horse shoos ; kettle

uppat range end withaht watter in, an a posnet it asnook ; a chair here, an a stool tipped o'er yonder ; two candlesticks stannin uppat cornish we as much greeas uppat soides as ad greeas't shoos or a munth ; t'hahce floor just loikt inside of a chandler's shop.—Dolla sits in a oud rockin chair, wit bottom stufft we rags, her elbers uppen her knees, an her poipe in her cheek ; her cap's just culler of a dirty candle ; an her gahn, wot's unbutton'd behint's nooa culler at all. But wots't mooast disgustin of all besaide ist sicknin seet of her dirty heels throot's rents of her equally dirty stockins. Her chamber's just loik an oud clooas shop ; here's two or three squares aht at winda, into which oud rags are stufft : —in a word, ivvera thing booath up an dahn's all confusion.

*(In cums Dinah Dubbletung.)*

DINAH DUBBLETUNG—Yo'n not getn cleean'd up yit, o see, Dolla.

DOLLY DOOLITTLE—Now, wumman, o'm shure here's na dooin nowt whear thear's a yung choild to nurse ; it's won boddis wark, o'm sartin. Ra-lee, o'm nivver offa me feet throo mornin to neet, an o fettle, fettle, fettle, an scrub, scrub, scrub, an o do'nt see at o'm onna forrader.

DINAH—Wa, wumman, wot'st yuse a fettlin so much ? a bodda's na better thowt on for it. Han ya hecard at Fan Thrifta's bahn tubbe marrid ?

DOLLY—Wot ivver dun ya tell me ! whoy, shoo's not sixteen yit.

DINAH—Webbut t' muther says shoo's ommast nointeen ; but let that be as it will, it's true enuff,

becos o had it teld me as a sacret be one wot knode all abaht it, an o can tell ya whooa it wor, but yo mo'nt say nowt.

DOLLY—A, bless ya, nou, o'd be sorry to mention it.

DINAH—Whoy, it wer Nanna Frumper wot teld me, but o promist her o'd say nowt, yo knone;—but shoo's here, whisht! whisht!

DOLLY—Nah, mo lass, hah are ya to day, sit ya dahn an get a bit a bacca. We'n heeard a varra queer tale this mornin, Nanna, but o think it cahnt be true.

NANNA FRUMPER—Wot's it abaht, preva?

DOLLY—Whoy, they sen at hah Fan Thrifty's bahn tubbe marrid.

NANNY—Hah, mo lass, it's true enuff, yo ma depend ont. Yo knone they think at chap's a bit a brass, an sooa they'l takt chonce whoil they han it. O can tell ya whooa teld me, becos o kno yo'l say nowt; o wud'nt tell ivvera bodda, yo knone.

DOLLY—Wa, wumman, o shud nivver say nowt, not o, an Dinah wod'nt, o think.

NANNY—Wa then, as yo'n booath promist to say nowt, it wer Sally Slutterdish at o get me news throo, an o'l be bun fort shoo kno's: but o'l call her in, an Mally Mendnowt anole; they're booath gettin a bit a bacca.

DOLLY—O'm shure Fan Thrifty's nowt at sooat as nointeen, becos shoos just age a ahr Jooa, an he's——O they're here—sit ya dahn, mo lass; turnt stool up, Malla, an get intot corner, an ma yer sen comfortable.

DINAH—Salla, we're just token abaht Fan Thrifta gooin tubbe married; han yo heeard owt abaht it?

SALLY SLUTTERDISH—A bless ya, hah its true enuff; but o believe't fath'er an mother kno's nowt abaht it: its quoit a sacret. But yo ma depend it is sooa; is'nt it, think ya, Malla?

MALLY MENDNOWT—A dear, bless yer soul, its true enuff; for o heeard at booath't fath'er an't muther wants tubbe shut on her, shoos sitch a brute.

DINAH—Wa, that's news, o avver, Malla; t'muther tell'd me shoo wert best lass at ivver stept e shoo leather. But o say, Salla, hah did yo get to kno, if its a fair queshton, for o shud loik to kno all abaht it.

SALLY—Wa, wumman, o cud tell ya, but o shud'nt loik ya to say at o've sed owt, becos yo knone we're naburs; an o wod'nt may na mischief fort world; but o believe it wer ahr Tom's woife's sister's husband's fath'er-e-law's brother's son's prentis lad's cuzzen, wot heeard say sooa, an he tell'd Jinna Howdnowt, an shoo teld Bess Blab, an Bess tell'd Suke Slipptung, an Suke tell'd oud Dame Wagjaw, ant oud dame tell'd Ruth Runagate, an Ruth tell'd me; but its quoit a sacret.

NANNY—Preya, Dolla, wot's becum'd a Lydda Luvgood? shoo yus't to cum in an smook her poip, but o hav'nt seen her e yore hahce o kno'nt when; hah is it?

DOLLY—Wot'n ya been dooin, wumman, at yo ha'nt heard afooar nah? Shoo's turn'd Mettethodiss, choild; here's a strange alteration in her, o'l up-

houd ya. Yo kno'n shoo near yust to get up on a Sunday monin afooar noine o'clock, but nah shoo's up be six, an'st childer up an drest, an's off tot chapel be eight. An as for prayin, shoo's at it all along; shoo prays it monin as sooin as shoo gets aht a bed, an shoo prays at noon, an then agean at neet; an shoo's at chapel as often as ivver shoo can get at Sundays, an at class-meetin it week-neets. An wot seems queerest, shoo's smittled oud Dicka, her fath'er-e-law, an set'n him agate a prayin anole. O shud as sooin a thowt a oud Nickabore prayin as him, becos he awlis yus't to say so much agean em; an o do'nt think at he wer ivver e o'ther chetch or chapel in his loif, withaht it wer at chrissnins or berrins, till latela; an nah he'd be no whear else. O do'nt understand these things reitla.

SALLY—Wa, o think thear dus'nt need so much to do abaht it, if abodda does that wot's reit, we'st not be far wrang; but for mo part, o dooant loik so much prayin an shahtin.

MALLY—O think Lydda's to hot to houd long; shoo mays to much an a thing on it. O think if abodda's honnestish, an sitch loike, thear needs nowt else. But Lydda's getn her bed, has'nt sha, Dinah?

DINAH—Hah, wumman, an getn abaht agean, an a noist consarn it wor anole; thear wornt a sup a nother rum nor gin, nor nowt but a sup a common ale for non on us. O've no nooation a sitch a religion as that; yo ma sooin be as gud as her we all her prayin; shoo's no better nor shoo shud be. O've heeard a good bit abaht her a latela; an be-soide, o sent to borrow a shillin on her t' last week,

an shoo pertended shoo had'nt one to lend. It's noist religion, that, is'nt it? it's noist luvvin her nabur as shoo luvs her sen, isnt it, think ya? Shoo's nobbut relidjus for't looaves and fishes, not shoo, marra. An o'l tell ya anuther thing abaht her; if shoo waint sware, shoo'l loi as fast as a horse can gallop; an shoo'l drink anole when shoo can get it sloily, moind that; an o rayther think shoo's no honnister nor't rest on us. Shoo's a foine scooar on wit Scotchman, o kno shoo has, becos Betta Longtung, mo sister-e-law, teld me all abaht it; shoo's nowt but a ——

ALL—Houd, houd, Dinah, shoo's cummin.

LYDIA LOVEGOOD—Preya, Dolla, will ya help me in we this basket? it's rayther to much for me.

DINAH—A, Lydda, o'm glad to see ya abaht agean; dun ya feel pratta staht, think ya? an hah'st lad, bless it; it'st mooast loik it father a onna yo han. O'm glad to see ya look sa weel. O'l carry yer basket, Lydda, for o'm shure yore not able; o wunder at ya troin; yore to ventursom, wumman, yo'l be gettin coud: whoy did'nt ya put yer cloth shawl on, an yer clogs? Yo kno'n second bahts is war nor't furst, a gud deecal. Bless ya, tak care a yer sen. Hah's yer brest heeads, Lydda? But o'l tak't basket in. (*Exit Dinah and Lydia.*)

SALLY—Wot a two-faced crater yond is! o wish Lydda kno'd hah shoo's been blackin her.

DOLLY—Hah, wumman, Dinah's varra mallisful; its all becos shoo wod'nt lend her't shillin: an shoos a tung to desave the d—l his sen.—But here's Betta Longtung cummin ommast brussen; here's summut matter; o'm shooar.

BETTY LONGTUNG—A, Dolla ! a Dolla ! Salla Smooker's deead !

MALLY—Bless me, Betta, wot dun ya say ! o seed her it street nobbut yesterda, gooin for sum bacca ; but that says nowt, O hooap shoo's better off ; shoo's had her share a trubble e this world. Its varra suddin too.

DOLLY—Poor crater, hevven rest her soul ! shoo wer a gud nabur, an as honest as days is long. But o believe Jonna's kild her ; for o heeard em say at mangle at he nockt her dahn last Setterda neet, becos shood smookt six ahnce a bacca last week.

SALLY—A that oud rascald ! o wish o had him, o'd cramt disclaht dahn his throit sum neet, for he awlis sleeps we his mahth woide oppen.

MALLY—An if shoo did smook six ahnce a bacca, wots that for a wumman at “ gees suck ? ” (*shouts*) Nah, Ruth, hesta heeard at Salla Smooker's deead this monin ?

RUTH RUNAGATE—Nou, Malla, o'm not varra loikla, its not ten minnits sin o seed her thro't rowlin pin at Jonna's heead ; sooa o think shoo's no'ther deead nor fit to dee just yit.

BETTY—Wa, its a rare good job ; it wer Jinna Houdnowt at tell'd me ; but o avver o'l gooan see enah.

SALLY—A, Dolla, o seed Palla Paynowt yisterda at a chrissnin, we a foine silk gahn on, an sitch a bonnet, abaht soize an a cockle-shell, just stuck at top on her heead ; shoo did look sitch a cratur ! all't street wer up to look at her O -kno'nt hah shoo gets all her foine clooas.

BETTY—Abber o can tell ya.



SALLY—Wa, o shud loik to kno vastla ; o cahnt get em, an o've as much cummin in as shoo has, an rather mooar, an o hav'nt so menna mahths to fill ; its rayther odd.

BETTY—There's nowt odd abaht it, not thear, marra ; shoo gets em at Scotchman, an shoo ne'er pays nowt whoile they put her it cooart, an then shoo'l happen payt furst toime, an in abaht six or eight munths he gooas tot cooart to draw his brass, but he foinds shoo's paid nowt in : he orders a warrand aht, an that al happen be six munths afooar shoo gets it sarved on her : wa then shoo gooas tot Scotchman, an tells him at if he waint tak it be a shillin a week, when shoo's paid texpence at warrand, at Billa shall gooa tot jail. T'Scotchman thinks he'd better have it that way ifor thro mooar after it, an sooa shoo gees him a nooat to pay it be a shillin a week, an shoo'l happen pay wonce or twice an then shoo'l tell him he may put her it cooart ageean if he loiks, for shoo knose it al be eight or ten munths befooar he can cum on her ageean. Wa then, he sarves a warrand for bodda or guds, an away shoo gooas to anuther Scotchman, an gets anuther lot, an sells em, or pawns em, an then pays off.

SALLY—Wa, an hah dust last chap get his brass?

BETTY—Whoy, just same ast furst did, an shoo carries on a that way all along.

MALLY—O wunder at Billa stans it.

BETTY—A bless ya, shoos't mester ; Billa durs'nt say a word to her ; shoo'd pull his ears as long as his lether apron if he wer to meddle, or say hofe a word.



DOLLY—Betty, did ya obsarve wot a black eye Ruth Runagate had? O wunder hah shoo's getn it.

BETTY—Whoy, their George geed it her: shoo'd been runnin abaht ommast all't afternooin one day, an in her hurry to get his drinkin off, shoo forget to put sugar intot tay; sooa when he cum hooam at neet he mumpt her.

MALLY—Wot, for that bit! whoy, o wonce kno'd Milla Muckythom send Job's drinkin it greeas pot, an he near sed a word abaht it, nobbut he sed he thowt it tasted plaguy naushus.

DOLLY—O think yore nabur Kitty Crafta, has'nt had na fits latela, has sha?

MALLY—Nou, mo lass, Jonna Sharp cured her a fits; shoo'l near ha na mooar, not shoo, marra.

DOLLY—Jonna Sharp? Whoy, wot's he kno abaht fits? Hah did he do? He's a rare doctor if he can cure fits.

MALLY—Whoy, o'l tell ya. Yo seen, one day Jooasa wanted sum munna for summut, an shoo thro'd her sen into a fit directla, an thear shoo laid sprottlin uppat hahce floor an Jonna Sharp happen'd to gooa in, an Jooasa teld him all abaht it, an he sed, O'l be bun to cure her, if yo'l let me troi. O'd ge owt if ya cud, sed Jooasa; yo'st troi, an welcum. Wa then, sed Jonna, fetch me a buckitful a watter, witta Jack. Sooa Jack fetcht watter, an Jonna took it an thro'd it all on to her as shoo laid uppat floor, whoil shoo wer just loik a drahnded ratten; an sooa in a bit shoo cum abaht. O avverin abaht a fortnit shoo hadanuther:

sooa Jooasa sed to Jack, Thah mun fetch a buckit a watter, Jack ; it brings her abaht soonist of owt. Sooa away went Jack fort watter, but befooar he get back shoo wer as weel as ivver, an shoo's ne'er hied one sin.

DOLLY—A wot a crater shoo is ! O wunder shoo isn't afeard a bein struckn deead ; but shoo'l ha no mooar, if that'st way they sarven her.

NANNY—A, Dolly, o've just unbethowt me ; yore Sal's made a noist job on't ; last neet shoo'd loiken'd a set'nt hahce a foir ; shoo's made pratta wark wit floor carpits ; o wunder hah shoo did not to set bed a foir.

DOLLY—Whoy, wot's shoo been up too nah ? here's summut grand gooin off, o reckon. Shoo sartanla is won at idlest yung quaens at ivver runga dishtlaht.

NANNY—Whoy, mo lass, t' missis teld her to get twarmin pan, an warnt bed fort mester, becos he's poorly ; an Sal get pan an put foir in, ast missis teld her ; an when shoo get up stairs shoo did'nt kno hah shoo wer to ger it intot bed ; shoo thowt it ad daub t' bed if shoo put black soid bottomest, an hah to ger it turn'd o'er shoo did'nt kno. O avver, shoo managed a sum hah, an got it intot bed wit pan lid bottomest ; an when shoo pull'd it aht at bed, aht went all t' cowks ontot carpet, an thear wer sitch a bed an flooar as yo near clapt yer eyes on. An as for Sal, yo ma judge wot sooart'n a mess shoo wer in ; for e scrapin't cowks up, shoo burnt her fingers it stoile.

DOLLY—Wa, ra-lee, o do'nt kno wot's to be dun we her ; it's not so long sin't missis made sum

at noistest custards at ivver wer seen, an shoo hap-  
pen'd to tell Sal to put a bit a pepper ontot top on  
em, an ift soft an did'nt gooan put keen pepper in  
em all, an spoilt em ivvera won; sooa o expect  
shoo'l turn her away nah.

NANNY—Nay, nay; Sal says shoo nobbut lafft  
when shoo told her.

BETTY—Dun ya kno hah Jinua Smooker's  
choild is, Nanna?

NANNY—Whoy, mo lass, it's summut better nor  
it wor.

DOLLY—Wot's been't matter we it? O near  
kno'd it ail'd owt.

NANNY—A, bless yer soul, wunman, it wer as  
near beein burnt to deeath as mays na matter.

DOLLY—Whoy, yo do'nt say sooa, dun ya?  
Preya, mo lass, hah did it happen?

NANNY—Wa, wunman, shoo went aht to smook  
her poip, an left choild upp at flooar it care a little  
Bil, an Bil ran aht to play him, as childer will do,  
yo kno'n, an't choild get tot assnook, (an shoo near  
has na fender dahn, yo kno'n), an it's thowt at sum  
hot cowks roll'd on to it frock, an set it afoir. But  
o avver, as luck ad have it, thear wer a man just  
gooin past at toime, an heeard it screemin aht, an  
intot hahce he run, an lapt a seck rahnd it, an  
smother'd blaze aht.

DOLLY—A, wot a marcy! A, if it ad a been  
bont to deeath, o shud near a forgeen me sen, if o'd  
a been her. Malla, preya reik me them oud stock-  
ins offat uvven door, an let's see if they'r worth  
mendin.

MALLA—O'd ne'er mend em, not o, marra; yo'l

use as much wusset o'er em as ad foot a pair; o ne'er mend non, not o, marra.—A, is that twelve o'clock at's struck? if it is, o mun be off, for o've set'nt watter on for't broth, an nivver put'nt meit in. (*Dolly's husband comes in to his dinner, and they all cut.*)

HUSBAND—Wot, is'nt dinner redda yit? O'l tell the wot, o'l cleart hoil a yond set when o catch em in agean. Here yo'n been spendin all't forenoon e smookin an lyin an backbitin fooaks, an nah o've to wait a me dinner gettin reddy. Thah mun alter, Dolly, or we'st not toke as won.

DOLLY—Wa, mo lad, it's nooa yuse token; o cahnt do no mooar nor e can. Wot can won pair a hands do, prethe, whear thear's a young choild to nurse? O hav'nt strength for it, sooa it's nooa yuse. An as for Malla an them, they had'nt been in aboon foive minnits, sooa thah need'nt say nowt abaht them; if thah'd moiud the awn wark, thah'd look as weel, o think, an not cum hooam to black me, when o'm dooin't best e can.

# THE SHEFFIELD DIALECT.

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## THE GOSSIPS.

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NO. II.

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### DINAH DUBBLETUNG'S TAY DRINKIN.

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SCENE—*Sammy Dubbletung's parlour. Three old women with their feet on the fender, and their chins on a level with the kettle spout. Enter Sally Slutterdish.*

DINAH DUBBLETUNG—Nah, Salla, hah ahr ya wumman ? cum yer way forrad ; here's Betta an Malla smookin ther poips, an Dolla an them al be here enah. Its Fassen Tuesday, yo knone ; we're loik to keep it up. Lig yer shuggar an tay uppat shelf whear Mally's is ; yo'ne getn sum fat-cake, o see.

MALLY MENDNOWT—O think there's a plaguy gret nois it street, is'nt ther, Salla ?

SALLY SLUTTERDISH—A bless yer soul, there's been sitch a malak as yo near seed e yer loif.

MALLY—Then it's a rattler, o'l uphoud the ;

for o've seen menny a won, an's been e menny anuther.

SALLY—Webbur yo'd a splitten yer sen ommast if yo'd seen em. There wer Sal Scratchem, an Bess Bluster, an Luce Luggem, an Nance Nip-keen, an Mogga Mumpem, an oud Dame Kick-shin's dowter; they'd getn Muck Jooa dahn it sink hoil, an they did pepper his hoid, as it owt to be. Moi stars, yo cud'nt tell wot he wer made on, for muck an blood.

BETTY LONGTUNG—Wot's he been up too, made em sarve him aht that way?

SALLY—Whoy, mo lass, he's getn two looad a muck away, an he waint pay em; sooa they sed at hah they'd have it aht an his booans.

DINAH—An sarve him reit; becos o kno they'd depended upp at muck brass for a good fuddle to day.—O avver, here's Dolla, an Ruth, an Palla, an Milla Muckythom all together. Cum, mo lasses, sit ya dahn, if yo can foind owt to sit on.

MALLY—O say, Palla, yo lookn rather rakish; wor ya up late last neet?

PALLY PAYNOWT—Hah, wumman we went tot play, ahr chap an me; he popt his watch, an bowt us two tickets; but yo mo'nt say nowt.

DINAH—Pooh! that's nowt; o've knone Till Ward selt bred to gooa tot play we afooar nah; an o've getn a stooan a flahwer a strap an seld it mesen to gooa tot play we; an wot's onnabodda to doo we that?

DOLLY DOOLITTLE—An o kno'd a wumman e ahr oud naburhood wot popt all her smoothin-hoions

to gooa we; but for me sen, o'd rather a popt em for sum sap.

DINAH—O'm varra glad to see us all together agean, mo lasses, an o shud be gladder if we cud raise a sup a brahn cream to us tay. Wot thinkn ya? we're all on us a set a hard-workin wimmin; an o think at a toime loik this its nowt but reit at we shud hav a sup a sumnut at's gud; yo knone we do'nt gooa tot ale hahce to enjoy us sens, ast men does; we're smothered up it hoil throo mornin to neet, an hardla ivver gooas twenty yards throo us awn dooar stooan, nobbut when we gooan tot pop shop. Wotn ya say? o cud loik sum.

DOLLY—An sooa shud o, Dinah; it's a rare whoile sin o tasted rum; o think o hav'nt had aboon a point sin't last liggin in.

SALLY—That's just to mo loikin; hah much al doo, think ya?

BETTY—Abaht a quart, o shud think; let's have a good fuddle for wonce; ahr Bil's at alehass.

NANNY FRUMPER—An sooa is ahr Dick. Potter aht yer brass then, an Ruth shall fetch it.

MILLA MUCKYTHOM—They tuk ahr's tot jail this mornin, yo kno'n; o'm reit enuff; we'st have non a his noise to neet.

DOLLY—Marra, lass, but o have non, t' next thowt; an o kno Dinah an Salla has'nt, becos o wanted to borrow sum to pay t' hoiways we, an they had non, no'ther on em.

MALLY—Webbut, mo lasses, we'l not be fast, o'l pop are Jonna's Sunday clooas furst. Cum the way, Ruth, an bring a bottle we the. (*Exit Ruth and Mally.*)

BETTY—T' oud lass is rare gam, is'nt sha ?

DOLLY—Shoo is ; bur o wud'nt have Jonna to kno for a troifle ; he'd mak t' oud lass sing small if he foinds her aht ; he's sitch a savage oud Turk. O kno he wonce loiken'd to brokken her ribs for nobbut just gerrin a bit fresh.

SALLY—O Jonna al near kno, not he ; we can all pay us shares a Setterda neet, an oud Mally can fetch em dahnt spaht agean, an Jonna al near be't woiser. An besoid, as Dinah says, whoy cahnt we enjoy us sens as weel ast——Ëllo, here's Malla cummin back ! wot's up, o wunder ? (*Enter Ruth and Mally.*)

MALLY—O've saved me sen t' trubble a poppin Jonna's clooas ; o just unbethowt me o'd tmilk brass e me pocket for two munth's milk ; sooa o'l ge Ruth that : sooa they ma wait anuther week an be hang'd to em.

DINAH—Better an better : well dun Mally.

BETTY—O do'nt think it is ; for o heeard t' milkman say this mornin, at if Mally did'nt pay him to morn, at he wud'nt let her hev na mooar milk ; an then Jonna ad foind at thear wer summat wrang.

MALLY—Weel thowt on, Betta, lass. Cum, Ruth, thah'st tak his black coit ; brinkt bottle we the ; an thah mun get fore shillin on it, and then brinkt rum, thah knose. (*Exit Ruth an Mally.*)

SALLY—O say, fooaks, han ya heeard owt a that book at summadis made abaht us when we wer at Dolla's that monin ?

BETTY—Hah mo lass, o've seen it an it'st mooast abominablest lois in at e'er o seed e all me



loife. Its scandillas hah it gooas on abaht Dolla's furniter : it says't sinkston's awlis full a pots an plates unwesht ; an at hah't fender's awlis as rusta as oud horse shoes ; an at shoos two candlesticks stans uppat cornish we as much greeas uppat soids as ad greeast shoes for a munth : but that's not hofe, mo lass ; he owt tubbe ashamed on his sen.

DOLLY—Wa yo all knone that's a loi, becos we han but won plate an a oud crackt dish ; an as for sayint fender's rusta, whoy that's all spoite, becos yo all knone we ha'nt won at all ; an as for havvin two candlesticks uppat cornish, that's as big a loi ast tuther : for we'n nobbut won, an it awlis stans uppat celler heead ; sooa it's summada wot bares us mallis, yore shure. Dun ya kno owt abaht him wots dun it ?

DINAH—Nou mo lass ; o've seen it, but o cahnt mak it aht whooa it is ; o wish o cud ; o'd pull his ears whoil they wer as long as throo here to Rotherham.

DOLLY—An sarve him reit anole ; o wish all his hair ma cum off.

SALLY—Hah, an if he wor here, o'd pull it off—But here's Malla. O say, Malla, dun yo kno owt abaht that chap wot's written a book abaht us ?

MALLY—Nou, mo lass, but he's nooa wumman's frend, or he'd ne'er toke a that way.

MILLY—O suppooas he says at o sent mo husband's drinkin it greeaspot ; an if o did, wot's that to him, a chump ? a bit a greeas ad ne'er hurt him.

BETTY—O cud loik just to ha me will on him if o cud ; o wod'nt leave as much flesh on his face as ad bate a mahce-trap e ten minnits.

POLLY—O understand he's sed a gud deecal abaht me; but if o nobbut can get to kno whooa he ~~is~~, o'l ring sitch a peal e his ears as shall mak ivvera hair on his heead stan as streit as a May-powl, o will mo lasses. O'l Cooart him, an Scotchman him anole. But here's Ruth wit rum; cum lasses, ne'er heed him; we'll have a gud blo aht to-neet.

DINAH—Put sum tay it pot, an get yer bread butter'd, them wot has onna; ivvera won awn yer shuggar. Malla, mo lass, yo can dubble't chair dahn, an let Betta sit we ya at tuther end; shoo's t' hevvist, yo knone, an sooa then shoo'l keep ya up; o'l sit uppat creddle heead; an Salla, do yo pull toud maidnin tub tot table, an put that piece a booard o'er it, an that al houd two on ya; an Milla an Polla can mak shift uppat sinkston. Dolla, yo'st wait, an let's have a gud stiff cup't furst.

DOLLY—Lend's houd a yer tay then; hah much munna put in? o reckon o mun mak it gud; dun ya loik it masht furst?

MALLY—O caren't whether its masht or not, nobbut look sharp an let's have sum.

DOLLY—Get yer shuggar into yer cups.

DINAH—Let's put rem in furst.

MALLY—Hah, lass, doo, an hofe fill em. Betta, stuff sum shuggar e that lad's mahth, an stop his noise; o wish thear wor no childer.

BETTY—Wa, wumman, it's varra toirsom, o kno; but wot can abodda doo? we han em, an we're loike to mak us best on em. He's gettin his teeth, wumman mays him so cross. (*Just nah, here's a knock at door; Dinah oppens it, an a little lass cums in.*)

LASS—Muther, yore to cum hooam directla ; t' Scotchman's cum'd, an he wants sum munna.

BETTY—Guth-e way hooam, an tell him o've nowt for him this week.

LASS—Abber he says he will have summut ; he says it's aboon a munth sin yo geed him owt, an yo kno me fath'er ged ya a shillin t'last week for him, an yo near geed it him, an he says if ya dooant pay him summat, he'l send me fath'er tot jail. Preya doo cum hooam, muther.

MALLY—Cum the way here, lass. (*Mally whispers*) Gooan tell him thah cahnt foind her, an o'l gee the a hopena.

BETTY—Set off we the ; if he does send him tot jail, it al not be't furst toime he's been there.

DINAH—If its nobbut a munth sin yo paid him, he need'nt to mak so much to doo abaht it. O'd raise allt street abaht his ears, if it wer me.

MALLY—Theyre vast reddy to thro't jail e yer face, nah trade's so gud. Let him sue the, lass, thah'l not hev to pay nowt just yit.

RUTH—Tak no nooatis on him. Dolla, teem't tay aht, lass.

SALLY—It dus'nt pahwer weel ; blo it spaht, Dolla.

DINAH—A, mo goodness ! but we're a cup an saucer short.

MILLY—Let me ha moine in a basin. Wot's it meean ? it al houd sooa much mooar.

DOLLY—O think thear is'nt spooins anew.

DINAH—There's two an a piece a one ; yo mun kalo : but we'n a wudden an sunwhere.

MALLY—O, near moind, its hofe ont rum ; stur it rahnd we yer finger, its non so hot.

BETTY—O shud'nt loik yore Samma to cum just nah; he'd kick up a rumpus if he did.

DINAH—He'll cum non, not he, lass; he'll be fooast to work allt neet to neet. This is proime stuff, lasses, is'nt it? Betty, geet little an a sup; it al mak him sleep wumman.

DOLLY—An are's is gon aht at tahn, it al be late or he gets hooam; t' neet's us awn.

DINAH—O, its rare rum, Ruth; where did ta get it at?

RUTH—O get it at t' Madman's Arms; it'st next ale-hass tot Woife's Woe, at bottom at Heart-broken Lane.

PALLY—Abbut thah shud a gon tot Blue Ruin; they keep'nt strongest rum.

MALLY—Abbut theyn a sup a gud gin at Beggar'd Choild, just bit Sot's Corner, thah kno'se.

RUTH—Abbut it ca'nt be better nor this, o'm shure, becost landleddy geed me a glass, an o happen'd to slap a sup uppa me appron, an its burnt a hoil throo, its so strong; an if o had'nt a getn a sup a watter, to it, o beleeve it ad a burnt me mahth aht.

MALLY—Cum, lass, o've dun; let's hev sum mooar.

DOLLY—Put yer creeam in, mo lasses. (*Dolla teems aht.*)

DINAH—It al not houd aht, Dolla; yo'd better put a sup mooar watter in, an fill t' cups up, an then put sum mooar tay in; yo can put it in we yer fingers, wumman, they wer made afooar

spooins. [*Dolla fills up, an whoil shoos puttint tay intot pot, Dinah puts sum mooarrum e Dolla's cup*]

NANNY—Mak haste we yer spooins, Betta.

BETTY—O sha'nt, o'vt choild to feed hevvent e? Yo ma ger a fork an stur it rahnd we that. O say Salla, let's taste a yore fat cake.

SALLY—Hah, tubbe shooar, mo lass, tak wot ya loikn, yore awlis welcome to owt o have.

PALLY—Theyre gerrin shuggar to a pratta proice, a bodda ca'nt ger a bit at sevenpence a pahnd but its't culler a wheelswarf.

MALLY—Hah, its awlis t' poor fooaks wot stans in for it. Hah dun ya loik yer tay, Dolla?

DOLLY—It's warm it mahth, Malla; it maks me feel queerish e me noddle, o think.

SALLY—Wot benah! yo are a poor cratur, cahnt stan that sup; yo mo'nt dee nesh, wumman; teen aht agean.

DOLLY—Put yer creeam in, mo lasses, an o'l troi. (*Dolla fills up agean, an after another rahnd or two, an sum toke at's not worth nooatis, Dolla begins to look summat commickle abaht t'oies.*)]

DINAH—Cum, Dolla, mo lass, fill agean; o think thear'l be anuther rahnd; o'm near within a cup a this sooart; o feel rayther mazy mesen, but let's finish it.

DOLLY—Sloik we will, we owt to have a sup nah an then, to keep us sperrits up, yo kno'n.

[Dolly gets houd at tay pot, but her vision had sooa multiplied at shoo seed dubble; sooa shoo laid houd at spaht e steead at handle, an liftin it o'er Betta's heead not varra steddly, a sup a watter

dropt aht at spaht onto Betty's neck; up shoo jumpt offat end at chair, an dahn gooas oud Malla backards, an kick'st table o'er we her feet. Dolla screeams aht murder, an nocks tay-pot soide aht agean't uvven door, in her hurry to set it dahn; Salla floies to help Malla up, an dahn tumbles Ruth intot tub. Betta begins to black Dolla, an tells her shoo cud'nt see t' tay-pot handle; Dolla says shoo seed two. Here's a pratta sample a gossipin; a varra noist pictur it ad mak:—table tippled ore, t'hahce flooar cuvverd ore we brokken cups an saucers; a oud wumman laid sprottlin upp at flooar we booath her elbers brokken, another rubbin her neck we soop to takt foire aht; two on em pullin won aht at maidnin tub, but cahnt get her aht for laffin, another getherint pots up, Dinah settint table ant chair up ageean. Wa then, they'd hardla getn all't things aht at gate, an ther sens set dahn to get sum bacca, when a lad cums tot dooar.]

LAD—If yo please, is Malla Mendnowt here?

MALLY—Hah lad, whooa wants ma?

LAD—Whoy yore Jouna's cum'd hooam, an he wants to kno where yo'n putn his coit, he's bahn tot club.

MALLY—A, wot ivver mun e do! he'll murder me, sure enuff, if he foinds me aht.

NANNY—We'st beloik to foind sum brass somewhere, an fetch it back, or o'm shure he'l kill her.

PALLY—Tell't lad to tell him it's it box lockt up, an at hah yo'n lost key.

MALLY—Abbut o left box lid oppen, an if it wor lockt, he'd breik it oppen in a minnit.

DINAH—Webbut yo knone, Billa Fretful's been berrint woife this afternoon; send him word yo'n lent it him, an at they'r gone to Rotherham; they'r oud cronies, yo knone.

MALLY—That al do o'm shure; an o'l gooa me sen. (*Exit Malla.*)

BETTY—Two heeads is better nor won, if they be but sheep heeads, But o say, Milla, yo wer gooin to tell us abaht yore Job; he cum hooam drunk t'last neet, did'nt he?

MILLY—Hah, he did, an he wod mak me get him sum beef stakes an froi em; an whoil o wer froin em, he fell fast asleep. Think's o, o'l rig the for wonce, oud lad; sooa o ate wot o loik't ou em, an set rest away; nobbut o dipt me fingers it fat, an rubb'd his lips we it; an directla he wakken'd; o want me supper, says he; thah's had the supper, says o; nabbut o hev'nt, says he; yebbut thah has, says o, feel if the lips is'nt greeasy; thah's forgotten, mun. Sooa he felt. Wa, says he, o thowt o had'nt had me supper; but o feel hungry yit.

BETTY—Wot a fiat!

MILLY—Hah, an we're all flats when we're drunk!

(*Are reporter says at gossips got sum ale an a fiddler, an wer drinkin an dons in till after mid-neet; but wot he saw an heeard mo'nt be teld just nah.*)

# THE SHEFFIELD DIALECT.

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## THE GOSSIPS.

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NO. III.

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### JONNA DOOLITTLE'S FORTIN.

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SCENE—*Jonna Doolittle's hahce. Dolly, in a foine silk bag-sleeved gahn, an a cap we four or foire bows a ribbin in it, swimmin a stack a muffins an poiklets we butter. Six or seven gossips we poips e ther cheeks, fixt rahnd a bran spankin moggana [table, we a dashin tray full a silver-edged cheena, an a cupple a bottles a rum it middle at tray.*

NANNY FRUMPER—Wot's yond fella shahtin at, o wunder?

SALLY SLUTTERDISH—He's croin papers summat abaht a robbera an a murder.

MALLY MENDNOWT—Ralee, there's nooa sturrin aht at neets nah days; whoy, o've heeard say at there wer a wumman stopt a Setterda be't Deep Cuttin, we a set a villans.



DOLLY DOOLITTLE—We're nivver safe e these gret tahns, o'l be hang'd if we are : o've heeard say at they robb'd her a three an noinpence.

NANSY WEEDLE—Nowt at soot, bless yer loif, mo lass ; it wer won pahnd three an noinpence ; for o heeard say sooa me sen, an them wot told me lives at Attercliffe.

SALLY—Webbut mo lass, ahr Jack's sister's husband's brother works at Blast Furnish an o heeard him say at they used her scandillus, an at they took her market basket, besaide all her munna.

BETTY LONGTUNG—They just did abuse her, aboon a bit ; for we'd Billa Rattlejaw e ahr hahce yisterday afternoon, an o heeard him say at they took ivvera rag a clooas offen her back, an broke her arm it scuffle.

NANNY—An o beleeve that's true ; for there wer sum fooaks heeard her screeam aht murder ; an o heeard say at they had murder'd her anole.

KITTA COVETOUS—Wa then, that maks wot o heeard say true ; for o wer told at her bonnet wer fun uppat Canel bank a Sunda monin ; sooa they murder'd poor wumman furst, an then drahdnd her, depend on't.

DINAH DUBBLETUNG—A, that poor crater ! heaven rest her poor soul, an may her ghost haunt her murderers till they getn fun aht, an a rooap rahnd ther necks ! O heeard say they get her aht at Canel yisterda nooin, an at Crunner's bahn to gooa o'er her to-day.—Dust kettle onmast boil, Dolla ? Cram sum chips under it, wumman, yo'n plenta.

MALLY—O think lass there's a stooan undert kettle ; get bellusses, lass, an blow it.

NANSY—Yo do'nt need to mak so much to doo, for o'm shure Missis Doolittle al mak it boil as sooin as ivver shoo can ; o'm shure shoos varra koind.

DOLLY—Preya, Nansa, do'nt call me Missis no mooar ; it's not mo name ; o've been call'd Dolla all these years, an o think it's to late to be chris-sen'd o'er agean nah. Yo'st all be reit afooar yo gooan hooam, yo may wroite on't. Bring yer chairs tot table.

NANNY—A, these is noist chairs ; o reckon they'r moggana ; they'r ommast to gud for common yuse.

DOLLY—Webbut we'n none else ; ahr Jonna ged a sovrin a piece for em won day when he wor hofe drunk——kettle boils, o avver. Yo'st have a proime dish a tay for wonce ; o've bowt sum sitch tay as o ne'er seed afooar. We'n had menny a fuddle, but this shall be't fuddle a all fuddles. Popt gunpahder in, an ger it masht ; an nah, lasses, weet yer appetoites to a edge. Reich them puffcakes an poiklits offat range end, an doo justis too em. We'l have't best tay first.

DINAH—Yo'n forgetn't shuggar ant shuggar basin, Dolla.

DOLLY—A, mo lass, o let little Jack have his porridge in it, an he smasht it ; but o'l put yo't shuggar into this black porringer ; wot's it meon ?

MALLY—Nowt, lass, nowt ; if ta brings it in a panshon, its all reit, if ya get it. (*Dolla teems tay aht.*)

NANNY—Its varra black, Dolla ; yo'n not pinch it a tay at onna rate.

DOLLY—Hah, mo lass, it'st gunpahders wot cullers it ; are Sal's missis near drinks nowt else ; an this is't best Dartford.

KITTY—It smells queer, o do'nt kno hah it al taste.

DOLLY—It'st Dartford, o tell ya ; yo near had non a that afooar.

DINAH—O cahnt drink it, o'm shure ; an o near wor bet afooar ; yo'n made a mistak a sum sooart, for sartin ; o do'nt kno wot it tases loik.

DOLLY—It'st Dartford, mo lass, wot flavours it.

MALLY—Wa, lass, thah ma tak the Dartford to yore Sal's missis, an let her dart it, for o cahnt ; its a mess for a mad dog.

DOLLY—It's all owin tot Dartford, o tell ya ; it's loike to be good, for it'st strongest they had ; o think they said it wer thribble.

SALLY—Yo'n put'n sum salt peter intot pot, yore loike ; it's as salt as brack, an oh ! (*shaks her heead*) it's horrible—naushus !

DOLLY—Wa, yo may'n a strange noise ore it ; if gunpahder is'nt good, it's toirsom. O avver, o'l taste me sen. (*Dolly tastes.*) Wa, marra, if this is ther gunpahder tay, they ma tak it for me ; it's nowt loike tay.

NANSY—Wot did it coss ya a nahnce, Dolla ?

DOLLY—Whoy, mo lass, o do'nt kno, becos o paid for all't things together, an o near lookt at it. Yo kno'n o axt for a pahnd at best gunpahder ; an he said, Will ya have it Dartford ? an o said, Hah, if it's best ; an he said, It's strongest ; an sooa says

o, That's just wot o want; but he said, Yo mun tell em, they'l not need to put so much in as they doo at tuther; an o said, Wa, o'st mak it me sen; an he ged it me red dy lapt up, an o thowt o seed him laff just then, but o taid no nooatis yo kno'n; but when ahr lass put it intot pot to mash, shoo said, It's varra small; an o said, Hah, it's gunpahder, but still o didn't look at it.

DINAH—Dartford—Dartford—whoy, that'st pahder at ahr Jack gooas a shootin we.

DOLLY—Hah, mo lass, he's tain me in this toime; but blo me if o dooant blo him up when o gooa agean. But near heed, we'n plenty at tuther. (*In cums Jonna Doolittle, rather mazy.*)

JONNA—Nah, mo lasses, yo'l mak yersens cumfortubble, o hooap; if ya dooant, it's yer awn fault. O've browt ya a pahnd a srimps; o kno Malla loikes em. Dolla, mo lass, fetch me a sovrin dahn stairs, witta?

DOLLA—Fetch won the sen; thah kno's whear they are. (*Jonna gets wot he wants, an cuts off.*)

DOLLY—Nah, Malla, here's a spoonin, help yer sen to sum srimps.

[Oud Nanna had just shuvveld a spooniful into her mill, an wer lifting her saucer a tay up to swim em dahn her unaccahntable funnel, when't tail of a srimp get intot wrang throit, an shoo geed a coff wot made all't crockera dither agean, an't contents of her saucer wer conducted into Mrs. Wheedle's face. But O moi stars! sich a volley a hofemasticated jumpers wer foir'd acrost table slap agean ther cheeks, loik a shower a grape-shot, at it made em stare loik stuck sheep. "Raich me't tahwel,"

says dame Wheedle, "shoo's ommast drahnded me." "An shoo's hofe fill'd mō cup we her nasty crickets," says Sally Slutterdish. O avver, in a bit t'oud lass cum abaht, and went at it agean, an things went on pratta square, till they'd finisht abaht seven rahnds apiece, an then't tay things vanisht loik inagic, an they wer all sat rahnd t' foire we a poip stuck e ther cheeks, befooar abodda cud split a thowt or crack a will.]

DINAH—O've heeard em say at if a man's hairy, he's born to be rich.

DOLLY—Wa, an it's true anole, for ahr Jonna's as hairy as a woild man ommast, an is'nt he rich? But yo'st gooa up stairs, an o'l sho ya summat at almak ya think he is. (*Away they all gooa up stairs.*)

NANSY—A dear, a dear! wot a hansom pair a bedstocks!

DINAH—An wot a noist carpet!

SALLY—But a! wot a pratta little picter! an wot noist chinla ornaments! O reckon that's sum Lord, is'nt it Dolla?

DOLLY—Bless thee, lass, its ahr Jonna's loikness it cost him a sovrin that did, when he wer drunk.

NANNY—An wot beautiful chamber chairs; Hah that's just sich a swing glass as o'd have if o cud affoord it. Dolla, there's sum difference e yore chamber nah throo be wot ther wor.

DOLLY—Hah, mo lass, we'n worn aboon twenta pahnd in it; but yo knone we han plenta. But luk ya here (*opens a drawer an brings out a bag we a hunderd sovrins in,*) here's shoiners, lasses! They want us to tak em tot savin bank; but not sooa; we'l keep em us sens.

DINAH—Arnt yo afread a nobboda, robbin ya? If o had em o'd hidda em it chimla, or else it pot hoil; o shud be scar'd a summada takkin em aht a that drawer.

KITTY—Them wot ad rob Dolla ad rob't church, an o wish at furst thief wot puts ther hand into that drawer, at the d——l may nip ther fingers off befooar they tain em aht ageean.

NANSY—An sooa do o, Kitta lass, but o hooap nobbada al be so brazen'd as to troi, Hah much did yo gee fort bed curtin's Dolla? A wot a grand harth rug an wesh-hand stand! A, Dolla! yore weel off nah, an o kno nobbada wot's mooar desarvin. (*Four or foive gooas dahn.*) Yo wer awlis best-natur'd nabur we had; yo kno'n o wer awlis fond on ya, an o wer awlis ready to help ya onna toime. O've wesht yore floor menne a toime, hav'nt o, Dolla, mo lass, an o'l wesh it onna toime, o will. (*In a lower voice*)—Will ya lend me a sovrin to get ahr Bil's clooas dahnt spaht? Yo'l near miss it aht a so menna, mo lass, an o'l pay it ya back, mo lass, duly; yo kno'n o'm honest, an o kno yo awlis loikt to doo a good turn if ya cud; o'st be varra thankful if yo will, mo lass.

DOLLY—Wa, wa, o'l lend ya wou, but yo mo'nt say nowt tot tuther. (*Dolla raiches t' bag aht at drawer, an lends Weedle a sovrin, an puts bag it drawer below.*)

NANSY—Nou mo lass, o wod'nt say a word; we'd better be gooin dahn, or else they'l be thinkin summat. (*Goes dahn.*)

DOLLY—Nah, lasses, wot al yo have to drink, rum or gin? we'n plenta a booath; or will ya

all have gin punch? O intend ya tubbe merra afooar ya gooan hooam to-neet. Wot'st matter we Kitta? Yo mon't be dahn on't wumman.

KITTY—O've get'nt pain it stummack so bad, o can hardla bear.

DOLLY—Here then, just drink this sup a gin, an gooan lig ya dahn for hofe a nahwer, an o'l powd ya, yo'l be better. Salla, takt candle an leet her up stairs lass: o'm sorry shoos badla. (*Gooas grunting o'ert flooar ommast dubble-foud. Salla leets her up, an leaves her.*)

[It wert seet at sovrins at made this covetous wretch badla; an shoo had'nt been up stairs foive minnits afooar shoo begun a thinkin abaht fingerin em. Shoo'd throw'n't bed-cloos offen her, an had getn hofe tway o'ert flooar tot drawers, when her wish at the d—l ad nipt furst thief's fingers off wot went into that drawer, flash't loike leetnin through her covetous soul; an there shoo stood, in a manner between her inclination an her consence, as if shoo wer hesitatin wot to doo. O avver, her luv fort sovrins mester'd her better feelins. Wot a fooil o am, says shoo to hersen, to stan a this way; there's nowt to hurt me; an ten or a duzen al ne'er be mist aht a that lot: an besaide, wot bisniss had shoo to sho em us? it wer nobbut temtin us to steil em; it al nobbut sarve her reit if o doo tak sum.—Gooas tot drawers we her consence flashin in her eyes, oppens it gently, (still thinkin on her wish,) puts her hand tot corner, where shoo seed Dolla tak em throo, thrusts her fingers slap into a mahce-trap; off it went, an e hofe a jiffey her finger wer as fast as a thief in a mill. Shoo wor shure the d—l

had houd on't, an shoo set up one at mooast horrible screeams at ivver wer heeard aht a bedlam, an tumbeld backards, scar'd aht on her wits. Up stairs they all run, freeten'd to deeath ommast: nobbada cud tell wot wert matter; but they all thowt shoo wor deead. But wot surprised em't mooast wer to see a mahce-trap fast to her fingers. When Dolla came up stairs, shoo seed it anole, but shoo sed nowt. 'Lets get her hooam, lasses,' says Dolla, 'shoo'l be better when shoo gets there; an when ya get back, o'l tell ya suminat at al mak ya all stare aboon a bit.' Sooa they get her hooam as weel as they cud, an left her we Nansa Wheedle. Sooa when they'd let'n ther poips, an supt wonce rahnd, Dolla oppen'd sacret.]

DOLLY—Nah, yo knone, when we wer all up stairs, o sho'd ya t' sovrins, an yo all seed me tak em aht at top drawer, an put em in ageean, didn't ya? (*All says, Hah.*) An yo knone Nansa Wheedle an me staid up stairs a bit after yo cum dahn; an shoo wheedled me aht on a sovrin; but ne'er heed that. But moind ya, when o put em back, o didn't put em it same drawer; for o put em it drawer below; an havvin sooa menna moice, we awlis keep a mahce-trap it drawer; an o happen'd to put it exactla it corner where't sovrins wor. O do'nt know wot ivver possest me to put it thear; but it wor tubbe sooa. Sooa yo may depend on't that covetous crater wer bahn to stail em, an shoo get her finger it trap: an yo ma wroit on't, shoo thowt oud Nick ad oud on her; for yo knone wot a dreadful wish shoo wisht.

MALLY—It's a judgment on her, mo lass, an nowt else.



SALLY—Honnistis best yit.

NANNY—Hah, mo lass, an sooa it is. But it's not furst toime, nort second, nort third, at Kitta's been fun aht e sitch nasta tricks.

DINAH—Nou, mo lass, it is'nt; an o'l tell ya wot, o non loik Nansa Wheedle; shoos ta much greeas abaht her for me.

DOLLY—Cum, mo lasses, let's have summat to drink; we'st get o'er all this; an Kitta al nivver cum amang us na mooar, moind if sha does.

[Sooa they sat an smookt an drank till twelve o'clock, (but they said nowt wot's worth tellin,) an it wer as dark as pitch; an Nanna Frumper wert furst wot went aht; an sumnada ad left pump unlockt, an't handle stood streit aht; an Dame Frumper ran we her nooas bump ageant end on't, an nockt it as crookt as Chesterfield steeple. Wa then, oud Malla wert next wot toddled off: "O'l tak me poip we me, Dolla," says shoo: "Tubbe shooar, mo lass," says Dolla: sooa off shoo sets, braikst poip to a short an, an puts it in her pocket. Shoo had'nt gon far afooar her pocket wer afoir; an thear shoo wor all on a smook, an just reddy for blazin, when, as luck ad hav it, shoo catcht her foot ageean a stoon, an bein hofe drunk, or summat mooar, shoo tumbled slap into a dyke at sum masons had made it sink; thear shoo croies aht, "O'l be hanged if o sha'nt be drahnded." O avver, it happen'd at summada wer just eunmin past, an wer good enuff to tak her aht a pickle; an bein a bit sober'd wit duck, shoo teld em whear shoo liv'd, an they taid her hooam. But wot pleased me't best wer Salla Slutterdish's job: shoo bid em good neet next, an wen shoo'd getn aht

intot air, it ommast fell'd her; shoo cud'nt walk steady for her loife. An just as shoo wer bahn to turnt corner, thear wer a watchman fast asleep within a fooit of her awn door; an he wer just dreeamin at four men were bahn to mump him, when Salla tumbled agean him we a soot on á run tup, an dahn they went together. "Murder! murder!" croies he, "four to one's nooa match." Aht cums Salla's husband! "Wot's up? wot's up?" says he; "oh, yo'n been nockin mo woif dahn, han ya? o'l four to one ya." Sooa he set a wollopint watchman. "O'l larn yo to abuse mo woif uppen her awn door stooan, o will, ya scamp." O avver, he set off loik a lamp-leeter, an for owt o kno, hees gooin yit. But Missis Dubbletung catcht it twarst; shoo tumbled sum hah or another but shoo cahnt tell hah; o avver, shoo managed to braik her arm. An sooa that'st fruits a drunkenness.)

# THE SHEFFIELD DIALECT.

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## MISCELLANEOUS CONVERSATIONS

“UPPA AHR HULL ARSTON.”

NO. I.

(From the “*Annual*” and “*Fairin*,” published 1836.)

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JACK—O say, Bil, o’ve getn a letter throo Jonna Flatstick we a description a their wheel. It’s a grand place, o’l ashure the; mun e read it the?

BIL—Hah, lad, let’s have it.

JACK (*reading*)—OUD FRIEND JACK,—O do’nt kno wot day at munth is—Thursday, o reckon. O thowt o’d just send the two or three loines to tell the a bit a wot ta art. It’s abaht six munths sin o left yore wheel, an we’n near seen won anuther sin; bur o can tell the won thing, if o’d two as good legs an feet as thah has, o’d a seen thee long sin. Thah’s no thowt for abodda, or else thah’d a call’d at ahr place long afooar nah. We’n a proime wheel, o’l ashure the, we a grand polished steeam engine, sixteen horse pahwer, made be Peels an Williams, Manchester. At top at yard there’s ahr wheel, an it

center at yard there's a lot a steps wot leads intot chamber an garret; o'ert steps we'n a clock. Here's three heavy trows it bottom room wot they groind table knoives in, an seven leet ans wot they groind razors an penknoives in; it chamber aboon there's a room we ten trows a penknoife groinders, fitted up we dust masheens to ivvera trow; an it garret there's ten trows, all razor groinders, we ivvera thing cupleat for't wark; an thah kno's there's mooar variety e ahr trade nor't tuther, an sooa we'nt mooast visitors. Thah'l happen not believe it, but we'n lords, an dukes, an dutcheses, an gentlemen an ladies a all sooarts ivvera week cums to see us, an they awlis seem t' best pleas'd it garret, when they seen sum rahndin backs, sum ore houdin, sum glazin, sum buffin, sum groindin, sum lappin, sum jimpin, an sum polishin; an we all work away, an cares for nobbada. Prethe call oud lad, and see all the oud wheel-fellows; they'l be pleased to see the, especially oud Charley. If ta dus'nt, o wish t' next toime thah feighs the trow, thah ma breik all the gallos buttons off.

### JONNA FLATSTICK.

JACK—Nah oud chap, wot thinks ta abaht that? O'st gooa an see em sum day. But o want to buy a gud mettle tay-pot: can ta tell ma where o can get a gud an?

BILL—Aye, o can; thah may gooa to Wolstenholm's it Park, an thah'l get a furst rater there: o've had won a their pots this seven year, an o think its na war nor when it wer new. An if ta wants onna a their Jarman silver spooins, an sitch

loike, thah'l get sum proime ans ; they'r just chaps wot kno's hah to mak em. But o say, Jack, they sen at hah Booany's risen ageean.

JACK—Nay, man ; they sen he's ne'er been deead.

BIL—Abbut o'l not believe that ; becos o think at Booany wer made at same sooart a mettle as they mayn sum wimmin's tungs on : his ambition wer to restless to lig still sooa long.

JACK—But thah may depend on't, Bil, if onna chap we a gud pluck, an sum millitary skill abaht him, ad cum forrad just nah e France, he'd mak Phillip's crahn dither abaht his heead afooar long.

BIL—An sarve him reit, a tyrant ! its his awn bringin on, an sooa let him takt consequences. See the, Jack, here's oud Savvage cummin with his big dog.

JACK—Well, oud lad its all up we yer fancy dog-feighting nah ; there's a act passed for preventing cruelty to animals. Wot thinks ta abaht that, my buck, eh?

SAVAGE—O they cahnt hinder us, an we'll feit em it spoit o ther teeth ; we can gooa intot woods whoile they're it Chetch.

BIL—O then thah means to breikt laws a booath God an man at wonce, dusta ? Thah't a foine fellow, thah art ! An wot splits me, thah pretends to be varra foud a the dog, an yet thah keeps him for nowt else but to tortur him. Thah can stan an see his eyes pull'd aht, an his flesh torn off be inches, whoile his yells an screeams in the most indescribable agonies, fills the varra soul wit<sup>h</sup> unutterable ecstasy ; an thah claps him at

back, an thah shahts "Hey lad, shak him lad, leg him lad, throttle him lad,"—prethe wots he done amiss at he's tubbe massacred a this way? Hasta fun it aht at the dog's no feelin? If ta has, wa then there's two on ya wot has non. An thah says thah loiks him. Good stars, wot wud to do at him if ta hated him? An thah calls thesen a man o reckon; fudge, lad, thah't a mixture; thaht a composition of man, beast, an devil; nature has'nt a name for thee; thaht a savage of the most ferocious kind. A seet o't mangled limbs a the awn dog, even when writhing it agonies a deeth, nivver moves thee; an yet thah loikes the dog, eh? dus'nt ta? O yore a proime set.

JACK—O say, Bil o've offens wundered wot maks em have organs e Chapels an Churches.

BIL—Whoy o can tell the wot a chap tell'd me, an o think it sahnds to sense or summat else; he sed at they wor used to droive Oud Nick away.

JACK—Wa, if they'l do that they're just things wots wanted; but hah can organ's droive him away?

BIL—Whoy becos he dus'nt loike sacred music.

JACK—Hah dusta kno that?

BIL—Whoy dus'nt thah kno at Saul wer trubbled we a evil sperit, an as soon as ivver David struck up we a tune uppatt harp, he toddled off directla.

JACK—Aye, aye, but here's nooa organists nah wot can play as David did. But there's been a blo-up, in a orchester; hasta heeard on't?

BIL—A blo-up! whoy, there's awlis a blo-up, when they're all a playing.

JACK—Abbut this wer anuther sooart an a blo up. Thah sees, thear wer an oud Frenchman wot played base, an when he snufft candle, he awlis put snuff intot base, to mak it droi, as he said. An sooa won neet, when he wer bahn to play a particular piece be his sen, a wag of a musishoner put some pahder intot base. Sooa enah it wer toime for't oud chap to begin, an he snufft candle, an popt it intot base; but my stars! it popt him intot pit, an blew his base into shivereens, an they all stared as if they wer stuck; an weel they mut.

BIL—Here's Jooa cummin. Wot's that thah's getn, Jooa?

JOOA—Whoy, it'st toper's creed; mun e read it the?

BIL—Hah, just let's see wot he believes, o av-ver. (*Jooa reads.*)

I believe e rum, gin, brandy, whiskey, ale, pooarter, an all other drunkable stuff wot can be guzzled.

I believe at every Englishman has a reit to get drunk hah he loiks, when he loiks, where he loiks, an we wot he loiks.

I believe at nobbada's accahntable for wot they dun, when they'n lost ther reason.

I believe at ivvera drunken man's lost his reason; sooa ivvera drunken man may do wot ivver his drunken sen pleases, wethaht bein accahntable for it.

I believe, therefore, at it's reit for a drunken man to insult ivvera bodda he meets, whether be neet or day; an especially when he meets wimmin, to pull an hawl em abaht just as his drunken brains or his foul inclinations shall dictate.

I believe at drunkenness is varra<sup>u</sup> useful, becos a fellow can do things when he's drunk at he cahnt for shame to do when he's sober.

I believe it's reit for a drunkard to sacrifoise all't cumforts ov his woife an family to gratifoy his drunken appetoite.

I believe it's reit for a drunkard, when he wants mooar ale, an has no munna, to pop or sell onna thing he can get oud on, o'ther on his awn or onnabodda's else's; becost necessity o't case requires it.

I believe at it's reit for onna drunkard to mump his woife when ivver shoo gooas tot aleass to seek him.

I believe it's reit for him to mump her when ivver shoo sits up waitin for him at neet : wot bisniss has shoo to burn candle ?

I believe it's reit for him to mump her if ivver shoo gooas to bed befooar he cuns hooam : wot reit has shoo to gooa to bed withaht him ?

I believe in the magic of drunkenness ; for if a man cahntguvern his sen when he's sober, he can guvern a whole nation when he's drunk.

I believe e black eyes, bloody nooases, cursin an swearin, singin an dons in ; an a riggilar flare up's just wot o loik.

I believe e parch'd throits, racking heead akes, droi tungs, flamin eyes, an foiry nooases.

I believe e rags, debt, an jail.

I believe e empty pockets, empty cubbords, an empty bellies.

I believe e starvin childer, heart-brokken woives, lost friends, an insulted relations.



JOOA—A varra noist creed anole.

BIL—Hah ; but wot is ther gooin off it relidgious world just nah ?

JOOA—Whoy o've been teld at there's twelve wise men formed ther sens into a committee fort suppression a christiannata e this tahn, an at they'l let onnabodda gooa in fort small charge a one penny, where they'l be accommodated we a stannin seat for two or three hours.

BIL—O, then they're bahn to suppress christiannata, an mak christians pay for it, eh ? O, they're a benevvolent crew ! twelve on em, is ther ? han they horns on, thinkst ta ?

JOOA—Whether they'n horns on or nooa, o cahnt tell ; but o beleeve at sum on em cumsaht at heeast.

BIL—An wot's christiannata dun amiss, at it's tubbe crost aht at book a loife ? is it becos it maks men honest ? is it becos it maks drunkards sober ? is it becos it maks whoremongers an adulterers chaste ? is it becos it bilds hospitals, infirmaries, dispensaries, an orphan houses ? is it becos it bilds free schooils an Sunday-schooils, to larn booath oud an yung to read an wroit ? is it becos it maks to menny benevvolent societies ? is it becos christiannata'st fahndation a all gud guvverment ? is it becos it encourages arts an sciences ? is it becos it's made England t' mistress at world ? at a strooak,—is it becos it maks men happy e this world, an prepares em for happiness it next ?—is it for dooin these things at it's tubbe crusht ? Well, well, if they can bring us owt better, let em crush it.

JOOA—A dear aye, sloik they can ; we're

to have natur for a god, an reeason's to worship her.

BIL—O hah ? we're to have natur, are we ? wa, shoos a gud-natur'd oud lass ;—yo may get drunk when ya loik, loi, sware, an feit when ya loik, cheat an sheddle when ya loik, have as menny woives as ya loik, kick em aht when ya loik, run a muck when ya loik, be o'ther rooag or fooil when ya loik, cut yer awn throit or onnabodda's else's when ya loik, an this good natur'd god al near say wrang yo dun ; an as for reeason worshipping her, whoy, reeason worshipt a strumpet, an cut her fath'er's heead off, at French Revolution.

JOOA—But dusta kno wot these penny-a-week philosophers believe ?

BIL—Whoy o'l tell the won or two things at they believe ;—they believe at its possible to perswade all't men, wimmin, an childer e Shevild, at furst joint a ther little fingers is cut off ;—2nd, they believe at its possible for a chap to bring a new set a laws into England, at nivver wor o'ther seen or heead tell on afooar, an mak all't fooaks believe at them wert laws at they'd been guvvern'd by all ther loife, an ther fath'ers afooar em ;—an 3rd, they believe at wonce a chap perswaded six hunderd thahsand men at he'd led em throo a rivver uppa droi land, whoilt watter stood uppa heeaps a booath soid em, when at same toime they nivver no'ther seed't rivver, nor heead tell a sitch a thing e all ther loife.

JOOA—Wa, o can do we a bit a soft, but if they can swallow sitch things as them, they're softer nor o've onna occasion for em to be. Bet there's a

varra larn'd chap wot can read latten's been provin at christiannata is'nt true, becoss Egyptian conjurors cud work merricles as weel as Moses.

JACK—Aye, aye, but where did they work em, an how? not publicly, nobbut befooar Pharaoh; an they did em be enchantments, that is, be sleight of hand, just as't Chinese jugglers mak snakes nah; an ther awn confession proves it. It sartanla seems monstros odd, at these conjurors cud mak a big thing loik a frog, an a long thing loike a snake, an cud'nt mak a little thing loike a louse. An then, there's anuther odd thing abaht it; if these magicians cud mak frogs an snakes, an turn watter into blood, hah wor it they cud'nt turn't blood into watter, an kill t'frogs an snakes? Whoy onna clahn can kill frogs, but Pharaoh awlis axt Moses when he wanted to be shut on em. It furst three a these merricles, these cunjurors had plenty a toime to prepare for ther deceptions, but this fourt came on em rather to fast; an then these magicians just prove all at we want; for they said, "This is the finger of God."

JOOA—Wa then this latten-larnt man sed at' hah't cattle wer kill'd three toimes o'er.

BIL—Wot, he meean to say at cattle wer kill'd after they wer deead dus he? If he'd been honest enuff, he'd a tell'd em at that word "all" it Hebrew Scripturs is used in a limited sense e hunderds a places, an e all other languages anole; it meean at a great quantity a all sooarts a cattle wer kill'd,

JOOA—Webbut one a these chaps says at they cahnt work merricles nah, on accahnt at improvements e masheenary.

BIL—Dusta hear owt, Jack? thah'l beloik to lig thah intellectual musher abaht ther phosphorus nappers.

JACK—Na, lad, there's nowt to fear throo a set a philosophical scavvengers like these; there wer one yung chap bet all t' lot on em one neet, an turn'd a Summerset laffin besoid.

JOOA—Abbut a chap teld me at there's one on em at's a better speyker nor Lord Brougham.

JACK—Bless me, he's happen animated be Voltaire's goblin; but o've heeard tell on him, an he's a topper, o'l ashooar the; he can prove as clear as mud at a thing can be and not be at same toime.

BIL—He's won at oud stamp, o hear; as Byron said, "When Berkeley said there was no matter, 'twas no matter what he said;"—o dooant need to apply it, o shud think. Has ta ivver lookt at ther heeads, Jack?

JACK—Nou, o hav'nt; but o durst wager owt thear is'nt a metaphysical skull amang em.

BIL—Prethe propooas em sum new subjects to discuss, sitch as ta thinks they'r qualifoid for, we directions hah they're to be debated.

JACK—O've noo objections, but thah kno's they mun be varra grave subjects, becos they'r sitch varra grave men; o think e me heart if they'd nob-but wigs on, we shud tak em for cahnsillers. O yis, they'r varra grave, varra serious, varra pious; an they toke abaht morality we faces distended tot length of a fiddle. "O for a forty-horse power, to chant thy praise, Hypocrisy!" Wa then, as thear's twelve a these wise men, o shall propooas twelve

woise subjects, sitch as o think worthy a ther grave consideration.

1. Which is't south soide of a jackass, when his tail stans plum north?—Nah, this mun be debated philosophically.

2. Wot'st recason at two an two maks four?—To be debated mathematically.

3. Hah far is it throot thirty-furst a February tot Wicker brigg?—To be debated longitudinally.

4. Which is't thick end of a thowt, when it stans horizontally?—To be debated materially.

5. Wot'st difference between a purple smell an a bushel a souls?—To be debated metaphysically.

6. Which at three animals is't stupidest—a kofe, a ass, or a atheist?—To be debated comparatively.

7. Whether thear's onna climate onna whear wot's coud enuff to freeze words together? To be debated freezingly.

8. Whether knees or elbers wer made furst, or whether they wer ivver made at all?—To be debated anatomically.

9. Wot solidity is ther in a vacuum? wot culler is ther e sahnd? an wot weight is ther e darkness?—This last to be debated gropingly.

13. Whether t' north powl be made a oak or hezzle?—To be debated botanically.

11. Whether it be ommast or all aht true at won a G. F. Bywater's sky-rockets went slap agean't mooin tuther neet, an if not, why not?—To be debated pyrotechnically.

12th an last.—That this grave committee taks it into ther varra grave consideration, whether it wud'nt be quoit e character wit rest a ther grave

proceedins, to purchase one hundred shares it Joint Stock Lunatic Asylum Company, two or three for ther awn family use, an't rest to be seld to onna other grave men wot ma be idiot enuff to join em ? —To be debated gravely.

These, then, an't subjects at o think sufficiently grave for't cogitation a onna brains wot's soft enuff to tell fooaks at they can suppress christiannata. But then, o desoir at nooa chap wot gets drunk shall discuss these subjects, becos he's not grave enuff; an o desoir at nooa chap wot's livvin we onnabodda else's woife, when he's won on his own, dus'nt debate these topics, becos a man at practically believes at won an two maks nobbut one, cahnt be grave enuff to give a reeason mathematically why two an two maks four; an if there's onna chap amang em wot's kno'n tubbe a notorious liar, he mo'nt meddle we em, becos here's nooa believin him when he spaiks truth : an sooa if these subjects is accepted o shall inquir ther charracters, an then report progress.

BIL.—Them subjects is all aboon their comprehenshou; o'l bet a groat to a button-top at there is'nt one e all t' lot at can tell wotst reeason at two an two maks four. O've heeard on a Hoirishman at owt tubbe uppa their Committee; he wer shooar he could thrust Church dahn; sooa he pull'd off his clooas, threw em under t' Church winder, an went tot tuther soide to thrust, an when he came back, an saw his clooas gon, " Well," says he, " an be the holy St. Patrick, an shooar enuff, ya see, I've been fooil enuff to thrust the Church right on to me clooas."

JACK—Just a reit an for em !

JOOA—O wonce heeard tell on a Quaker sarvin one a these wise men aht ; they were travvelling uppat cooach together, an this wise man had been makkin fun at scriptur for a long whoil, an thowt he wer dooin it ; an he thowt he'd mak a bit a fun at Quaker ; sooa he says to him, " O wunder hah it worat a little chap loik David cud mak a stooan sink intot joiant's heead ; its varra wonderful, is'nt it ? " " Nou," sayst quaker ; " there's nowt wonderful abaht it, at o see on ; for ift joiant's heead wer as soft as thine, it ad gooa in easy enuff."

BIL—Is that 't Sun Newspaper at ta's getn ? is ther owt ?

JACK—Nowt but Railways an Joint Stock Cumpanies ; abodda cahnt look e nooa corner, but here's a Joint Stock Cumpana ineets us.

JOOA—They sen here's tubbe a Joint Stock Bread an Flahwer Cumpana ; nah o think they owt too a had cheese anole. Wa then here's tubbe a Joint Stock Brewing Cumpana ; but we'l set Temperance chaps at that set ; they'l sooin saddle off we them.

JACK—Webbut there's tubbe a Joint Stock Weshin an Manglin Cumpana ; that al just suit allt Dolla Doolittles, becos o reckon they'l weshem an mangle em be steam ; then they'l want abaht a thahsand mangles joinerin, an abaht a hunderd moile a clooas cooord spinnin, an abaht fifta thahsand clooas pius makkin, an t' oud Park alwant sawin up for props, an here's a chap bahn to mak soop aht a flint ; an as for starchin an bluein, whoy, that mun be contracted for.



BIL—A dear hah, all t' world's a Joint Stock Cumpana.

JOOA—Abbut we'n not all shares aloik.

JACK—Nou, it nivver wor sooa, nor it wer nivver intended to be sooa, if o mun prophesy; but o beleave wot thah says is true, Bil; for we're browt intot world be Joint Stock Cumpanies' dispensary an club doctors, an we're guvvern'd be a Joint Stock Cumpana, an when we dee we're put intot berrin grahnd on a Joint Stock Cumpana; an sooa it's all Joint Stock throo one end tot tuther; an here's Jooa here went tot Joint Stock Cumpana church yisterda, an he says at he heeard an seed summat at he did'nt loik.

BIL—Hah's that? wornt sarmon reit for the? or did'nt box a wissels blo aht enuff?

JOOA—Yah't sarmon wer reit enuff, but it seems a varra queer thing to me at fooaks cahnt get there at reit toime. Whoy, bless me loife, when fooaks gooas tot play, they're mooastla there hofe an hahwer befooart toime; but here's a varra menna wot gooas tot chapels an chetches, wot's awlis hofe an hahwer to late; sum al cum rattlin in we a pair a creakin shoes on, just when he's readin't lessin; an if ivvera bodda cahnt hear em, they'l tak gud care they shall see em; an sooa they'l bahnce reit intot front at gallara, just as if they wer determined to be soft; wa then, here's a foine lady cums in, ant nock nobbler runs up an dahn to foind her a seeat; won squints o'ert top at bible at her; "A wot a noist bonnet shoo has on," says anuther; an sooa e steead a moindint lessin, there's hofe at fooaks starin at her foine clooas: just nah



here's a choild begins a pewlin ; (that cant be helpt, yo knone) but then, wots warst ont, t' muther offens fetches it a gud slap to mak it be quoit, just as if shoold be quoit if onna bodda slapt her ; an wot's war still, shoo waint tak it aht whoil t' parson tells her, an then shoo looks weel ; o avver, shoo taks care to let the youngster feel her clahters befooar shoo weel gets aht, just as a specimen of her patience, yo knone : nah o do'nt want to hinder tooaks for gooin tot chetch we a yung choild, but o think when they begin a kickin up a noise, o'ther we laffin or blutherin, they ow't to tak em aht, becos they can get no gud ther sens, an they hinder ivvera bodda else abaht em for gettin onna. An then ther wer another thing at o seed at o did'nt loik ; there wor sum yung fops a won soid at gallara, an sum lasses at tuther, an they kept winkin an laffin at won another when he wer praichin : if o cud'nt gooa tot chetch or chapel, an behave mesen, o'd stop at hooam. But ther wer another thing at sartanla wor enuff to mak abodda laff ; ther wor two chaps in a square seeat sat opposit won another, an they wer booath asleep, an there they booath wer noddin at won another, just as if they wer practissin which cud mak t' noistest bow ; enah won on em wakkens, rubs his eyes, stretches his arms, an gapes a long I—I—I—om, quoit devotionally, yo're shure.—(*Interrupted.*)

BIL—Just let me tell the, o knode an oud chap at wer wonce praichin to a sleepy congregation, an he shahted as hard as ivver he cud, “Foir ! foir ! foir !” Up jumt one chap, an stares all rahnd, “Where ? where ? where ?” says he ; “E hell !” says t' parson : but o avver, it wakken'd em.

JOOA—Webbut o dooant loik sitch things ; o think if fooaks ad consider where they are, an wot they owt tubbe dooin, all this sooat a wark ad be dun away. If a chap cahnt keep wakken, whoy, let him do as we'n dun menney a toime ; ge his sen a gud nip, an stan up a bit ; that al cure him o'l be bun fort.

BIL—O say, oud chap, wot thinks ta abaht Buckingham's claims ? has he onna, thinks ta ?

JACK—Whoy, to tell the t' truth, o think mooar abaht me awn claims nor his, an if o cud get moine thear'd be a sovrin or two for him ; they'n robb'd him on abaht forta thahsand pahnd exactla ; sooa if he has na claims, it's a sattler.

JOOA—Wot did they banish him for ? o've heeard a deaal a toke abaht it, but o nivver cud get to kno wot he did.

JACK—Whoy, he writ a bit a fun abaht an oud scotch parson for neglectin his flock, just wot ivvera bodda else ad a dun.

JOOA—Dusta kno whear he wer born ? sum says at hah he's a Hoirishman, but o think he dus'nt look loik that breed no'ther.

JACK—O kno whear o've heeard say he wer born.

JOOA—Whear ?

JACK—Whoy, at their hahce ; he's his father's son, be his mother's soide ; he wer born withaht a shirt, an cum intot world screeamin, sumwhear e Cornwall, o've been teld ; but if ta wants to kno onna mooar, thah mun ax him t' next toime he cums to Shevvild.

JOOA—Hollo, thear's ahr Bess cummin ; nah, Jack, thah says at thah can tell whether a chap ad

mak a dacent husband be lookin an feelin at his heead; prethe tell her whoile shoo's here.

JACK—O've nooa objection, an if shoo'l doo as o want her, o'l warrand it shoo'l get a sensible chap.

JOOA—That's just wot o want her to have; if o'm a thickheead, o dooant want her to have one.

JACK—Nah Bess, lass, dusta keep middlin? wot, thah cud loike to be marrid, o guess, cud'nt ta?

BESS—O'm e nooa varra gret hurra, not o, marra; o think thear's a menna gets marrid, an's sooin hofe worrid; chaps is o'er desateful nah-days: but still o shud'nt moind if o cud leet on a reit an.

JACK—Thah't happen hard to pleease;—wot sooart an a chap shud ta loike, if ta cud have the pick?

BESS—Whay, aboon all things, o shud'nt loike a chap wot gets drunk, nor o shud'nt loik a thickheead; o shud loik a chap at ad moind his wark, we a bit a gud sense in his heead.

JACK—Wathen o'l tell the wot thah mun doo; when a chap cums to see the, thah mun tell him to pull his hat off, an thah mun measure rahnd thickest part on his heead, an if it dus'nt tell aboone eighteen or nointeen inches, thah ma mak the sen shure at he's not all thear; but if his heead's twenta two or three inches, he's nooa idiot, at ouna rate. Wa then, thah mun look at top on his heead, rayther towards t' back, if owt, an if it stans up in a sooart an a ridge, an thah foinds a gret bump just aboon his ear, an a varra low forheead, thah mun set him a gooin we a rattle, for if ta marries him, he'l sooin rattle thee; he'l be as stupid as a pot mule, an a

cruel as a Turk. But if these parts ar'nt as o've said, thah mun look a bit hoigher aboon his ear, an if it's varra rahnd an full, thah mun ax him hah menna lasses he's deceived afooar; he's as full a deception as oud Nick, an as big a thief, ten to won; thah mun set him a gooin anole. An when ta sees at a chap's mooast brains at back on his ears, we a varra low flat forheead, an a low crahn, thah ma depend on't, he's all animal; he'l be a reggilar brute, guilta a ivvera thing wot's bad an filthy. But if ta foinds a chap we his ears a rare way offen his forheead, an his forheead hoigh an bold, depend on't he's sum sense abaht him; an if he's varra full just aboon't top on his forheead, an not to hoigh aboon't ears, we two full corners a booath soides at top on his heead, an't top middlin full, that's chap, he's ivvera thing wot's gud abaht him; do ivvera thing at ta prudently can ta mak him the husband; depend on't, if ta marries sitch a chap as that, thah'l be as happy as ta possabla can be e this world.

BESS—Webbut if o wer to foind a chap a that sooat, he'd happen want to look at mo heead, an if moine wornt a reit an, o shud be na forrader, yo knone; o shud loik to kno wot sooat on a heead yo think o have.

JACK—Wa, o can have a pratta guess; pull the bonnet off. (*Takes her bonnet off.*) O can tell thee one thing t'furst look; if the ears had'nt been a gret way offa the forheead, an the forheead pratta full an hoigh, thah'd a been as stupid ast chap wot wanted to stop t'tide we a muck-fork: but thah art a bit passionate sumtoims, arnt ta?

BESS—Hah, me fath'er's been tellin ya ; but o dooant bear mallis, o'm shure.

JACK—Thah's a varra gud memmora, Bess, o'm shure, the eyes stans aht sooa; but thah dus'nt tell all thah kno's; an if o'm not wrang, t'soid a thah heead tells me at thah's a bit a brass sum-where or anuther.

JOOA—Whoy, thah sees, Jack kno's as much abaht thee as o doo.

BESS—Wa then, wot'n ya say abaht it ?

JACK—Whoy, its mo opinyon at thah's a varra gud heead, an o doo rala think, wethaht flatterin thee, at thah'l mak a varra careful, hard-workin woife.

BIL—See the, Jack, heres t'oud fiddler cummin ; sho him them accompaniments a thoine, an let's hav him a bit.

JACK—Wot, yo're cum'd o'er, o see ; wot dust fiddle mend onna ? yo shud a browt it we ya ; o've an accompaniment here o want ya to look at ; its a varra gud an, an o intend ahr choral concert chaps to perform it for a middle piece t' next oratore-i-o they han.

FIDDLER—O shud loik ta see it ; is it in a major or a moiner key.

JACK—O, its a varra curious piece ; but it cahnt be played nobbut in a oppen key.

FIDDLER—Wot toim is it play'd in ?

JACK—That al depend uppa ther feelin, but o think they'l play it e quick common toime, or summat a that.

FIDDLER—Cum then, mo lad, o hooap thah't gooin o let's see it.

JACK—Wa, here it is, an' o'l warrand it tubbe't best accompaniment at ivver yo seed for a middle piece.

FIDDLER—(*Shouts*)—Houd the noise, mun! t'furst two nooats is as rank a discord as ivver cum aht at nooas of a jackass. Its horrible mun. It begins we a sharp seventh, an ends we a flat ninth. Its impossible to play it.

JACK—Just look agean, oud frend, e booath t' cliffs, an tell ust names at nooats.

FIDDLER—O'm shure its wrang; thah ma see that the sen; thah dus'nt pretend to say at B an C al cooard, dusta?

JACK—Webbut just tell us t'nooats, an o think yo'l foind at it's reit, an at it's a capital accompaniment anole.

FIDDLER—Wa, o can mention't nooats, but that al mak em na better. Thear's B, E, E, F, it treble cliff, an thear's C, A, B, B, A, G, E, it base cliff, an if onnabodda can play them together, o've dun.

JACK—That's just reit; nah o'l put it to onna musician it world, after he's been faggin at it for abaht two hahwers, whether he wod'nt loik to perform that accompaniment. Bless yer soul, man, ivvera nooat's so varra savvora, atfurst seet on em's enuff to mak a fellow's chaps watter whoile he rooar'd; it ad have sitch an effect on his feelins befooar he'd played ten minnits e quick toime on a oppen key, at he'd hardla ivver kno at he'd been playin at all.

FIDDLER—O tell the nobbada can play it, no'ther e nooa toime nor e nooa key.

BIL—Spell it, oud lad.

FIDDLER—Wot, spell music ! (*Looks carefully.*) O—O—O, thah'rt there, are ta? it's "Beef" an "Cabbage" o see. Aye, aye, it's a proime accompaniment for a middle piece ; o cud loike to perform it nah varra much ; o've a pratta gud edge on ; but o've nooa daht but choral chaps al doo it justis when they perform it.

# THE SHEFFIELD DIALECT.

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## MISCELLANEOUS CONVERSATIONS

“UPPA AHR HULL ARSTON.”

NO. II.

(*From the “Annual” for 1837.*)

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JACK WHEELSWARF—Nah, mo lads, we’n get’n tot shank end at year ageean. An o’m glad to see ahr good oud smooky Shevvild’s in a throivin way. Yo seen we’re gerrin on wit new Church it Park, an’t Horticultural Gardens, an’t Symmetry swimminla, an o expect we shall hev’t Mechannicks’ Hall poppin up enah, just loik, a mushrum in a fog: an thanks to summada, we’n get’n a varra respectable set a police to shovel nusences aht at gate, for we’n had a gud menny at street corners latela. Wa then, it drinkin world we’re improvin mooast amazingly, for they sen here’s aboon seven hunderd teetotallers e Shevvild nah, wot nivver drinks na ale, but o mo stars, they drink sum Samson:—an’t kah keepers has raised milk but



ne'er heed ift Watter Cumpana al nobbut let us hev't watter a bit thicker it al mak proime porridge, an then t' kah jobbers al look as silly as Mester Bell did when he cum to represent Shevvild, an cud foind nobboda but a Tory to represent him; nobboda dahted quallata of his clapper; but his bell metal wer crackt, an sooa he cut his stick. A sum hah, t' radicals cahnt live here; there wer won cum aht at mooin a whoil sin, bur he fell sick an deed e quick toime; an sooa t' mooin's left manless. Nah then for subjects for ahr annual:—astronomy's aht on us raich; politics ad clam us to deeath; metaphysics—theres na dooin nowt we them withaht summat to drink to em; an if it wornt fort temperance chaps' consciences, we'd rather be hofe crack a bottle a hooam brew'd, nor crack us brains we unriddlin metaphysical impossibilities, an sitch loik. Hark!!—O, its sum gret big west cuntra fellow croyin blankits, we abaht as much music in his voice as ther is it squeal of a pig when his heead's fast betweent bars of a gate. But we're not tubbe dun we that set; we'st spend ahr brass it shops, where we kno they'l use us weel. O my stars an garters! Chrissmas is cummin, yo ma see, if yo'l nobbut look it drapers' shops, an sitch. Wot a sho aht a winter ware! Lady's ruffs, an muffs, an muffatees, an boars wot raiches all o'er; an gluv, oh my fingers! they ahr tight, an's stufft we wool; it's just loik thrustin yer hand up tot rist into a feather poke nest: an as fort soize a ther shawls, just think for a minnit abaht main sail of a man a war; an Mackintosh capes wot al keep woind an watter aht soid passengers for a munth;

besoid them gret big strong thick ruff bare coits, we buttons on summat loik a full mooïn; when a chap gets into won a them, he looks just like a walkin watch-box. Wa, then, to mak us cumfortubble these coud neets, they'n stacks a blankits an bump sheets.—Aye, aye, all these things is shure soigns at we'n get'n tot tuther end at year.

JOOA CROCUS—Abbut here's summat at ahr hahce wot lets me kno at Chrissmas is cummin. Yo kno'n we'n better nor hofe a dozen childer upp at arston nah, an they tak'n sum scrattin for, o'l ashure ya;—t'last Setterda neet thear wer two pair a shoos to pay for soilin an heelin; this week Ned al want a pair a new ans; an Tom's wants cappilin. O'l be chipt if a bodda can ivver gooa hooam this coud rainy weather, but thear's o'ther won or anuther on em pokin up ther little legs,—“Dad, me shoos lets watter in; mun e have em mended?” Won at lasses wants a pair a new pattins, an anuther wants a pair ringin; t'oud umbereller wants mendin for ivvera day, an a new an buyin for Sundays; an't childer's bed wants a pair a blankets; an we foind bottom at coil heeap ivvera foive or six week; an we burn a pahnd a candles extra; an it's mo belief at childer heits mooar this coud wether nor they dun e summer. An o think these is varra serious soigns anole.

BIL HEFTPOIP—Webbut thah says yo'n better nor hofe a dozen childer upp at arston; does thah meean to say at yo'n seven?

JOOA—Nou, lad, seven's war nor hofe a dozen; we'n foive at hooam, an won prentis at Cornish

Place, t' biggist metal factory e all't world, whear they'l spin a tay-pot befooar a bodda can say Jack Robison. 'Thear's won chap wot works thear at yus't to play t'corner cubbard for us at Chrissmas; he'st best snuff-box makker e all't world, an o shud think he's made as menny as ad snuff all't nooases e England. An as for spooins, whoy they'n spooins for onna mahth throo a infant a span long to a Oirish giant wot cud leet his poip at a gas-lamp.

BILLA FORKDUST—Whoy, thah told me thah'd twelve childer; o avver, thah said thah'd four lasses, an ivvera won on em ad two brothers, an that maks twelve, yo kno'n.

JACK—Ah lads, Billa! reckon ageean, mun; stur't foir up, Jooa.

JOOA—O think he wants sum leet uppat subject.—Jem, fetch sum coil. Hark the wot a woind! it al ge em sum squat uppat Humber to neet. Jack, did thah ivver gooa to Lunnon be watter?

JACK—Nou, lad, o do'nt believe e bein sea-sick for eighteen or twenty hahwers, rollin abaht uppa deck, as if o did'nt care whether o liv'd or deed. O, says won, if ivver o set mo feet uppa land, he'l be a foine feller at al get me here agean. Fetch me a bucket, croies anuther, we a face t' culler of a sheet. It's vast noist, that, eh?

JOOA—O think there's not much fun in it; but then, thah kno's they're better at after for it; but o believe thear's a good menna went to Lunnon be watter wot fun't rooad hooam agean be land. Here's Jem wit coil: on we it, lad; let's mak us sens cunfortable. For mo part, o loik winter't best; a bodda can get sum readin duu nah; yo kno'n we

can sit as snug as a button in us two arm'd chair, after we'n dun us wark at neet, be a warm foirsoide, an gooa we Captain Parry tot north powl, or we Franklin tot Copper-mine River, an sitch loike.

BIL.—O'm vast fond a readin travels anole, an if o'd plenta a brass, o'd travel me sen.

JACK—Just tell us nah where ta'd travel too, if ta cud.

BIL.—Wa, then, o'l just tell the on a noist rahnd; ant furst place at o'd gooa too after o left Shevild ad be Heeley; an then to Lunnun; wa, then, o'd get intot English Channel as sooin as o cud, an aht a there intot Atlantic Ocean, sail past Portugal, an turnt corner a Spain, an throot straits a Gibraltar intot Mediterranean; leeaving Morocco an Barbara, an that lot, at me reit hand, o'd get into Turkey, an after o'd seen Constantinople, o'd tak a walk be land to Mecca in Arabia, an have a look at oud Mahomet's toom; wa then o'd slutter o'ert Persian Gulf to Ispahan, an throo Persia tot Indies, to Calcutta, whe'rt East Indy Companyruin'd Buckingham; throo there o'd gooa into Choina to Pekin, where they heit dogs an cats, an get o'ert great wall into Chinese Tartara, an pop throo Russian Tartara, an Russia into Poland, where after sheddin a few tears fort poor Poles, o'd get into Jarmanna, an then crost Jarman Oshan to Hornsea, an after stoppin a week at Dame Myas's to rest me sen, o'd ride to Hull, sail to New Brigg, jump upp at Waterwitch, an cum hooam.

JOOA—Good an! o think thahd want the shoos soilin afooar tha get back.

JACK—O'd a cum'd hooamt back way, o avver, whoil o wer e Russian Tartara, o'd a gon throo Siberia to Nova Zembla, intot Icy Oshan, an o'ert North Powl into Baffin's Bay, dahn Davis's straits, intot Atlantic agean, an then to Liverpool, an hooam.

JOOA—Aye, aye, it's varra noist gooin rahnd twurld bit foirside, we a poip stuck e yer cheek, an a tot a hooam brewed——Whisht ! whisht ! thah mun sing small abaht ale ; there's a teetotaler there.

BIL—O say, Jack, thahs varra often sed at thahd summat marvellous to tell us when thah cud get summada's consent ; if ta's get'n it prethe tell us.

JOOA—Hah, he has ; an o've wunder'd menny a toine wot it cud be abaht : cum, Jack, here's a cheerful foir, an a cleean arston ; let's have it.

JACK—Wa, it's a curious consarn, o'l ashooar ya ; an nivver wer made public befooar ; but o've get'nt chap's leave to tell all abaht it ; an as me poip's just aht, yo'st have it, tot best a mo recollection. Accoordin tot best o mo memora, it's nah aboon fifteen year sin this singular event took place. O shall ne'er forget it whoil o live, nor ahr oud lass waint no'ther. It wer won dark dismal dreary neet when a stranger made his appearance at ahr hahce, it mooast distresst an helpless condition possible ; he wer barefooted an withaht hat ; an o wud'nt a gen him a fardin for allt clooas he had on his back ; he'd had nowt to heit for menny a day, an he wor sooa wake at he rala cud'nt stan. O sartanla wer varra much

affected me sen ; but as for ahr dame, moi stars ! o thowt it wer all up we her ; it made her sa badla at they wer fooast to put her to bed, an shoo did'nt get better for aboon a week ; shoos varra tender-hearted, yo seen, an shoo'd a gud deecal a feeling uppa this occasion ! an for all this chap ad been't causea all this stur, an had made ahr dame so ill, o cud'nt help but pity him, pooar fellow, he seem'd so innocent and helpless ; o seed at a stare he wornt a impostor, an o seed anole at if he wornt relieved directla, at he'd soon be deead. Even mo woif, when shoo'd get'n o'ert fret, cud'nt help but freely forgive him all't injury he'd dun her, an wer quoite as willin at pooar crater shud be tain care on, as o wor ; an sooa we took't poor fellor in, an furnisht him we ivvera thing at wer loikla to mak him cumfortable. O'l uphoud ya, he wer in a poor dirta condition ; an sooa they wesht him, an get him sum clooas on, an offer'd him summat to heit ; but hah grievous ! he'd been so long withaht owt, an his nater wer so wake at he cud no'ther heit beef nor puddin ; if he'd a hetten a quarter of a pahnd a o'ther mutton or beef, o believe it ad a kill'd him ; an sooa yo knone they geed him a bit at a toime an offen a wot they thowt ad be easy to disgest. Well, there wer rucks at naburs cum in to look at him, yo're shure, an varra much they pittid him ; but ther pity nivver get aht a ther mahth into ther pockets. " Poor crater !" said won, an " Wot ivver's to be dun we him ? " said anuther ; but nivver a won on em browt him, nou not so much as a oud hat, or a oud pair a stockins, or a oud shirt, nor a single fardin ; an for all they kno'd at them wot gives tot

pooar lends to the Lord, they'd non on em nowt to put aht : an here's a varra menna at same stamp yit. Well, they wod'nt tak him intot warkas, an as for sendin him away we a pass, it wer aht at queshton : an yo may happen think he's a Hoirish-man becos ther wornt na parrishes where he cums throo ; but he is'nt, nor a Scotchman no'ther. O avver, booath me an ahr dame wer determined we'd tak care on him : wa then, after a whoil, when things wer a bit sattled, ant poor fellah had getn warm'd, an his nater a bit strengthen'd we summat to heit, sum at naburs begun a token to him, as menny a won's dun sin ; an among other things they ax't him where he came throo, an wot he came there for, an if he wornt ashamed on his sen for disturbin fooaks at that toime at neet, an wot countryman he wor, an wot wer his name, an a whooal heeap moor at o've forgetn ; an strange to tell ! they cud'nt get a single word aht on him, at ad ge onna satisfaction. Wa, then they call'd him rascal, villan, rooag, an thretten'd to flog him ; but it all made varra little impression on him ; for he nobbut laft at em ; he didn't seem as if he cared a rush for onna on em. But there sartanla wor summat varra queer abaht him : sumtoimes he wer varra gud-nater'd ; yo mut a dun or said owt to him : an at other toimes, for all he ommast ow'd his loife to us, he wer ill-temper'd past livvin we : an as to his religion, nobboda cud get that aht on him, an o believe me sen it wer hard to tell wot he wor : he wornt a Methodist ; for he'd nivver heeard tell a Wesley befooar : he wornt a Papist ; for he paid nooa respect tot Pope's supremacy : sum ma



think at he wor a Independent, but he wornt ; he did'nt loike infant sprinklin ; an he wor nooa Baptist, for he detested duckin war still. He paid mooar regard to birth privileges nor owt else, and seemed to derive mooar cumfort aht on em nor owt besaide. Wa then, as to his person, there wer summat rather singular abaht him : when he wer wesht an clooath'd an refresht a bit, he seem'd to have a varra pratta calintenance ; he'd blue eyes, leetish culler'd hair, as though he wer young ; but then he had no foreteeth, as if he wer oud ; o avver, his havvin no teeth did'nt alter his speech a bit ; an he wer as fluent, an as much an orator, as won can imagine a person loik him to be. He nivver spake, but wit strictest propriety ; he mut a been spokken too o'ther e French or Lattin, an he'd a answer'd e o'ther on em as weel as in his muther tung. He wer varra much loik a traveller, us't to all sooarts a cumpana ; an nivver seem'd to be a bit bashful. He wer summat odd in his diet ; he did'nt much matter meit, an though he wornt a tee-totaler, he'd nivver tasted ale e all his loife, an did'nt much matter it nah ; but moi stars ! he cud twist sum milk into him ; we wer awlis fooast to let him have his meals to his sen. O avver, we'n ivvera reeason to believe at he's cum'd offen a varra dacent fammala : an onnabodda wot wants to see him may cum to ahr hahce, an they'st be satisfoid.

JOOA—Thah maks me stare, Jack ; does thah mean to say at yo'n kept him ivver sin ?

JACK—O doo, mo lad ; an o'm as fond on him nah as if he wer me own.

JOOA—Webbut, consarn it, it's quear ; o cahnt



get into it, reitla : hah oud wor he when he furst cum ? is he gerrin oud ?

JACK—He's not thurta nah, an sooa he cud'nt be varra oud.

JOOA—An dus'nt ta kno whear he cum throo ?

JACK—Whoy, h'es been call'd a Dutchman menny a toime, an sum's called him a Scotchman ; but o'l ashure thee, quear as it ma seem, he's nivver wonce told me whear he cum throo yit.

JOOA—O shud ne'er a tain him in, o'm shure, if it had been me.

JACK—Abbut dus'nt thah kno at remembrance of a good action's sweet ?

JOOA—Hah big is he ?

JACK—Hees not a big an ; o do'nt think he's aboon foive feet an a hofe.

BIL—Well, Jack, thah's set'n me fast ; thah's turn'd mo heead rahnd, o avver.

JOOA—O say, Bil, has thah that letter e the pocket wot Flummery sent thah dowter ?

BIL—Hah, o have ; an its nooa fooil on a letter nother : o've seen summat loik it afooar, but not hofe so long. But shoo fun it aht, thah knose, at he loikt rather to much ale ; an sooa shoo sent him a gagger back agean it same stoile ; but o'l read it ya. (*Bil reads.*)

DEAR LOVE,—It is with much humiliation and perspiration and meditation and consideration and irritation and meditation and veneration, that I give you this intimation of the horrible agitation of my whole sensation ; and though such representation may possibly meet your disapprobation,

yet it is my determination without further procrastination to make an early application for your delightful association, which to me would be the most unspeakable gratification. The estimation in which I hold your qualification, is my only justification for this obsecration. Believe me, Mary, there is neither dissimulation, adulation, fabrication, equivocation, falsification, machination, affectation, precipitation, prevarication, nor sophistication in my communication. The contemplation of your immaculation fills my whole soul with exultation; and your acceptance of my invitation will be an immediate extrication of my captivation; and the delectation flowing from your capitulation will be a combination of consolation, exhilaration, alleviation, annexation, and assimilation; but an abnegation would be productive of consternation and lachrymation; and emaciation would be the fearful consequence of your alienation from my advocacy. Dear love, such an indication of your disinclination to change your situation for my habitation, will be an obliteration of my meditation and an accumulation of lamentation without cessation. Nay, excusation, even in moderation, would be worse than assassination. But shall I not hope that ere long deosculation with deliberation may be the attestation of our celebration? Such a manifestation of your inclination would fill my imagination with irradiation. My supplications and ejaculations are without calculation; and I trust that your declaration with discrimination will be a corroboration of my expectation; and then, oh what sweet interrogation, without the least

derogation to our mutual edification ! That this solicitation may be a stimulation to our [approximation, then my anticipation will be lost in the realization of your consociation.

Yours most affectionately in admiration.

JOHN WILLIAM THOMAS FLUMMERY.

JOOA—Wa, he's a rattler, o avver ; he's ransact Dictionary for all them, o'm quoit shure. But wot a foine oily tung he has, has'nt he ?—enuff to desave oud mucklehorn de'il his sen. O'l be bun for it, he wer hofe drunk when he writ it. Cum, then, let's hear what shoos sed to him ; o hooap shoos gen it him reit. He has na names hardla, has he ? Wot a swell ! John William Thomas Flummery—moi stars ! wot a lot a munnery !

BIL—Cum, then, o'l just read ya' her reply, an o think it's a varra gud an ; it's just sitch a won as he owt to have :

SIR, — I received your annunciation, and I think there needs but little penetration to discover the fermentation of your cogitation, and the exaggeration of your observation. Possibly I may be the causation of your vexation ; for your explication has no temptation for me to become your relation, and I have no commiseration for your pretended deploration. My negation of your protestation is the consequence of the multiplication of your potations, which are no commendation of your prostration, but rather a deterioration of your affirmation. Your pretended adoration will be no acceleration to our amalgamation ; and believe me,

I can only give you an adumbration of the detestation I feel for the creature who, worse than the brute, is guilty of intoxication. Sir, it is that cursed crime which is the cause of so much degeneration, accusation, altercation, calumny, contamination, debilitation, defamation, deprivation, invocation, laceration, domination, disputation, desolation, violation, desecration, crimination, depredation, molestation, provocation, and every species of abomination. With such a classification of imputation, I make no hesitation in the administration of this flagellation; and I can assure you that no argumentation shall ever induce me to take your appellation; therefore your farther application will only merit my declamation; so your speculation will have a speedy termination, without any compensation: and you have now a demonstration of my execration of inebriation; so that without a mighty reformation, and a good share of sanctification, you may save yourself the trouble of another oration.

Yours respectfully,

CASTIGATION.

JACK—Shoo's gen it the little drunken scamp just reit. Hello, here's Jem's gronmuther we his drinkin; let's ax t'oud lass if shoo wer at chapel t'last neet.

JOOA—Nah, dame, hah ahr ya?

DAME—A, mo lad, o'm nobbut poorly; but o cahnt expect to be varra weel at mo age; yo seen o'm turn'd seventy-won, an o've had a varra deal a trubble e me loif, an a gret fammala, yo seen; but o've reeason tubbe thankful at o'm na war.

JOOA—Wor ya at chappel t'last neet, dame ?

DAME—Hah, mo lad ; o shall gooa to't chappel whoil ivver o can crawl aht ; mo religion's all't cumfort o have e this world, mo lad.

JOOA—Wa, an hah did ya loikt parson ?

DAME—O loikt him uncommon weel, o'l up-houd thee.

JOOA—Cud ya understand all he sed ?

DAME—Hah, mo lad, varra weel.

JOOA—Dun ya remember him makkin use at word metaphizzics ?

DAME—O doo, mo lad, varra weel ; it's a blessed word, that !

JOOA—Then yo knone wot it means, o reckon ?

DAME—A, bless the, mo lad, tubbe shure o doo ; it means at Jesus Christ's booath meit an phizzick.

JACK—Well dun, Dame ! that'st best definition at ivver o heeard e all mo loif.

BIL—O say, Jack, o've a proime plate for the ; thear wer foive or six on em drest ther sens pratta smart, an went an axt a landlord if they cud have a proivate room for a day, as they'd a small parta. " O yis," says he, " we've a beautiful room up stairs, an we'st be glad to sarve ya we onna thing at t' hahce affoords." Sooa they get ther dinners an tay, an a lot a drink ; an when they thowt they'd had enuff, they call'd t' landlord up, an tell'd him to bring em a bill ; sooa he varra sooin did that, an for heitin an drinkin they'd £1. 1s. 6d. to pay. Sooa they said won to anuther, " It's varra little." " It is," says anuther, " o'l pay it." " Nay, thah shahnt, o will," said a third, an slapt his hand in

his pocket ; whoile a fourt, in as big a hurry, says, “ Nou, nou, o’l pay it me sen.” An’t land-lord lafft heartily ; they’r reit ans, these, says he to his sen, they’n plenty a brass. “ Cum, cum,” says a fifth, just for a lark, o’l tell ya hah it shall be ; t’landlord shall be blufted, an’t first he catches shall pay all. Sooa they all agreed, an whoile won chap wer bluftin him, tuthers pull’d off ther shoos, an set off dahn stairs, an aht at hahce they soil’d, an’t last chap follow’d em. Sooa t’ landlord’s son seein em run aht a that way, went up stairs to see wot wer’t matter, an he’d no sooner get’n intot room, but his fath’er ligs fast hound on him,—“ Yo pay, yo pay, yo pay,” says he. Beledda, t’ son thowt he’d been crazed ; but when he unblufted him, an he seed his customers had cut an diddled him, O moi stars ! hah he rompt an stamp’t an rooard loike a tahn bull ! yo’d a thowt he’d a cut’n his throat, he wer so mad.

JACK—It’s a good an ; temperance chaps would enjoy ther sens ore that. But here, o’l tell the a tale, hah to meet sorrow. A woman went into a nabor’s hahce one day, an when shoo get in, t’ missis wer set in a chair it middle at hahce flooar, wit choild on her knee rooarin as if her varra heart ad braik. “ Bless me,” says’t wumman, “ wots ivver’t matter, Nansa ? Is’t choild badla ?” But shoo sed nowt, but huddled choild to her breast, an blest it little heart, an then shoo sobb’d ageean. “ Nansa, Nansa,” said’t wumman, “ wots ivver’t matter ? yore ommast heart brokken.” But shoo still took no nooatis, but prest little an still cloiser to her : “ Moi pratta crater,” says shoo.

“ Is it badla ? ” says’t wumman, “ or has it getn lamed ? O dear, O dear, wots’t matter ? ” “ A mo lass,” says shoo, “ o wer just thinkin if that sauce-pan full a boilin hot watter wer to tumble o’er an scald this choild to deeath, wot a thing it ad be, an all throo me wantin to wesh’t dishes up.”

BILLA—Wot, han yo heeard these lecters abaht wimmin, be wot dun they call her ?—wot’s her name, Jooa ? let’s see ; bless me, at o shud forget ! shoo cums throo Lunnun, o think : wot a memra o have ! they call her Miss—Miss—Miss—consarn it ! Miss wot is it ? there’s a parliment men at same name, o think ; Miss—Miss Coldwell, is it ? nou, that’s not it ; o have it at me tung end : Miss—Miss—Bill dus’nt thah remember it ? O, they call her, Miss—(*scrats his heead*) Miss—Miss—Mack summat, o think it is—

BIL—Macauley.

BILLA—Aye, aye, tubbe shure, lad ; Macauley, that’s it : abodda awlis maks mooar misses nor hits. Han ya heeard her ? o suppooas shoo’s grand.

JACK—Wa, if shoo can do’t wimmin onna good, bless her, let her cum ; but o shud loike to ax her a few quehstons abaht sum wimmin ;—1st, Whether it is’nt unmatterable for a young wumman to smook ? 2nd, Wot’s a man to do we his woife when shoo waint be missis ? 3rd, Wots he to doo we her when shoo will be’t mester ? 4th, Whether a wumman’s onna bisniss to toke aht on her kale ? 5th, Wot’s best thing for a woman to wesh her mahth aht we, when shoos dun swarin ? 6th, Wot’s reeason at sum women’s tungs an consciences is booath a length ? 7th, Whether it is’nt abominable to see a woman



come woipin her mahth aht an a gin-shop? 8th, Which ist biggist plague to a man, a scoudin woif, a dirty woif, or a gossapin woif; an whether ther's onna cure fort first withaht lockin her jaws, fort second withaht a pump, an fort third withaht amputation. Nah, if shoo can ge us onna advice abaht these things, we'l groind her sithers for nowt. Ello here's ahr mester.

MASTER—Has onna on ya been to hear't Spring street Philosophers yit? O understand at they'n fun it aht at the devil is'nt a loiar.

BIL—Wa then, if that's true, o'm quoitshure the devil's best fellow it lot; but o think between the devil an them there's nooa choice, for they're all loiars on a lump.

MASTER—I wonder what they would make of subjects like the following: 1st, Whether infidels do'nt hate the Bible for the purity of its contents, more than because they believe it not true? 2nd, What is the reason that infidels love women and wine more than divinity? 3rd, Whether an atheist who ruins a female by seduction ought not to be hanged; and if so, how many are there in Sheffield that would swing? 4th, Whether it would not be advisable for all the adulterous atheists of both sexes to form a colony, and live in common, like dogs? 5th, Whether any other infidel in Sheffield can knock his kept Mistress's eyes up so philosophically as old ——— did a few weeks ago? name to be mentioned when discussed. 6th, Whether it is not reasonable to suppose, that if an atheist lives like a brute, he will die like one?

BIL—Well dun, mester; they're clois grain'd ans.



# THE SHEFFIELD DIALECT.

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## MISCELLANEOUS CONVERSATIONS

“UPPA AHR HULL ARSTON.”

NO. III.

(From the “Annual” for 1838.)

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### MATRIMONIAL DISCUSSION.

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Fair woman was made to BEWITCH !  
A pleasure, a pain ; a disturber, a nurse ;  
A slave, or a tyrant ; a blessing, or curse ;—  
Fair woman was made to be—WHICH ?

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BIL HEFTPOIP—Wot, o say Jonna, thah’t it Bachelor’s row yit, o reckon, arnt ta ?

JONNA—Sloik o am ; did ta think o’d lost me brains, an ad getn marrid ?

BIL—Whoy thah sees, thear’s a menna quear things happens e these gret tahns. But o say, Jonna, wor ta niver tutcht we luv ?

JONNA—Hah dusta meean ?

BIL—Whoy o meean, did ta niver see a beautiful lassie, ast Scotch chaps says, “whose bright wild innocence, when her soft sweet lips were curled into

a smile," made thee feel as if thah cud'nt tell hah ta felt?

JONNA—Wa, o believe o wonce felt rather queer abaht one; but when o thowt uppatt after claps, it went off.

BIL—Wot, thah wer afread thah cud'nt keep her, wor ta?

JONNA—Thah sees, mun, o begun a thinkin abaht restless neets, liggins in, an liggins aht, doctor's bills as long as me arm, shoos an clooas an meit for hofe a duz'n childer, besoid a gud deeal a trubble wit yung ans, an ten toimes mooar wit oud ans. Moi stars an garters! sitch loike thowts as these freeten'd luv aht on me we a rattle, an o've near been trubbeld we it sin. O mun, o lodged we sum fooaks at that toime, wot ad hofe a duz'n on em; an o worfooast to leeav em, they kickt up sitch rows, especially in a monin; an o dooant loik to be disturb'd, thah kno's.

BIL—Thah't a coward, Jonna; but if thah wer marrid, thah wud'nt need to be thrustin't warmin pan e the bed ivvera neet; thah wud'nt need to be lappin hot bricks e flannel, to keep the feet warm. Ger a woif, mun, an then thah'l have a warmin-pan authorized booath be heaven an earth.

JONNA—A, wot a tail ahr cat's get'n! Billa, mo lad, thah says nowt abaht gerrin aht a bed in a coud dark frosty neet, we a weet shirt, to gooa dahn't stairs, to fetch't Godfrey bottle up;—thah says nowt abaht sittin up e bed it middle at neet for two or three hahwers, nuddlin't choild e the arms to cure it at belly-ake, an then gerrin aht a bed agean, slippin the britches on, an gooin dahn't

stairs to blo't foir up, to mak a sup a gin punch for the poor little squeealer; an then thah taks him an rocks him uppatt chamber flooar, an wakkens the next door nabur. O, it's vast noist for a fella to be singin, "Rock-a-boo-babby, lig still we the daddy," at two o'clock it monin, when he owt to be snoorin asleep. An besoide, all that is'nt t'warst;—just nobbut think a gerrin aht an a warm bed, when't wind's bloin a reggilar hurrikin, an't snow driftin enuff booath to bloind an berry abodda, to run whoil yer ommast brussen to fetch't doctor (as o've heeard em say t'next day,) an after a good deeal a rattlin at door, an ringin at neet-bell, t' doctor puts his heead aht at winder—"What do you want," says he. O want yo to a labor. "To a labor," croies't doctor, "why, I have not been in bed more than half an hour. Where do you live?—what's the name? Very well, I'll be with you by-and-by." An then't poor fella wokes abaht, stamps his feet, rattles his hands agean his soides, enuff to send his ribs in,—just to save him throo bein starved to deeath. O say, this is savvora, is'nt it?—Cumforts a matrimonna, eh?

BIL—A, oud chap, thah's a frosta soul! Thah must a been bred on a hoiceberg, born in a snow-drift, an suckeld we ickles? Thee ivver toucht we luv! Nou, lad, Cupid's shafts nivver went skin-deep inta thah coud composition, not they, marra. But o say, thah owt to be't last to say owt abaht gerrin up it neet. Hah menny toimes has thah fun thesen hofe starved to deeath when thah's wakken'd wit clooas kickt offa the? A varra noist seet to see a fella bloin a foir up it middle at neet, becos

he cud'nt get na heat into his hoicy carcass e bed ! An thah't trubbled wit neet mare, thah says. Good stars ! wot a pickle, for a chap tubbe e bed be his sen, strugglin under all't horrifoin sensations at neet mare ! Sumtoimes thah sees a gret ruff fella cum intot chamber we a dagger in his hand to murder the ; thah troies to shaht we all the moit an main, Murder ! but toud mare has the fast ; shoos lockt the jaws up ; an thah mak'st disinalist grumble, summat loik't rumblin of a earthquake, or summat mooar horrible still. Thah trois to get up an run tot winda ; but an enormous weight presses thee dahn. Thah sees this ruffin at the bedsoid ; thah sees him lift his murderous arm ; he stroiks ; an then the struggle is too much for natur itsen. Thah feels at the soids fort dagger ; but lackily for thee, it went slap up tot hilt intot neet mare, an shoo tumbled offa the, an left thee just aloive, an that's all. Wa then, thah'rt sumtoimes in a field, an a mad bull after thee ; an ivvera toime thah troies to run, the feet slips throo under thee, an thah cahnt forthe varra soul stur offat spot, tillt bull gets his horns in the rump, an wit mooast tremendous roar at ivver wer bellow'd, sends the whizzin intot air ; an just when thaht thinkin a cummin dahn agean, thah wakkens, in a muck sweeat thankful to foind the sen e bed. O avver, o shahnt wunder ift oud mare dus'nt crush thee to deeath sum neet, if thah dus'nt ger a woif to knock her offen thee. But after all this, dus'nt thah kno at this world's made up a contraries ; an at whether a chap be single or dubble, he's shure to meet we a gud decal a trouble.

JONNA—Wa, o kno o labur under a disadvantage we sleepin be me sen; but o think o'st get Tomma Safesoides to sleep we ma.

BIL—O shockin! shockin! shockin!!—war an war! Wot, two bachelors e won bed! Unnatterable! monstrous! Whooa can think a sitch a thing withaht shivverin; limbs tremblin; teeth chatterin; two poor fellas frozen to deeath e bed! There's nowt else for it.

JONNA—Abbut, mun, o've t' odds on thee in a good menny things, for all the noise. Thah moinds it's easier to fill one mahth e toine a bad trade, nor hofea duz'n. O've nooa childer to heart-braik me we rooarin for bred, when o've non to gee em. Mo faminala's all under me hat, thah kno's, an o've nobbada to grumble at me when o've a bad week; an o can goo aht when o loike, an goo in when o loike, an o've nivver a mooamin cooach cums to fetch me throo't alehass; an o can have wot ivver o loike, o'ther to heit, drink, or ware; an o can gooa to bed when o loik, an o can get up when o loik, (all but when o've t' neet mare,) becos o've nobbada to hinder me.

BIL—Thah can gooa hooam when ta loiks, thah says; and prethe wot cumfort hesta when thah gets there? Thah's a sulky oud hahcekeeper, wot just looks as pleasant as a mutticolfe's daddda; an oud crabb'd, cross grained cratch of an oud maid as ivver werripped t' skin offen her booans, welcums the hooam we a look enuff to freeze one's varra vitals. Off to bed shoo goocas, an leaves thee to cumfort the sen we a pot full o cowl porridge wot's been made sum three or four hahwers. But just

look at a cupple at o can tell the on, if ta wants a sample a wot they call connubial happiness. He gooas hooam at neet, gets him wesht, sits him dahn in his two arm'd chair a won soide at table, an his woife at tuther; shoo reiches him't bacca an't poip, an draws him a glass at Norfolk brewery best; here's a cleean arston, an a cheerful foir; he looks in her face, "and the glance of her eyes seems as mild as a summer morning breaking on the earth, when the first rays of the sun shoot like streaks of gold across the sea; and her smiles shed an angel influence over him, while the sweet outpourings of her mind, flow forth like a river, and her wit plays like the ripple which the gentle breeze makes to sport upon its bosom. While her countenance beams smiles on his, and her curling lips whisper the softest music, they sit and look into each other's eyes as if their Creator had given nothing else worth looking at on this side of heaven. Upon such a happy pair, age will descend imperceptibly, as the calm twilight of a lovely evening, when the stars steal out, and the sunbeams die away, as a holy stillness glides through the air, like the soft breathings of an angel unfolding from his celestial wings the silken curtains of a summer night."

Call Woman angel, goddess, what you will,  
With all that fancy breathes at passion's call,  
With all that rapture fondly raves, and still  
That one word, wife, outvies, contains them all.

It is a word of music, which can fill  
The soul with melody, when sorrows fall  
Round us like darkness; and her heart alone  
Is all that fate has left to call our own.

JONNA—Save us ! thah must be inspired, or else thah's been amang't Tales at Booarders. Bur o avver, thah's made me feel rather funny. Bur o say, is ther a good menny woives o that sooat ? Becos o've heeard tell a drunken woives, an nastia dirty woives, an scoudin woives, an gossapin woives, an dishonest woives, an woives wots been croid dahn bit bellman, an woives wot can moind ivvera bodda's bisniss but ther awn ; hah is it, thinks ta, at a bodda dus'nt heear tell a mooar gud ans ?

BIL—Whoy o'l tell thee wot o think abaht it : there's a varra menny nah days wots made into woives e ther veeal booans, an they continnie to be co'ves allt days a ther loives ; an there's thahsands wots made bad woives bit bad conduct o ther husbands. What bisness has a chap at alehass ivvera neet it week, when he's a woife wot ad be glad on his cumpanna at hooam ? Its a soign he loiks his point better nor his woif. If he wants a sup a ale, whoy dus'nt he have it at hooam, an let his woif enjoy booath it an him ? Wot did he tak her for ? But e steead a this, he stays aht late, gets drunk, neglects his wark, abuses her he pertended to loik,—then there's black eyes an brokken booans, povverta an rags cums in, an luv floies aht for ivver. O'st say't same as o've sed befooar,—ivvera mar-rid man owt to luv his awn arston next best to his woif, an his woif best of all ; an if he dus'nt, depend on't there's nooa real happiness there.

JONNA—Marra lad, o think all that sahnds to sense.

BIL—O say this,—if a man has a luvvin affec-

tionate woife, an can addle as much munna as al keep him an his famala dacent an cumfortable, o say that chap's just't happiest man uppa this circum globum.

JONNA—O believe he is, oud lad ; an o wish o'd one on em just nah. Wot dusta think abaht it, Jack ? for thah says nowt.

JACK—Nou, mun, o've get'n tooth ake o'er bad.

JOOA—Thah has ? wa, o've just heeard on a cure for it ; an if thah'l doo it, o'l forfeit mo heead if ivver thah'st tooth-ake onna mooar.

JACK—Do it ? o'l do owt to be shut o'nt.

JOOA—Wa then it furst place, thah mun cork the throit up, an fill the mahth full at best creeam at ta can ger oud on ; an then nock the heead agean a wall till its all churn'd to butter ; an o'l warrand that all killt nerve.

JACK—Dusta meean till me heead's churn'd to butter, or t' creeam ?

JOOA—Whoy, thah ma have the choice ; becos o'ther al doo.

BIL—Soloman sed thear wer nowt new undert sun ; but hark ya. O went tot doctor yisterda for sum physic for ahr oud lass ; an whoil o wer waitin in cums a wumman we a choild in her arms. “ If yo pleease, sur,” says shoo, “ o've browt this choild to see if ya can do it onna good.” “ What's the matter with it, my good woman ?” sayst doctor. “ Whoy, sur,” says shoo, “ it's get'nt pain it box varra bad.” “ Pain it box, my good woman—pain it box ! What do you mean by the pain in the box ?—I never heard tell of the pain in the box



before. Can you tell me where its box is ?" sayst doctor. "Whoy, sur," says shoo, clappin her hand uppatt choild's brest, "its just sumwhere abaht here o think." "Aye, aye," sayst doctor, "you mean its chest, don't you ?" "O dear yis sur, o'd forgotten ; o thowt it ad been't box."

JACK—Wot wear bahn to have a national system of eddication, ar'nt we ?

BIL—O reckon sooa ; dusta kno wot they're bahn to larn em ?

JACK—Larn em ! whoy they'l larn em joggraffa, an jommatra, an stronnoma, an mathematticks, an a mett-a-fizzicks, an akkosticks, an akkrosticks, an cattoptricks, an dioptricks, an i-ro-glifficks, an jimmasticks, an heethicks, an i-drollicks, an new-matticks, an statticks, an opticks, an rettricks, an lodgicks, and all other icks.

JOOA—Then it al be all up wit oud wumman schools, o reckon ; for o expect childer al begin to larn lodgic befooar they'n dun suckin, went nash-onal system begins a commencin.

BIL—O'l sho the a sample of a oud lass larnin a choild to spell Corner. An sooa thah mun just picter to the sen a oud stingy-lookin crater, we a pair a specks on her nooas, an a stump on a rod in her hand.

MISSIS—(*points to a letter*) Wot's that ?

CHOILD—O dooant kno.

MISSIS—C for Charley. Goose, dus'nt ta see ? Wot'st next ?

CHOILD—Rahnd O.

MISSIS—Thah's guest it : wot'st next ?

CHOILD—R for Richard.

MISSIS—Ger on we the : wot'st tuther ?

CHOILD—Dubbleyoo.

MISSIS—Vonk we the, its no mooar loike a dubbleyoo nor a cat's loike a magpoy. It's N, thah slut. Wot's them two, eh, maddam ?

CHOILD—(*We it finger in it eye*) O dooant kno.

MISSIS—E fo elber an R for Bob, thah fiat ; thah'l ne'er larn nowt whoil ta lives. Nah then, wot dun they all spell ? O say, C-O-R-N-E-R, wot duz it spell ?

CHOILD—(*Ommast heart brokken*) O dooant kno.

MISSIS—(*In a passion shouts*) Nooik, thah nuvvis.

JOOA—Toud lass had a new plate to spell boi. But hark the ; if thah'd a heeard wot o heeard yisterda, thah'd a crackt the soides we laffin. There happen'd to be a gret crahd a fooaks abaht a alehass dooar ; sooa o axt oud schooilmissis wot wer't matter ; an shoo turn'd up her tuther pair a hoies—"A, bless ya," says shoo, "it's a woeful job ! it'st crunner wot's houdin a conquest o'er a man wot they'n fun deead."

JACK—Better still ; that's a bita good—Ello, here's Jooa Guzzle cummin. Bil, ax him hah long it is sin they burk'd him e Scottledon.

BIL—O say Jooa, is it true at thah'd loiken'd ta been burk'd when thah wer e Edinburro ?

JOOA—Hah, beledda is it, lad ! bur o'l tell the hah it wor. Thahsees, t' mester's son wot o work'd for get marrid ; an he geed allt men an ther woives a reggilar good doo. Well, we get a

proime dinner, an then we begun a drinkin whiskey toddy, an befooar dark sun on us begun to see dubble, an soon after we cud'nt see at all; an o think it wer ommast Chrissmas. O went aht, thinkin o'd fetch a cumrade a moine, wot wer a furst-rate singer; but o had'nt gon far befooar't air an't wiskey laid me quoit enuff it middle on a square; an hah long o laid there o cahnt tell; but o avver, o wornt there wen o wakken'd, that's a shure thing; becos o fun mesen in a seck, we a plaister all o'er one soid a me face. Its clear enuff they ment to stop me breeath; but e ther hurry they'd left one corner a me mahth uncuvver'd; an there o wor, throne in a corner in a proivate dissectin room, we not a rag a me back but me shirt. When o fun o'd a plaister on me face, o made me sen shure o'd been burk'd; but wot surpraised me t' mooast, o heeard em fiddlin an doncin it next room; an then o thowt at hah me shop-mates ad been puttin't jooak on me; nay, o thowt a hunderd things at once ommast. O avver, o begun to feel whear o wor (for o cud'nt see), an o had'nt grooapt long befooar o laid houd on a chap's nooas, as coud as hoice; an o fun he wer as naked as ivver he wer born. There, says o, thah'l be starved to deeath; an o rowld him, an shakt him, bur he wud'nt spaik; an sooa o went grooapin on, thinkin to foind a dooar, yo kno, an o fun one, an they wer singin and dons in still; but this dooar wer fast enuff, an o'd nooa daht but this wer't dooar at o'd been browt in at. Nah, then, wot mun e doo, says o; o cud'nt raitch t'winder, an it wer so dark o cud hardla tell ther wor one. Nah it

happen'd at there wer a proivate dooar wot went intot room where't dons in wor; an o happen'd varra luckila to foind it; an as luck ad have it, it had been left unbolted. They'd gen ore fiddlin nah, an o fancid they wer gerrin ther supper. Wa, thinks o, o'l bolt reit slap in at wonce, an risk all consequences; an sooa in o went, but moi stars! booath them an me wer all scar'd aht an us wits, There wer abaht eight or ten foine ladies, wot had been payin a visit tot doctor's woife;—but O wot a seet! table wer kickt ore in a jiffa, an't glasses, an't plates, an't tarts, wer sent e all directions. Sum fainted away, one fell in a fit, another fell dahn it dooar steead, an two mooar fell at top on her, e ther hurry to ger aht at gate; an sooa o jumpt o'er em all three, an ger aht as soon as o cud foind t'way. O avver, o borrow'd summada's whoite shawl, an lapt me sen e that, for o thowt for sartin o shud be starved to deeach; an it rain'd an blew, an it wer as dark as deaath. O avver, o just turn'd me heead to look whear o'd been, an a lamp tell'd me o'd been in a dissectin room, an o shakt wit thowts at o'd just mist bein cut up. But o wornt to stan still e that pickle, an o heead a gret noise at tuther soid at street, as if summada wer fallin aht; soo o just went an lissen'd, an o soon fun it aht at they'd been berrin summada that day wot ad deed withaht a will; an they wer ommast at feitin which shud hav't mooast brass. Sooa o knockt at dooar, an two or three on em cum to oppen it; but afooar o cud spaik, they ran screeamin, "Here's me uncle in his grave-cloos;" but tuther thowt at they wer hooaxin em, sooa they cum, an o wer just

steppin in. "Oh!" says one, thah ma takt munna for me;" but they wer all aht at back dooar in a cupple a hofe shaks, an o'd t'hahce to me sen. Well, thinks o, it al not do to stop here, for if t'watchmen shud catch me, they'l tak me for a thief. Sooa o drank a tumbler a pooart woine, wot wer stannin uppat table, an off o set, an as sooin as o'd get'n aht at dooar, o heeard a watch croin't neet: thinks o, o'l ax him whear o am; an bein withaht stockins an shoos, o ger up to him befooar he seed me, an o tapt him o'ert shoulder; says o, "Wot part"—bur he turn'd his heead, an afooar o cud ger another word aht, he jumpt a yard hoigh—"Murder!" says he, an his rattle fell aht an his hand, an he did'nt stop to pick it up no'ther. Sooa o foller'd him, an o shahted, "Stop, coward;" bur he wanted none a mo cumpana, an o'er a wall he went, an me after him, an o jumpt bang uppen a drunken fella on a different kidney just then throo't watchman—"Ello, ghosta," says he, "thah't a rare weight, but thah mo'nt cum that ageean." Hah, lad, thinks o, it's much if thah ar'nt plaister'd an in a seck befooar long. O avver, o lost t'watchman, an o'd nooa toime to spare to toke tot tuther chap, for o wanted to be at hooam, an o wer rare an pleeased to see a church wot tell'd me whear o wor. Nah, yo mun understand, at t'hahce where we'd had us doo at, wer reitat tuther soide at church yard; soo o jumpt o'ert rails to cross it for't gainest. O avver, we it rainin so terrible fast, o just slipt intot church pooarch to shelter a bit, an get me woind; bur o had'nt stood a minnit afooar o heeard summada tokin a back at dooar it church, an one says tot tuther, "I

say, Jem, we made quick return of that drunken booby to-night." "Yes," says't tuther, "I think we had him stript, plastered, sacked, and in the dissecting-room in twenty minutes: but it's doing business, three in one neet, and I'll warrant it they're all three in Glasgow in less than twenty hours." Gud hevvens, says o tumme sen, here's me murderers! an me blud boil'd e me vanes;—o'l troi wot yer made on; o'm sober nah. 'Sooa o brissled up me mettle, an just nah't door oppen'd, an aht cums won we a body in a bag on his shoulder, an o stud loik a statty, an in a low hollow tone o says, Cannot the dead rest, an dahn he fell as if he'd been shot, an't body at top on him; but as fort tuther fellow, he cut back intot church, an whether he wer scared aht on his wits or not, o cahnt tell; o avver o ne'er seed him. Nah, says o, o'l just sarve yo aht: sooa o stript him, an put his clooas on mesen, an o slutter'dt body aht at seck, an poppt him in, threw him o'er me shoolder and took him where he took me. Sooa o call'd this human carcass dealer up, an told him o'd browt a subject. Is he dead or alive, says he: because I have had one run away to night. (*O kno that, says o tumme sen, but*) whether he's deead or aloive o cahnt tell; o've browt him aht at church yard, o can tell that, an if yo do'nt loik him yo may tak him back agean. Sooa o cum an left him, an whether he liv'd, or whether he deed, o nivver knew, nor nivver cared.

BIL—Thah sarved him just reit; biter get bit'n. But gooa on we the tale.

JOOA—Wa, just when o wer cummin aht at doc-

ter's, o seed a lot a fooaks stannin abaht dooar wear o'd beent ghost; sooa o just stept o'er. Wotst matter, gud fooaks, says o. Whoy, says won chap, they'n been berrin an oud man, wots deed wethaht a will, an here's a lot on em wot wants to wrong sun childer aht a ther reits, an sooa 'toud man cums ageean, an they'n agreed at childer should hav it all; but they durs'nt cum intot hahce, an we're tentin it whoil mornin. Wa, that's just reit says o; an o poked my hands into me new breeches pockets fort furst toime, an walked off; but wot dun ya think? o slapt me hand ageean foive sovrins, an o sung O be joyful, an wer at hooam e nooa toime, an sed nowt to nobbada whoil mornin. An sooa yo seen, o get proice a me awn body, ant body anole.

JACK—O say Fred, thah's het'n all that tommy an ne'er sed grace.

FRED—Whoy they do'nt say grace to droi bred, do they, eh?

JACK—Hah, sloik they do, they owt to say grace to ivvera thing. O've heeard tell on a chap sayin grace to a bishop, afooar nah.

JOOA—Wot, wor he bahn to heit him?

JACK—Whoy't bishop thowt sooa.

JOOA—Hah wor it prethe?

JACK—Wa, thah sees, he wer cummin to confirm't lads an lasses it parish, an sooa t' parson sed to his man John,—John, we shall have the Archbishop here to-morrow, and remember when you are handing him out of his carriage, you must say Your Grace. Very well sir, says John. Sooa John practis't his grace all't neet, for freead he shud

mak a blunder. O avver't next day cums't bishop, an away John runs, oppens't carriage dooar, gets fast houd on his arm,—“For wot o'm bahn to receive, may o be truly thankful,” says he; ant bishop stared at him, an twitcht his arm away. “Why you are not going to eat me, I hope, are you, John?” an away intot parson's hahce be went an teld em John had been sayin his grace befooar meit, an a rare laff they had on it.



# THE SHEFFIELD DIALECT.

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## MISCELLANEOUS CONVERSATIONS

“UPPA AHR HULL ARSTON.”

NO. IV.

(From the “*Supplement to the Annual*” for 1838.)

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JACK—O say, Bil, we’re bahn to have a Lord Mare e Shevild, ar’nt we?

BIL—O reckon we’re bahn to have a mare we-thaht a lord. Thah kno’s, or else thah owt to kno, at there’s nobbut two lord mares, an won’s at York, an’t tuther at Lunnun.

JACK—An a set a aldermen anole, ar’nt we?

BIL—O gess we are.

JACK—An wot will they have to do?

JOOA—Heit turtle soop, an guzzle woine; an they’l be gret big fellas, we bellies loik hogsheeads, an heeads loik boilers, an mahths wot ad swaller a bottle a Sherra before thah cud say Jack Robinson.

JACK—An wot besaide?

JOOA—Whoy they’l mak thee an me pay for it, o reckon.

JACK—Webbut shahnt we be na better for havin em? they sen here is'nt tubbe nooa lord mare's feeast, an sitch loik, wethaht they payn for it ther sens.

JOOA—Better? hah, sloik we shall; if thah gets drunk, an flops a watchman's een up, an gets intot hoil o'er it, whoy, thah'l get troid next day, e steead a havvin to lig two or three neets undert clock.

JOOA GUZZLE—That's worth onna thing.

JACK—O then, its fort bennefit at drunkards, is it, at we're to pay two thahsand a year, eh? wa, o'm shure there's not a drunken thing it tahn but wot al be varra much obleeg'd to these gentlemen for it.

BIL—Wa, but ahr great larn'd men says at hah it al be a good thing fort tahn; at hah it al morraloise us, an bring abaht household suffrage, an vooat be ballot, an o kno'nt wot besoid.

JACK—Well, well, if it al doo us onna good, let's have a mare an a horse anole, nobbut tak good care at mare dus'nt turn aht to be a ass; for we'n been ass't enuff.

BIL—Thah maks me think abaht mare a Doncaster. He wer wonce roidin on a ass in a field at ahtsoid at tahn, an a chap wot belong'd field wer cummin past, an seed him; sooa when he ger intot tahn, he met a lad wot went bit name a Soft Jack. "Jack," says he, "there's a mare an a ass e m' field at tahn end yonder; if thah'l fetch em aht, an put em it pinfoud, o'l ge the sixpence. Sooa off Jack set, we a good thick cudgel in his hand, an intot field he went, an stared all rahnd, but cud'nt

see his gam ; till at last t' mare seed him starin abaht, an axt him wot he wer seekin. " Whoy, sur," says Jack, " Mr. Sharp's sent me to catch a mare an a ass, wot he said wer e this field, an he'd ge me sixpence : but o can see non on em," says he, varra sorrowfully, for fread he shud'nt get sixpence. " Whoy," says't mare, " thah flat, he meeans me ; here, Jack, here's sixpence for thee."

JACK—T' oud mare had a bit a generosity abaht her.

BIL—O say, Jooa, o wish thah'd gee us a soot an a runnin accahnt a thah travels after thah get the discharge e Spain.

JACK—That's just wot o shud loik to hear ; becos o've heeard sed at hah thah wer wonce tain up an put'n into a monastery, or t'inquisition, or summat a that soot.

JOOA GUZZLE—It ommast maks me blud run cowl to think out ; but o avver, o've nooa objection, as it al ge ya sum idea wot popery is e Spain. Get the poip let, Billa, an sturt foir up ; clap a lump a coil on, an ne'er heed t' properoia-tors. Wa then, o think when o get mo discharge, we wer at a place call'd Talavera : an when o'd rigg'd mesen aht we sum new clooas, o thowt o'd set off for merry England. O avver, as o'd travel'd a good deecal for summada's else's pleasure, o thowt o'd travel a bit for me awn nah ; an sooa off o set for Madrid, capital a Spain, to see wot wer gooin off there. Ahr fooaks wer varra weel off then, an they'd sent me plenty a brass, an a small parcel a other little matters be a woine marchant. After travellin a day or two o get to

a place wot they call, the Monastery of San Lorenzo, abaht twelve o'clock at noon, where they wer keepin't feeast at blessed Virgin, an t' procession wer just gooin rahnd. T'furst fellow it lot carried a image, apparently made a gold; two monks, won a won soid, an't tuther at tuther soide on him, carried a beautiful arch, hung we bunches a grapes; after these rode Don Francisco, the Inquisitor General, an then monks, friars, an nuns, withaht end. O observed at ivvera bodda wot met em went dahn a ther knees whoil't Virgin got past em: unluckily for me, o'd been havin sum wine wot made me feel rather merry; sooa o smoiled an walked on, withaht gooin dahn a me knees;—but oh, moi goodness! they sooin sober'd me; for foive or six fellows had houd on me in a minnit, an o expected they'd a throttled me there an then; an o fun me sen within t'walls at monastery e quick toime, where they blufted me, an led me throo a varra long passage, then up sum woindin stairs, into a gallara, as o thowt; an o thowt for sartin we shud near a dun gooin dahn steps, till at last o heeard a boult on a dooar creeak, an't dooar oppen, an in we went, an they fixt me feet in a sooart an a clasp, an ged me oud on a rooap. O axt em wot they wer bahn to do we me; but not a word throo cummin in to this minnit. They took me bluft off, an in a instant o disappeared; dahn o went, o shud think forta or fifty feet. O'd nooa sooner left houd at rooap, but up it went, an dahn went trap-dooar we a crash wot eckloed loik thunner throo one end at dungeon tot tuther. Nah o wisht me sen it ridgiment ageean, an when o begun to

think a me perilous situation, o wer cunpletely paraloized. O turn'd me hoies all rahnd, but not a spark a leet cud o see. All wer as dark as darkness at might be felt,—the air coud an chilly—the walls damp an sloimy—the flooar weet an filthy. O walkt abaht ommast frantic, an menny a toime o curst woine an popery booath together. Sumtoimes o shahted, bur o cud hear nowt but me awn dismal wail eckoin throo't vaulted roof of this Spanish hell. But o avver, after a whooal neet at mooast dreadful forebodins, o wer deloited at hearin't trap dooar oppen, an't rooap let dahn: o instantly fassen'd houd on it, an as soon o wer drawn up; but ommast afooar they'd landed me, they bluited me, tho' this place wer as dark as pitch; here they stript me, an left me nowt but me shirt an belt; an when they'd put'n me their prison dress on, they led me aht into a sooat on a chapel, wot wer alreddy filled we lookers on, cum'd to see wot punishment Virgin ad inflict on me fort insult wot o'd dun her. They fixt me on a varra hoigh seeat; fair it front on me sat Don Francisco, an a one soid sat friars, an at tuther soid monks. Just nah there cums up to me a oud grizly faced friar, to inform me at mo punishment would be decided bit blessed virgin. The Grand Inquisitor wer to put it tot Virgin, whether mo croime wornt tubbe punished wit rack; an if shoo assented shoo wer to nod her heead. All eyes wer in a minnit turn'd towards a foine image at Virgin. Don Francisco then made a long oration abaht sinnin agean't Queen of heaven; an when he'd finisht his farrago, he made his proposition to

her, an strange to tell, shoo wud'nt nod. O thowt they sempt in a pucker a sum hah; for Don Francisco shahted we all his moight, "Will the Queen of heaven nod?" A dead soilence then sempt to pervade ivvera person present, an three or four minnits pass'd in a suspense between life an death; but still the Queen of heaven wud'nt nod?" Wa, then, booath monks an friars croied aht, "Will the Queen of heaven nod?—an just at this minnit a fellow pull'd a curtain a one soide, an in a tremblin voice croied aht, "The string's brokken." O seed throo the craft in a minnit, an't guards took me back to me doleful dungeon, bluited as befooar. Well, thowt o, wot a piece a popish trickery is this to tak a man's loife away, an gull the people! Wa then, o woked abaht agean, an fun a step e one corner. Thinkin there happen mut be summat aboon, o ger onto it, an raicht me hands all rahnd as far as o cud, an o felt summat soft an greeasy, wot turn'd aht to be a torch fassen'd it wall. Nah, it sooa happen'd at o'd two or three a Jones's Etna matches, at o awlis carrid fassen'd to me belt; sooa says o, o'l leet it, let consequence be wot it may. O nipt me match, an let torch in a jiffa. Sooa nah o begun to look rahnd me, an abaht foive yards farther there wer another torch, an o let that; an then o seed there wer torches fassen'd it walls all rahnd, an sooa o let em all; an as Jonathan Martin said, when he set t'organ a foir e York Minster, o had a blessed blaze; an o wornt long befooar o fun it aht wot they wer fixt there for. Nah, then, o examin'd me lodgins: an oh! its enuff to mak abodda's flesh creep to think abaht

t' instruments a death kept in a inquisition;—iron cages, massy chains, gibbets, gullotoins, gridoions, cauldrons, slow foirs, rack wheels, pincers heated red hot, to nip the flesh of heretics. In one place wer a iron chair, fixt just befooar a furnace; in this chair the unhappy sufferer wor fassen'd, the crahn of his heead shaved, an coud watter droppin on it, whoile he wer ommast rooasted wit foir at same time. An when o begun to think which a these tortures would end mo miserable existence, me heart sicken'd, an o fell ommast senseless upp at grahnd. O avver, when o cum to me sen agean, o heeard trap-dooar oppen, an dahn cums a square booard, we a small chain at ivvera corner; on it wer a small flickerin lamp, a pitcher a watter, an summat at they call'd bread. O drankt watter greedily, but o cud heit non a ther bread, an sooa they drew it up agean, but trap-door didn't fall dahn as befooar, an o cud hear't guards token varra hard, but wot they said o cud'nt tell: but e abaht ten minnits a pair a iron dooars flew oppen at far end at cell, an in cums Don Francisco, be a subterraneous passage, we foive monks, all carryin wax candles e ther hands. O sat still, an waited on em cummin up, when the Inquisitor-general broke soilence,—“What means the blazin of these torches, sirrah?” “If yer Holiness al lend me yer hearin for a minnit, o'l acquaint ya we wot o kno abaht it (but thah kno's o cud toke foiner then). O'd been prayin tot blessed Virgin for four hahwers at shoo'd pardon me sin, an at last an appearance bright as't sun came an stood afooar me, an said, ‘Man, thou art forgiven, sin no more,’ an instantly shoo set all



these torches a blazin withaht onna foire, an then vanisht away." The Inquisitor then turn'd up his eyes, an said as near as o cud catch, " O Queen of heaven ! what thou loosest on earth, let no man bind." They then led me away throo this rooad wot went under grahnd, an took me into a beautiful chamber, browt me clooas, an then took me intot heitin hahce, an set befooar me ivvera thing at me heart cud wish for,—ged me me munna back, an a good deecal mooar to it, an teld me if o'd a moind to stop we em, o shud live loike a gentleman. Sooa o staid a whoil we em, an it went all o'ert country loike woild-foire ; for throo Catalonia to Cape Finisterre, it wer kno'n at the Virgin had made her appearance in the room of discipline at San Lorenzo, an had let up all the torches withaht foir. Don Francisco took care at torches ne'er went aht ; for the dupes sooin begun a cummin e drooaves a pilgrimagin, to pay their devotions an their contributions tot blessed Virgin ; an a varra foine thing Don Francisco made on it. O avver, o thowt after all his goodness tumme, it wer his intention nivver to let me leave em. Be that as it may, o took me opportunity won day, when they wer all performin hoigh mass, an set off for Lisbon, glad to get aht an his clutches.

BIL—A varra foine specimen at muther chetch, that is.

JOOA CROCUS—Abbut Popery's not same here, thah kno's.

JACK—Nou, an o don't think a bit better on't for all that. Popery's made loik a nooase a wax nah days, wot ma be made to suit onna face ; it's



made to suit onna cuntra.—Webbut hah went ta on at Lisbon ?

JOOA—Whoy, o think thear wer nowt worth tellin took place, till o'd getn a menny moils throo Vendas Novas, when o happen'd tubbe benighted, an lost me way. O wandered menny a moil, till at last o seed a leet at a distance ; sooa o made too it we all't haste o cud. When o got up to it o knockt at dooar, but nobbada came ; o knockt agean, but nobbada came still ; at last, after a whoil, a woman came tot dooar, an oppen'd it ; but shoo seem'd mooast terrably freeten'd, an did'nt spaik a word. Sooa o axt if a traveller wot ad lost his way, could have shelter for a neet ; when a voice from within invited me forrad ; sooa o went in, when a oud man wot sat in a corner spake ;—" Friend," says he, " be who thou wilt, the hospitality of this house is at thy service ; you are welcome here, and may the saints protect us ! But," continued he, " I imagine you will not much loik sum company wot we're expecting here this night." Thinks o tunme sen, am o bahn tubbe in anuther mess to neet ? " Whooa are ya loikla to have," says o. " Whether it be safe to trust a stranger when a cuntry's full a inquisitorial spies, is not so clear," says't oud man. " O'm nooa way desoirous to kno sacrets ; but sin yo'n been so koind as to tak me in, an ge me shelter, o will say this, at if onnabodda's cummin here, wot yo'd rather be sumwhere else, if it be the great muckle-horn de'il his sen, o'l have a rap at him." Sooa we this, t'oud man's confidence wer a bit strengthen'd, an he began to tell me wot wer up.—Says he " We've had won at inquisitors here, to demand

a certain sum a munna for the use of the church, and the absolution of all us sins, an if it wornt tain to a sartin place abaht hofe a moil off last neet, befooar twelve o'clock, at the church ad give us all up to the d—l, tubbe fetcht away to-neet, at exactla twelve o'clock; an we'en all been freeten'd aht an us wits ivver sin." Wa, says o, did ya tak all they wanted? "Nou," says t'oud man, "nor a quarter; but we took all we cud get; but we kno we mun gooa to neet; fort church's wants is varra urgent." Well, says o, let him cum; its non at inquisitor, says o, depend on't; it's sum vagabond beggin friar, wot wants to scar ya aht on yer munny; an o toked to em whoil they wer ommast perswaded it wor sooa: sooa they agreed at o shud just doo as o thowt proper. Well, o get a gud strong rooap, an o made a snoose at won end, an threw it o'er a high bawk, wot went just o'ert door, an at back at door o took me station. Sooa at twelve his sooty majesty cuns, oppens 't door, an walks in. O pops t' snoose o'er his horns, an drew him up in a jiffa; an when o'd get'n him up, he dropt aht'n his skin, an begg'd varra tenderly for his loife; for o held me pistol to his brains, an told him if he sturr'd a limb o'd blo em ah't, if he had onna. O avver, o made him pay t' munny back wot he'd getn, an o kickt his monkish rump, an sent him abaht his bisniss. Sooa then we all went to bed; ant next day o set off for Lisbon, an throo there o set sail, an landed e England; ant furst neet o put up at a alehass abaht a dozen moil offat sea-shore; an it cooarse at conversation (for there wer a gud decal a cumpana that neet), they begun a token abaht ghosts an sitch loik; an o

happen'd to say at o nivver wer scar'd at owt e me loif. "Wa," says t' lanlord, "yo'n a chance to try yer currage to-neet if ya loikn; there's an oud cassle at top at hill, wot's been honted this fifty years, an o'm authorised bit lord at manor to give onna chap foive guineas an foive bottles a woine, wot al spend one neet in it. "O'm yer man," says o, "foive bottles a woine al face all't ghosts an goblins e all't oud cassles it country. But is ther a bed," says o. "As gud a one as ivver't king roll'd in," says he. Sooa off we set, we ivvera thing at o wanted, an all't cumpana we us, to see me safe in; an o wer pratta sooin e one at cassle chambers, we me poip e me cheek, an a bottle befooar me. Well, o emtid one bottle, an then thro'd me sen ontot bed, an slept for abaht four hahwers, when o wer wakken'd be a varra hollow, mooanin sooart on a noise; sooa o jumps up, taks me dagger e won hand, an a candle it tuther, an away o went, dahn sum woindin stairs into a gret big room, an here o stood; an directla t' sahnd cum ageean, an then another uppen a hoigher key. O then seed exactla where it cum throo; o wer shure a me gam, an o sent me dagger reit up tot hilt throo sum curtains, an there o left it, an went an rowld me sen ontot bed, an slept as sahnd as a top till day-leet next mornin, when hofe at fooaks at village wer cum to see if o wer aloive. O went uppatt turret walls, an tell'd em o'd kill'd ghost; sooa in they cum, an they pull'd screen dahn, an beheen't curtains wer sum poips belongin to a oud fammala organ, at when't t'wind blew throo't oud cassle walls, it get into these ghostly barrels, an freeten'd all't fooaks it parish for a centery past.

# THE SHEFFIELD DIALECT.

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## MISCELLANEOUS CONVERSATIONS

“UPPA AHR HULL ARSTON.”

NO. V.

(From the “Annual” for 1839.)

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BIL HEFTPOIP—Nah Jack we’n varra near getn to another Christmas. Wot’s to be’t subject fort Annual, thinks ta, eh?

JACK WHEELSWARF—Wa, o rala do’nt kno wot its to be; not becos o’m fast for won, but becos o’m ommast fast it choice a won.

BIL—Well, hasta nowt to say abaht politticle world? Thah kno’s we’re bahn to have yuniversal suffridge, an sitch loik.

JACK—Yuniversal fudge! Yuniversal suffridge an yuniversal suffrin is terms booath aloik. But no mooar a this; o hate seet o pollitics.

BIL—Well, will ta have morals?

JACK—O’l not have Robin Owen’s morals, at onna rate.

BIL—Will ta have physicks?

JACK—If thah’d mo doctor’s bill to pay, this

Chrismas, thah'd think o'd had physick enuff already.

BIL—Well, then, here's divinity ?

JACK—That's to sublime.

BIL—Astronomy ?

JACK—That's to high.

BIL—Geology ?

JACK—That's to low.

BIL—Mettaphysicks ?

JACK—That's to hard.

BIL—Phrenology ?

JACK—That's to soft.

BIL—Will ta have mathematics ?

JACK—Nou, that's to puzzlin.

BIL—Optics ?

JACK—That's to dazmlin.

BIL—Ærostation ?

JACK—That's to flighta.

BIL—Steam-ostation ?

JACK—That's to smooka.

BIL—A, thah flat, there's na smook e steeam.

JACK—Abbut, there is e gettin it up.

BIL—Sharp an ! Witta have anattoma ?

JACK—Horrible !

BIL—Well, thah't a rum an, then.—O move thah wroits the loif.

JACK—There may be a gud deal on it to cum yit.

BIL—O meean that wot's past.

JACK—An prethe wud ta have me to tell't truth ?

BIL—Tubbe shure ; why not ?

JACK—Abbut o shud'nt loik. An besoid there's a gud deel a mo loif wots not worth kno'in ; an

if o wer to tell wot is worth kno'in, nobbada ad believe it ! an sooa wot'st yuse ?

BIL—There may be sum truth e that ; but thah kno's when they wroit'n men's loives they awlis tak gud care to let em seet breet soid on em : theyn awlis sooa menny gud things to tell, at it ad be ommast impossible to thrust a bad an in edge way.

JACK—Then o'm not to say nowt abaht me bad actions, eh ?

BIL—Nou, its not worth whoil.

JACK—Then mo loif al be a short an, if o'm to tell nowt but me gud ans, for o cahnt remember menny.

BIL—Well, well, ne'er heed, let's have em, an we'll tak em just same as men tak ther woives, for better or war. Thah's had a gud menny ups an dahns e thah bit a toime at o kno on ; an for mo part o cahnt see whoy a poor man's loif shud'nt be written as weel as a rich man's ; an o'm shure there's been a gud deel a variety e thoine ; sooa o hooap thah'l commence beginning at for-end first, an let's have the pedigree an all abaht it.

JACK—Thah tokes abaht me pedigree as if o had won. O can tell the varra little abaht it, though o understand at ahr fammala at furst came aht a Wales becos they sen ahr's is a welsh name ; but it seems rather odd at a Welsh name shud have so much watter in it. Menny a Welsh gowky carries his pedigree up to Adam an Eve it garden o Paradise, an if ahr fammala cum throo Wales, o'm shure sum gret king or other wer mo ancestor, tho o'm not much troubled at o dooant kno whooa he wor. But o avver, o'm quoit shure mo fath'er wornt a

Welshman, nor his fath'er nother, nor his fath'er's gronfath'er, an hah menny gronfath'er's we mut reckon befooar we get to us Welsh gronfath'er, o cahnt tell; sooa withaht gooin back tot creation, or even tot Domesday book, to seek us origin, o'st just say at o've every reeason to believe at mo fath'er wer born at their hahce, abaht two moil off a Pomfret cassle, an wer crissen'd after me gronfather, but not bit same name; an o believe at he lived we his fath'er an muther till he left em, an then he went an lived sumwhere else, where he begun a snudgin after a farmer's dowter, till he snudged her tot church; an after a whoile o came tumblin uppat stage a loif, shakt intot world be a earthquake, for o've heeard em say at that neet o wer born, they felt bed shak under em; an't furst thing o did, o begun a suckin me muther, an after that me fath'er.

BIL—Hah, there's nooa wunder on the bein sitch a rum stick; thah cum intot world in a rum fashon seeminly. It wer varra odd, an thah's been odd ivver sin, an o expect thah'l awlis remain odd;—but gooa on.

JACK—Wa, o think o ma say at hah-we'n seen sum sarvice sin ahr matrimonial ship set sail o'er life's wide sea; we'n had menny a tempestuous neet, an menny a tremendous storm had spent its fury uppen us little bark, an menny a prahd wave has threttened to send us dahn to Davy Jooans's locker;—sumtoimes we'n been sailin in a fog, an didn't know whether we wer gooin reit or wrang; an then there's been a hurrakin, an we'n been driven befooar't storm, tost up an dahn wit fury a booath wind an sea, whoile we'n be lasht be faith tot main-

mast, up yonder, thah kno's, an gret big billows has rould ore us little ship; an then there's been a deead calm, an we cud nother get won way nor another; an just when we'd given up all for lost, it clear'd up, a providential sun burst forth we all his glory, an dispersed these bewildering fogs, an't winds an waves wer hush'd to sleep; an nah we seem to sail away just as sweetly as't Waterwitch glides dahnt Humber on a bright summer's day, when weather an wind an waves conspire to speed her course, an waft her swiftly o'er the beautiful face of the dark green sea.

BIL—Hah, that's all varra foine figurin, but o want the to gooa on wit particulars.

JACK—Nay, lad, not sooa, o cahnt stummack token abaht me sen no'ther. O've dun.

BIL—Wa, then, o'l toke abaht the.

JACK—Abbut thah kno's nowt.

BIL—Yabbut o doo, a good deecal mooar nor thah't aware on.

JACK—Dusta kno owt wots good abaht me?

BIL—Yis o do.

JACK—Can ta tell me wot wert best thing at ivver o did e me loif?—o meean to me sen.

BIL—Hah o can.

JACK—Wot wor it?

BIL—Gerrin married.

JACK—Thah's just guest it.

BIL—But o say thah wer put prentis to a elsin makker, wornt ta?

JACK—Whoy, to be shure, thah kno's that.

BIL—Hah, an o kno at thah wonce perswaded won at prentices to tee a piece a band to his gret



tooa, an put it aht at garret window, for thee to call him up at two o'clock it monin; an o kno at yore missis got oud on it, an ommast pull'd the poor fellow's tooa off;—is'nt that true?

JACK—Yah, but hah did thah get to kno?

BIL—O near heed. But o say dusta remember owt abaht them cats, eh?

JACK—Cum, cum, thah mo'nt tell that, o avver; prentis lad's tricks dus'nt owt tubbe made public.

BIL—O that's all fudge; it ad ge fooaks a idea wot sooa a wags yo wor.

JACK—'Thah mo'nt tell it.

BIL—Thah'l no'ther toke the sen, nor let me toke. Tell us abaht that schooil wot thah yust to gooa to e that garret thah kno's, uppat Wicker brigg.

JACK—Hah, that's intellectual, o loik that; that garret's sweet to mo recollection; joinin that society wert second best thing at ivver o did.

BIL—An wot did ya study, prethe?

JACK—Whoy, grammar, logic, ontology, an theology, an a bigger thickhead e general knowledge nivver existed nor o wor afore o went there; but o had'nt been amang em long befooar o wer't senior wrangler, an cud measure tungs we onna on em; but mo fav'rite study wer metaphysics.

BIL—O then, that's just reason at thah's awlis been able to kick t'infidels abaht sooa.

JACK—Egzactla; for o begun a readin an thinkin till ahr oud lass thowt o shud gooa crazed; becos won mornin, wen we wer gettin as brekfast, an o wer thinkin varra deeply, shoo axt me to reyk

hert' bread an butter, an o reykt her t' kettle. Hah says shoo, yo'l sooin be offa yer heead ; but o avver me heead's on yit, an its best at ivver o had e all me loif ; an o've been readin an thinkin an workin ivver sin, an o'm sahd yit (thanks for it,) booath wind, limb, an oye-soight.

BIL—An wot soot a books has to read ?

JACK—For what o call loight readin, Tom Hickathrift, Sinbad the Sailor, an——

BIL—[*Interruptin him*] Cum, cum, non a the gammon, o mean what metaphysical works has ta read ?

JACK—Oh ! whoy, sitch as Drew, Brown, Stewart, Reid, Locke, an that set ; but there's a book written be Alexander Keith, uppa Prophecy ; if ta wants to see infidelity smasht to shivvers, read that.

BIL—An wot infidel authors has ta red ?

JACK—Silly oud Mirabaud, Volney, an that scavenger Tom Paine, an Durty Dick, an last of all, poor oud crazy Owen. Sooa thah sees, we kno'n all't gang on em, an can rattle us intellectual musher abaht ther external circumstances whoil they croy, " Hold of !"

BIL—But thah hasn't teld us yit wot thah'l hav for the next Annual ?

JACK—Wa, theres's been a meetin at gossips at Sally Slutterdish's, an o've get'n a full, true, an particular accahnt of all't proceedins, an if yo'n a moind to hear em, o'l read em ya.

BIL—Cum then, let's have em.

## AT A MEETIN OF THE GOSSIPS,

(MALLY MENDNOWT, CHAIRMAN.)

Which took place August 32nd, at the house of Sally Slutterdish, it wer yunanimously resolved, at a petition shud be sent tot Queen Victoria, for betterin't condition of all her female objects; mooar particularly, to lessen ther labour, an prevent em from ill usage; at which meetin the follerin worthies wer present; viz., Dolly Doolittle, Sally Slutterdish, Dinah Dubble-tung, Betty Long-tung, Suke Slippytung, Sally Wag-jaw, Nanna Frumper, an Ruth Runagate.

MOOAST GRACIOUS QUEEN,—We, yore mooast humble sarvants, at tuther sex, yo kno'n, begs leave to lig befooar ya sum a are grievances, it hooaps, as yo yer sen is a wumman, at yo'l tak em all into yore consideration when yo'n seen em. Bless yer soul, mo lass, yo kno'n nowt;—we're abused scandillous; us husbands has no mooar feelin for us nor brutes. Yo ma depend on't, we're yused ten toimes war nor slaves; we're nockt an kickt an clamm'd an starved,—a dear, a dear! shurely yo'l have better luck nor we'n had, or else yo'd better nivver be married. We'n nivver a bit a toime to spare to gooa aht a bit, an if we had, we'n nowt to gooa in; there's nobbut won bonnet amang seven on us,—tuther's all at us uncles. Wa then, we'n to wesh all us awn things for all us famalies, withaht nobbada to help us, an yo kno'n yer sen at hah it's not a loikla thing where there's foive or six childer; an wot mays it war nor all besoide, if we hav'nt

dun weshin afooar noine o'clock at neet, when he cums hooam we getn a gud blackin, an a good thumpin if we sen owt: all which we think is'nt bearable. An then agean, if we happen to be in a neighbour's hahce nursin when he cums hooam, an't dinner is'nt just ready to stuff in his mahth, wa then we drop intot suds agean; at yo ma see hah it is weel enuff. An sooa withahit sayin onna mooar, (for yo kno'n, we nivver loike to say much,) yo mun look at ahr petition, an we hooap at yo'l grant us all we want, an then we'st be better off, an we'l sing, Long live Victoria, till we strein us ankle.

Wa then, t'furst thing at we'st ax for al be, at there shall nobbut be won weshin day in a munth, an if ther shirts gets nasta, they may turn em; an at ivvera wumman wots a choild to nurse under two year oud, shall have a wesherwoman to help her.

2. At yo'l be pleased to appoint a flooatin parish weshin masheen, becos yo knone when ween to stan it steem, an then gooa an hang a basket full a clooas aht to droy, we varra offens catch cowl in us brests, yo knone.

3. At yo'l be pleased to put a duty uppa all ruffled shirts, an plated dickies, an sitch loik, sooa that it may doo away we a deel a proide, yo knone.

4. At yo'l tak into yore consideration the present varra laborious system of manglin, which is varra destructive to ahr constitution, besaide varra offens been fooast to wait a long whoil for a kail, which is quoit as destructive to ahr patience; an at yo'l appoint a parish mangle to gooa be steem, or onna

other way at yo ma think fit, nobbut dooant let's have it to turn.

5. As there's ivvera reeason to believe at there's been ten toimes mooar lasses knees lamed we kneelin to scrub flooars nor we kneelin to say ther prayers, we beg at yo'l mak it into a law, at throo this toime, henceforrad, an for ivver, all flooars shall be wesht we a mop, not mooar nor twice a week, nor less nor wonce.

6. At all pots, plates, dishes, cups an saucers, pans an panshons, an ivvera thing wots used o'ther e heitin or drinkin, shall not be wesht mooar nor twice a week, an then they shall be tain tot dyke, becos uppatt present system there's sooa menmy gets brokken. -

7. At yo'l bo pleased to tak a gret deeal a wark aht an as hands, be appointin a parish oven, an a parish boiler, at we ma bake all us bread e won, an boil all us dumplins it tuther.

8. At all winders shall be clean'd once a munth, an not mooar nor twice, there's so menmy panes gets brokken we rubbin em; an at all't ahtsoids shall be wesht bit watter ingens at public expense.

9. At yo'l be so good as to consider at hah't wimmin'st wakest vessel, an's nowt to defend ther sens we but ther tung; an therefooar we think it nowt but reit at yo'l pass a act at ivvera wumman shall be allow'd to spaik twice to her husband wonce.

10. As yo ma be quoit shure where there's a gret family a childer, a wumman's loik tubbe varra throng in a monin; an that bein't case, we beg at hah yo'l order at ivvera man shall get up furst

when they cahnt affoord to keep a sarvant, an kindle a foir, set kettle on, an tak his brekfast tot shop we him.

11. At nooa man shall be allow'd to thump his woif for bein aht went dinner owt tubbe ready; becos we're offens call'd aht to look at badla childer, an sitch loik.

12. At nooa mau shall be allow'd to mump his woif when be chance shoo happens to get a sup to much; becos shoo'st wakest vessil, a little sup does it.

[As sooin as this 12th article wer mention'd, ahr repooarter informs us at it varra near proved fatal tot whooal consarn; for there happen'd tubbe two on em sat on a chair wot wer dubbled dahn, an won on em had a choild on her knuee; went tuther, we bein so pleased we hearin this article, jumpt up in a rhapsody, an dahn went t'oud mother, rowlin acrost flooar loike a gret fat porpus in a storin, whoil't choild tumbled neck or nowt reit slap intot asnook. Here wer a foine seet, if yo'd nobbut seen it;—t'oud lass roar'd aht, an't choild screeam'd it een up; two or three on em wer fit to Brust we laffin, whoile two or three mooar wer getherin't oud lass up. Just at this instant a fellow oppens't dooar, an looks in;—"that's a glorious subject for a painter," says he; but he had'nt getn't words aht an his mahth befooar Salla Sluterdish had t' dish-claht in his eyes, an Dinah Dubbletung sent t'waterdish at his heead, but it slipt aht'n her hand, an went smash throotwinda; sooa wot won thing an wot anuther, there wer sitch a noise an bussle an scuffle as he neer seed. Wa then to mend t'matter they fell a fallin aht; her wit choild sware t'tuther get

up a purpos to sarve her aht becos shoo wod'nt let her have no muck brass ; o avvert tuther declared her innocence, an sooa in a bit a toime they made things up an went on we ther wark.]

13. At nooa marrid man shall be allah'd to go to onna cuntry feeast, or onna fair, or onna club-feeast, or onna lozin, or tot Horticulteral Bottanicle Gardens, or to onna other place of amusement wot ivver, withaht takkin his woif we him ; becos if he shud tumble dahn, shoo cud pick him up agean.

14. At nooa marrid man shall gooa onna where withaht tellin his woif where he's bahn, an then shoo'l knio where to foind him ; becos hah can he tell wot ma happen ? an at he shall nivver no'ther buy nowt nor sell nowt withaht tellin his woif, becos two heeads is better nor won, if they be but sheep heeads.

15. At ivvera marrid man shall awlis at all times, an e all places, an under all circumstances, whether e public or proivate, whether asleep or wakken, whether at hooam or abrooad, do all at ivver lays in his power to mak his woif doo as shoo loiks, becos shoos all't cumfort he has e this world.

16. At ivvera marrid wumman shall have three days a week for her awn pleasure, an tuther three to doo as shoo loiks in, an to have her share a Sunday besaide.

17. At nooa marrid wumman wot's a famala a fore childer shall mend o'ther stockins or shirts or onna other warable article, but that all this sooat a wark shall be dun bit parish, becos shoos enuff to doo to tak care at childer.



18. At ivvera marrid woman shall have twenty pahnd a year allowed her bit guvvernment for ivvera choild shoo has aboon ten, becos that ad encourage poppilation.

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JACK—There, lad, yo han em all; an if yo'n ivver seen owt to cum up to em, o'l heit em.

BIL—Nay, Jack, thah need'nt; they'r toppers, o'l ashure the: but o understand at sum at gossips says at thah't nooa woman's friend, or thah'd near tak em off as thah does.

JACK—If wot o say abaht em wornt true, then they mut say sooa? but if it is, wot dun they grumble for?—let em mend.

BIL—O believe there's sum wot runs aht a the gate when they seen thee cummin, an they sen, "Moy eye, if he sees me e this pickle, he'l have me it book."

JACK—Wa, o can assure booath them an thee at if they'r not fit to look at o shud'nt loik to see em; but o avver, if they meean o'm nooa friend to gossipin wimmin, whoy, they'r reit enuff; but if they meean prudent, industrious wimmin, o can just tell em at they'r woppers; becos o awlis have said, an o'l say it agean, at a good woife is't best blessin at a man can possess a this soid heaven;—beledda, t' next thowt, for won thowt offen begets anuther, o dooant kno wot we cud do withaht t'wimmin e mooar things besoides't duties of a woif; for they mannidge a gud menny things wot men cahnt it religious world; for instance, send a



beautiful lass to ax yo to subscribe tot missionary societa, an prethe wot soot an a cast steel face mun afella put on to deny her? There wer won came to me tuther day, we her auburn hair flowin in luxuriant tresses on her snowy neck, an o'l be hang'd if her bewitchin smiles an her sweet address didn't mak me consent to her request befooar shoo'd spokken a dozen words. O dear, aye, there's magic in her varra looks, wot works internally on yer feelings, yo cahnt tell hah! yo're unmann'd at furst seet, yer powers of reason becums parraloized, an shrivels up loik the sensitive leaf when toucht; an all the might of logical eloquence bows with cheerful submission before the silent oratory of female beauty.

BIL—Gud lackaday! hah queer it is! But its true. Yit sum a thease upstart phrenologists wants to mak us believe at hah wimmin's heeads is'nt made reit for larnin an studdy, an sitch loik.

JACK—Hah, an sum a their heeads is'nt made reit for spaikin truth, Wot soot an a heead had Constantia Grierson, a native of Kilkenny, who at the age of eighteen wer mistress a Hebrew, Greek, Latin, an French, besaide her awn language? An wot soot an a heead had Mary Cunitz wot were born e Silesia? Shoo kno'd Polish, French, Italian, German, Latin, Greek, an't Hebrew languages, besaide been weel versed e history, medicine, paintin, poetry, an music, a gud mathematician an astronomer anole. An wot soot a heeads had, or has, Miss Martineau, Joanna Baillie, Felicia Hemans, Hannah More, Miss Edgeworth, Caroline Bowles, Miss Mitford, Agnes Strickland, an Mrs.

Sinnerville. Wot soot an a heead had Sarah Felden, shoo translated Xenophon; an Lady Joouna Lumley, wot translated several orations of Isocrates; an Madame Dacier, the author of several elegant translations from the Greek; and Mrs. Carter wot translated Epictetus. Nah, then, wot will these brain-hunters think abaht this lot? An we cud mention a hundred yit.

BIL—Hah; an besoid, wots a famala wethaht a mother?

JACK—Wots a ship wethaht a rudder? Wots a world wethaht a woman, but a wilderness? An besoid, has'nt all't poets sung abaht her ivver sin poetry wer o'ther felt or spokken? Sloik it has! Hah cud it miss? for all us first impressions of pleasure are gathered from her smile. In youth our dreams are brightened with visions of her beauty; in manhood, our life is made happy by her society; old age is solaced by her cares; an death is disarmed of half its terrors, when our last moments are hallowed by her prayers. From her all the passionate thoughts an eloquent aspirations of a man's soul proceed. All passions, all sympathies, all feelings that have their origin in the affections, spring into being at her smile; love comes breathing from her lips; poetry is created by her gaze. All men of understanding acknowledge her value; they know that she is sent to confer happiness on mankind; that she breathes into our hearts those sympathies with humanity, and impresses on our natures those perceptions of morality, which form the impassable barrier between the man and the brute.

BIL—O say Jack, wot will yon coud-blooded, soul-freezin, external-circumstance-blubberin, comfort-blastin, quack socialists say to sitch a pictur a human felicity as this ?

JACK—Let Shakespeare talk—

“ Which is the socialist ? Let me see his eyes,  
That when I meet another man like him,  
I may avoid him.”

But see the, here's a Owenite cummin we Jooa Crocus. We'st have nowt gooin off just nah ; this is him wot dissected a sheep heead.

BIL—There's summat touch't the risible machinery, Jooa ; wot is it, eh ?

JOOA—Whoy, o'm laffin at two farmer chaps wot's been fallin aht abaht recknin for a cart looad a hay. One on em says it cums to three pahnd an three hopence ; an't tuther sticks to it back an edge at it cums to two pahnd nointeen an thirteen-pence hopena, an o believe he'l feight befooar he'l believe at they'r booath aloike.

JACK—Well, Soimon, they sen thah't turn'd Owenite, quoit soientific anole.

SOIMON—Yis, o am, an to let yo kno, the principles of Robert Owen's all fahnded uppa soience.

JACK—An thah's been dissectin a sheep heead anole, o understand ; thah't quoit anatomicle, then, eh ?

SOIMON—Yis, an that's true anole.

JACK—Then thah'l happen ge us a bit of a description at operation. Wot, did ta tak it tot dissectin room, or where, eh ?

SOIMON—A Owenite al nivver be ashamed a

tellin owt at he does, an sooa yo'st have have it just as it wor. Yo moind o ne'er sed nowt to nobboda abaht it, an sooa o went intot shambles at Setterda neet, an get won for forepence hopena, we pair a oyes loik saucers, an o popt him into a bag an thro'd him ore me shoolder, till o get him into ahr garret; an't next monin o ger up be fore o'clock, dubbled me shert sleeves up, an faced him fair. At furst o hardla kno'd which ad be't best way to get tot insoid on him. O avver, at after o'd studdid a bit, o thowt it ad be't best to set him wit teeth uppards, an slap at him we his mahth woide oppen, sooa after o'd sharpen'd me knoife an hatchet, o clapt him uppatt table, an get on tot stooil, as o mut cleave him we a swing strooak yo knone; an o made t'hatchet croi whiz ageean, but mist me aim, an tumbled offat stooil undert table, an me lord roll'd off, an his teeth cum bang ageean moin, an nockt these two aht (puts his finger to his mahth) as cleean as a wissle. O avver, o'd splitt'nt table e two, o seed that when o ger up ageean; but o wornt bahn to ge in for that bit, becos o've heeard em say at ahr sanctuary at hah there's nowt dun withaht perseverance, sooa o up an at him ageean as fresh as a lark; ant next toime o fixt him it winder bottom, an o fetcht him a strooak o'ert teeth wot made foive or six on em floi throot winder loik shot. But still o cud'nt foind his brains reitla, sooa o fixt me knoif fair uppatt ridge on his heead, an ged him sitch a stunner wit sand-hammer at it sent me knoif abaht an inch intot winder bottom, an there it is yit; sooa o get an oud nail an scollopt his brains aht a booath soides, but o cud'nt foind

wot o wanted, sooa o browt him all dahn stairs, an set off tot sanctuary, an whoil o wer there they boiled it for dinner.

JACK—Whoy, prethe wot wor ta rooting for?

SIMON—Whoy, o heeard ahr lecturer say won neet at hah they cud foind t'organ a music in a sheep heead onna toime; an sooa o thowt if o cud foind one, o'd send it to ahr Jack at Leeds for a Chriss-mas-box.

JACK—Nooa bad thowt nother, Soimon; but o understand thah't bahn to be a lecturer, ar'nt ta?

SOIMON—Sloik e am. O think it's nowt hardla at we're fooarst ta send to Huddersfield an Manchester for em; an besaide, o think thirta shillin a week ad be as weel spent uppa me as them for gabblin ahr stuff.

BIL—An sooa think o, Soimon lad. But o say, Soimon, o think there's a gud menny on ya wot maks yuse a varra foine words wot yo do'nt understand.

SOIMON—O shud think not no'ther.

BIL—Just tell us a bit a wot thah believes.

SOIMON—O've noo objection to that. O believe it organoization—

BIL—Hah, there, organoization; whooa kno's wot that meean's? Prethe where does it lig?

SOIMON—Whoy, thah flat, it ligs just aboon the ear rooits, thah ma feel it onna toime.

BIL—An wot dusta believe besaide?

SOIMON—Whoy, o believe it constitution, an it external circumstances anole.

BIL—Hard words agean—constitution, external, an circumstance; o mun have em explained;—thah't to larn'd for me, Soimon.

SOIMON—Wa, constitution, thah kno's, meean summat it insoid on us.

BIL—Webbut wot? Does it meean us livver, or stummack, or onna a that set?

SOIMON—Nou, but it's summat wot ligs between't stummack an gullet.

BIL—A, Soimon, that's a queer place for't constitution to lig in.—Wa then, wot's external meean?

SOIMON—O, onnabodda kno's that; it meean ivverlastin, thah kno's; an ahr lecturer says at circumstance meean onna thing.

BIL—Allads Soimon, o think thah't quoit cut aht for a lecturer.\* Prethe tell us a bit mooar a wot thah believes; but o'st not want thee to explain no mooar; o consider at thah't quoit finisht.

SOIMON—Wa then, o believe at Robin Owen's ahr social fath'er, at Bucka's nooa witch, an at nooa man can ivver be made rational whoile he's had his throit scolded we heitin flummera.

2nd. O believe at Bucka gets better paid for playin at his phantasmagoria nor ivver he did for bein a tailor.

JACK—O say, Soimon, we dooant want to hear nowt abaht no'ther Bob nor Bucka, for we believe at if they wer shakt in a bag, at they'd booath cum aht together. Prethe go on we the creed.

SOIMON—Wa then, o believe at the religion a Robin Owen 'st only true religion there is, becos it'st mooast natterable, an mooast suited to a bodda's feelins.

\* Our readers may be assured that Simon is a very fair specimen of Owenitish intelligence.

2nd. O believe at religion at Bible is'nt true, becos it waint let a bodda get drunk a bit, nor nowt.

3rd. O believe at we'n nooa sitch a thing as a soul, becos o' near seed won.

4th. O believe at there's nooa sitch place as heaven, becos if there is o'm quoit shure non a us al be fit to go there.

5th. O believe at there's nooa sitch place as hell, becos't thowts on it maks a bodda tremble.

6th. O believe at there's nooa devil, becos we dooant want won.

7th. O believe we're not accahntable for us actions, becos, if we ahr, sum on us al be in for it.

8th. O believe at religion at Bible is'nt true, becos we dooant loik to practise it.

9th. O believe at ift doctrine at Bible be true at Robin Owen's a gret loiar, becos't religion at Bible says we're nobbut to have one woif at wonce, an Owen says it's unnatterable; but as it al suit mo inclination best to have as menny as o loik, o'st believe his; an besoid, bible says we're to keep sabbath day holy; but ahr gret social fath'er says we may fiddle an donce an play all up, we're not responsible; nobbut it maks me feel queer sumtoimes.

10th. O believe at we're all animals, an at Owen's system is calculated to elevate man tot standard of a monkey.

JACK—There, Soimon, we'n had enuff; o'd advise thee to go hooam nah, an wesh the head e coud watter neet an monin for a twelvemonth; it al strengthen the brains astonishingly, for o'm shure thaht larnin past the strength.



BIL—Nay dooant go yit, Soimon: wot woman's this wotsbeen lectering at yore sanctuary?

SOIMON—Whoy o believe shoos nuncle to Dr. Morrison wot went tot Indies.

BIL—Nay, nay, Soimon, shoos not his uncle is shoo?

SOIMON—O nou; he's her niece, o believe.

BIL—Come o think not, Soimon (*laffin.*)

SOIMON—O dooant loik to be laft at: o avver o'm shure shoos his nevvu, or summat a that.

[*Exit Soimon in a pet.*]

JACK—Thaht to bad, Bill; thah mut as weel a letten him gon to wesh his heead quoieta.

BIL—O he'l not be within a touch a that sooat, yit. But prethe, who's this cumin?

[*Enter a stranger.*]

STRANGER—Does Jack Wheelswarf work e this hull?

JACK—Hah; cum forrad; wot dusta want wehim?

STRANGER—Whoy o've browt him a varra gret curiosity to look at. Its sum calculations at o've been makkin abaht ahr national debt, an if yo think em worth a corner e yore book yore at liberty to pop em in. Here they are.

1st. Supposing the national debt to amount to eight hundred millions sterling, how long would a person be counting it in shillings, at the rate of 100 per minute, and to count twelve hours every day, reckoning 365 days 6 hours to the year.

Answer. 608 years, 5 months, 1 week, 3 days, 2 hours, 40 minutes.

2nd. If this little tiny debt were in shillings soldered together edge to edge, reckoning the breadth of a shilling to be one inch, how many hoops would



they make that would encompass the globe, admitting it to be 25,000 miles in circumference?

Answer. Ten; and 2,525 miles, 2 furlongs, 4 yards, 1 foot, 4 inches towards another.

JOOA—Then o think it's a rare good thing at we han a national debt, becos we're loikla to be safer for it.

BIL—Hah dusta mak that aht?

JOOA—Whoy, is'nt a tub awlis safer when it's weel hoopt? an o shud think t'world ad be't same; an especially when it's weel hoopt we silver, becos thah kno's that waint rust.

3rd. What would this debt weigh in penny pieces, supposing one to weigh an ounce?

Answer. 5,357,142 tons, 17 cwt. 0 qr. 16 lbs.

4th. How many ships would it load of 400 tons burthen.

Answer. 13,392, and 342 tons, 17 cwt. 0 qr. 16 lbs. over.

5th. What length of road would it pave in penny pieces, reckoning 25 laid edge to edge equal to 36 inches in length, and 7 laid won upon another equal to one inch in depth; the road to be 30 feet broad and one foot thick?

Ans. 207 miles, 1394 yards, and £625 over.

Three hundred men could not carry the weight of the national debt in ten pound bank notes, 512 of which weigh one pound. Supposing the debt to be eight hundred millions of pounds sterling, it would weigh 156,250 lbs., which for the three hundred men would be 520 lbs. 13 oz. each.

JACK—Astonishing! an o'm varra glad yo'n browt us sitch a curiosity; it shall gooa intot world as sooin as ivver we can send it.

# THE SHEFFIELD DIALECT.

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DICKY OTLEY AT THE MUSIC-HALL  
JULY 20, 1836.

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JACK—Wot, hasta seen't report at discussion between Bywater and Otley?

BIL—Tubbe shure o have; o bowt one on em as soon as ivver they wer printed; an o think it's just as they sed it.

JOOA—Nebbut it is'nt; for Otley sed at noine toimes noine were nointy noine, didn't he or summat?

JACK—Webbut that wer a slip, thah kno's; an't printer's made a nooat on't; that's all fair.

JOOA—Whooa authorised it to be printed?

BIL—Whoy, o rayther think booath parties; an o think there's plenta a stuff for the brass anole.

JOOA—Hah, there's stuff enuff, but it's on a rum stamp, sum on it. Whooa in the name a ten beggars kno's wot he meeans when he says at "thinkin, willin, an consciousness are non-essential properties of primitive essences compounded?"

JACK—O, thah's not a metaphysical heead, Jooa; thah's not get'nt reit sooat a organization e the for-heead for studdyin ontological subjects. Wot's thah think abaht it Bil?

BIL—Whoy, o think here's nooa daht but it wer't best speech he ivver made e all his loife, or ivver will mak ; an mooar nor that, o believe at nou a his brothers cud mak a better.

JACK—They're a sorry set then ;—but o believe it had sum varra singular properties ; whether they wer essential, or primitive, or primordial, o cahnt tell, but this o can tell, at he had'nt spokken menny minnits, befooar won on his awn set wer fast asleep an snoorin loik a Saxon grunter.

JOOA—It must have been a soul-stirring oration, then !

JACK — O understand at twelve wise men's mooast miserably deceived in him. Sum on em seems to think at there wer abaht as much sense e them brains at he held in his hand as there wor it tuther at he had. Aye, aye, they sing small e ther champion's ears nah. The mountain's brought forth a mouse. My stars ! Bywater\* took't sting aht on him that neet. Did'nt ya see his culler cum an gooa when't little chap wer cuttin him keen, an a bitter scowl of rage nah an then passin o'er his madden'd vizzage—indicative of some internal sensations harrowing up his very vitals. Yis, yis, his cast steel polished soul al shoine as clear as mud after this.

JOOA—Webbut o heard say at Otley's speech met we a flattenin reception.

\* Mr. Alfred Bywater, the brother of the author, who shortly after the above discussion entered into the Ministry of the Methodist New Connexion, and died triumphing in the Redeemer on Monday, March 4, 1839, while these pages were going through the press.

BIL—An sooa it did, Jooa lad ; fort tuther chap played his intellectual musher reit an left till it wer impossible to tell wot it wer made on. O suppoos there's a chap wot says at Otley's soul wer crackt it hardnin : but this is not true ; for it wer proved tot satisfaction a all parties that neet at it wer left soft.

JACK—O say Bil, does thah kno hah menny maks a host ; becos Otley says at they'n a whooal host a ancient fathers a their soide, an o ommast think they'n allt muthers anole.

BIL—Hah, o've just been lookin at that. It maks me think abaht 'tlass wot ran intot hahce ommast brussen : “ A, muther, there's menny a hunderd cats e ahr garden.” “ Nay, nay,” says't muther, “ not menny a hunderd, surely.” “ Webbut,” says't lass, “ o'm shure there's fifta.” “ O think not,” says't muther. “ Webbur o'm shure there's twenta, an spaik truth.” “ Mo lass, twenta's a menni to be altogether ; are ta shure ta seed onna ?” “ Hah o am, for o cud sware o seed ahr cat an anuther.” An sooa, Otley's innumerable cumpana a holy fathers just turn'd aht to be twice as menny as ahr cat an anuther.

JOOA—Abbut they sen Otley's a varra great historian.

JACK—O suppoos sooa, but he'l nivver forget been twitch'd at t'assembly room be this same chap abaht Sanchoniatho. O dear, aye, he made him rooar aht loik a tahn bull,—“ Great is the goddess Diana.” But he's a rare historian for all that, becos he says at history informs us at Christ made sparrows a clay, an set em a flying ; an at

Hercules went to heaven in a chariot a foir, an sitch loik.

JOOA—Wa, o'm as gud a historian as him. O've read abaht a joiant at wor sooa big at a gud soized man wor fooast to jump up to raich his ancles; an when he went to war wit nations, he used to tak a mahntin an cuvver em all. But for all that, o dooant kno at o'ther a these tales has much to do wit immateriality at soul, thah kno's.

BIL—Hark the! Anciently, he says they'd three sows, one-it heead, one it breast, an one all o'er.

JACK—That's nobbut one mooar nor we han nah, for Otley says we'n two, nobbut he cahnt feel em. But, says he, Dr. Johnson defines t' soul to be a thinkin spirit, and I define it to be breath or air. An sooa them wot'st woigest gullet swallows't mooast thinkin, an them wot swallows't mooast air has't biggest sperrit. Then between Dr. Johnson an Dr. Otley, we're constantly puffin sperrits backward an forrad.

JERRA—An is that metaphysics?

BIL—But hear the!—He says at philosophers made all essences wot had'nt extension, figure, an divisibility, to be sperrit. Then there is essences wot has'nt extension, is there—eh? Are they spiritual essences—eh? Oh Richard! Mahomet diddled the Turks, and the Pope diddled the Papists, and Richard Otley diddled his sen! But here's anuther bit a good;—"Having defined the word immaterial to mean nothing, we shall next prove the soul to be material." Allads, Dicky! Let me give me awn definitions of words an o'l

prove owt. Thus he might say,—“ Having defined the word light to mean nothing, I shall next proceed to prove that the word darkness means sunshine.”

JACK—Here's anuther starcher :—he says at if yo mak a hoil in a man's heead, at he'l have nooa sensation.

BIL—Whoy it's not loikla he shud have onna sensation when his soul's flown aht at top an his heead.

JACK—Abbut then, when he taks't gimblet aht on his heead, he says all his sensations al cum back.

BIL—Wa then, depend ont he ne'er lost em.

JOOA—An sooa think o ; o'l ne'er believe at onnabodda may be rammin at a chap's brains, an him ne'er feel it ; not sooa ; it al not doo, Dicky, mo lad. An besoid, they'd beloik to bore two hoils, becos if a chap cud'nt think a won soid, he cud at tuther, for his organization's just same a booath soids his heead. Bur o'd forget'n, cud a chap ger his breth wen they wer squeezin his brains ? if he cud, they mut bore whoile ther buzzard vision cud'nt see't gimblet befooar they cud bore his soul aht ; becos soul means breth or air, says Otley ; an whoil ivver he'd a bit a breth left, he'd have just as much soul. An this is metaphysics anole !

BIL—Bur he wants to kno where t' soul ligs, an hah big it is—if it is'nt extended.

JACK—Whoy, he says at it ligs nowhere at all, becos he tells us at actions at moind, sitch as thinkin an willin, are non-essential properties of

matter, resulting from organoization, an are nob-but mere accidents; just loik't cullers it rainbow, they are nooa reality, but nobbut reflections from the mind, and these reflections or accidents are just all the qualities at moind possesses. An in anuther place he says, "Take these qualities away, and you take the moind away." Wot a flat!

BIL—Wa then, wot says ta abaht soize at soul? becos, thah kno's, he wants to kno hah big it is; an o'm quoite shure onna man at ad ax that qesh-ton must be a metaphysician born.

JOOA—Wot, will ya measure bit peck or yard?

JACK—Whoy, o reckon all essential proimordial properties, as he calls em, are summat loik't thing at they inhere in, an sooa if we can ger houd a sum a them, we can happen cum at a ruff metaphysical guess.

BIL—Wot, thah means sitch as consciousness, willing, an that lot.

JACK—Egzactla. Jerra, fetch us a yard wand, an bring a woman's conscience we the, one at longest thah can foind.

JERRA—Beledda, lad, o think they're all a length, an they're not good to catch; an besoid, yo mun have a male consciousness.

BIL—Harra, cum here; thah mun gooa to Otley's, but thah mun gooa quoite metaphysicaly, thah kno's, or else he'l not kno wot ta means. Dusta kno wot metaphysics means, if he shud ax thee?

HARRA—Sloik e doo.

BIL—Whoy, where would ta gooa if ta wanted to buy onna?



HARRA—Whoy, tot shambles furst, an then tot doctor, an o'l be bun for't o shud get meit an phiz-zick enuff there.

JOOA—That's a goffer, o avver. Thah cud'nt ge a better definition, if ta troid for a munth.

BIL—Quoite substantial; but thah mun ax him to be so koind as to send his consciousness.

HARRY—Will it be a long an?

JACK—Nou, it al be just nooa length at all.

JOOA—Then it's all on a lump, o reckon, just loike his brains.

BIL—Nou, bless me loife, it's summat wot's reflected aht on his brains, just loike t' cullers at rainbow's reflected aht at sun's rays.

JACK—Ax him if he has onna consciousness, an if he has, where he puts it, an whether it be extended, an to wot length,—whether it be as long as a ass's ears, an as stupid as't thing wot wears em, an which is't thick end on't, an sitch loike. (*An sooa away he went, an varra sooin came back.*)

BIL—Here he cums.—Well, has ta get'n it?

HARRA—He's vast metaphysicle, o believe, for o'd no sooner mention'd consciousness, nor he begun a mutterin sooa queer.

JACK—Whoy, wot did he mutter abaht?

HARRA—A dear, o cahnt remember hofe, but somehow a this way:—metaphysically, ontologically, primitive, primordial essence, mathematical, immateriality, extenuated, demonstration, illustration, angels—o mean ancles—o nay, angles, quadrant, ad infinitum, substance, soul, instinct, mind, matter, breath, air, steel, skull, gimblet, brains, actions, qualities, phenomena, vitality, pendulum, groans,



curses, lamentations, ever, ever, ever,—an o thowt he must be crazed, sooa o ran aht, an left him at it, an he's at it yit, for wot o kno.

JACK—Wa then, we'st beloik to leave this, an have a bit a organization. “The actions of the mind are non-essential properties of matter resulting from organization, and they are accidents.” Nah o've been teld at Otley sed afooar he went tot discussion, at heed prove, if't soul wornt matter, at hah it wor nowt. An if thah'l put the proimordial spectacles on, an just tak a metaphysicle squint at wot he says, thah'l foind at he's been guilta a spaikin't truth for wonce. Let's ask him what is consciousness, thinking, willing, an sitch loik. He says they're summat not essential to matter: sooa thah sees at once at us souls is no'ther matter nor spirit. Its quoit clear at poor fellow cud'nt see wot he wor token abaht. He maks thinkin a accident, an then tells ya at it results throo organization. Wa then, where ivver organization is theal be thinking; it cahnt be separated. An then ageean, he says at mooast at qualities at moind are actions an not essences (proimordial o reckon): whoy nobboda thowt they wor essences. But an action implies a power in some being to act, dus'nt it? or can ther be a action wethaht a actor? Good stars! he beggars all't metaphysicle gladiators at ivver existed for argument. He can o'ther prove at we have a soul or at we hav'nt, just as he loiks. Just look at him here:—

“Take away all the qualities of the mind, and it ceases to be mind.”

“Most of the qualities of the mind exist only as accidents.”

And yet if these accidents are taken away, the mind is taken away ! He might just as well say, tak away t' culler at rainbow, an you tak away t' rays at sun. O dear ! O dear ! wot problems is these ! If hofe a pahnd a cheese cost fourpence, wot wud a cart looad a turnips coss ? But that's mathematics ! Bur he wants to kno whear all animals gooa too when they dee.

BIL—Whoy, hemun aks't saddlers ; for o wonce heeard won say at if he did'nt gooa tot Christians heaven, he shud be shure to gooa tot horse heaven, for he'd spent ommastall his loif e makkin ther collars easy. Sooa if they knone wheart' horse heaven is, they'l be't loikleist to tell Otley whear allt rest al gooa too. But hark here ; are morality depends on the natural organization of man.

JACK—Then a man cahnt help bein a thief can he ?

BIL—Not if he's get'n a thief's heead he cahnt.

JOOA—Webbut he did'nt mak his heead his sen, an o think it wud'nt be reit to punish a chap for dooin wot he cud'nt help.

JACK—Nou, lad, it's a hard case, varra ; but wot a soft oud kofe nature must be to mak thief heeads, an sitch loik ! whoy did'nt shoo mak em all honnest ans ?

JOOA—Hah are we to telt difference betweent heead on a rooag ant heead on a fooil ?

JACK—Whoy, thah mun look at their corner teeth.

JOOA Wa then, if a chap turns his woife aht, an lives we summada's else's, wotst cause on it ?

JACK—Whoy, t' shape on his heead.

JOOA—If a chap meets anuther uppat hoi-rooad, nocks him dahn, an robs him, wot'st cause a that ?

JACK—Shape on his heead.

JOOA—If a chap commits adultery, incest, an sitch loik, wot'st cause a that ?

JACK—Shape on his heead.

JOOA—If a chap be a drunkard, a loiar, a swindler, &c. wot'st cause a that ?

JACK—Shape on his heead.

JOOA—If a chap be varra gud, virtuous, charitable, kind, &c. wot'st cause a that ?

JACK—Shape on his heead.

JOOA—Wa, it's queer.

BIL—It's all a piece a humbug, ant circumstance a Otley wantin to alter it proves at he didn't kno wot he said.

JOOA—Webbut Otley says he could loik to have anuther gooa at him.

JACK—If he'l submit to ahr terms he shall ; namely, he shall sit in a two-arm'd chair for hofe an hahwer, fair it middle at orchester. we a pair a asses ears nailed reit an left uppat chair back, pointing to his proimordial cranium, emblematical of its contents. But he'l not do that, he's o'er prahd !

# THE SHEFFIELD DIALECT.

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## THE SHEVVILD CHAP'S OPINION ABAHT PROIZE FEITIN.

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BIL HEFTPOIP—Well, o say, Jack, wot thinks ta abaht toimes nah ?

JACK WHEELSWARF—Whoy, mo lad, they're rayther flat just nah ; but o hooap when't Americans gets houd at brass at's been sent, at they'l be a bit better.

BIL—Flat ! toimes hard ! bad trade !—whoy, there's heeps a Shevvilders gon thirty moiles to see two men turn ther sens into summat at there's nooa comparison for, no'ther be sea nor land. Hah, even men we won leg it grave, an't tuther varra near in, has gon all that way to see (o'm ashamed to say wot) two men feit. Wot thinks ta abaht that set, eh ?

JACK—O, they're gentlemen a soiance, an though thah ma think em harden'd wretches, o can ashure the, they're men wot can varra often soften won anuther.

JOOA—Adder say thah'd think sooa if thah felt ther sledge-hammer fists abaht the toll-dish,

BIL—O, toll-dish, eh ! thah's been e Walter Scott's "Ivanhoe" for that, o fancy ; but it's a manly exercise, there seems summat so noble in it, —summat at al mak a chap think a good deeal abaht his sen, whether onna bodda else does or not.

JOOA—Noble ?—is'nt it angelic ?

JACK—Nou, it's not angelic, becos there's to much sensation in it.

BIL—Whoy ahr schooilmaster yus't to tell us at hah it wor vishus for dogs to feit, much mooar men.

BIL—Abbut ahr schooilmaster's gon abroad, nah ; things has tain menny a turn sin then. A man's reckon'd a gentleman nah for dooin wot he'd a been hang'd for wonce. There's nowt dun with-aht steeam an soiance nah-days ; if a chap's oyes is to be bung'd up, it mun be dun soiantiffically, or else he's reckon'd a blaggard.

BIL—Wa, o'd awlis a varra different opinyon abaht wot made a gentleman ; to be shure o may be wrang, sin things has tain a turn.

JOOA—Whoy, does ta nivver read t' Lunnon Bull-dog-feitin Gazett, thah kno's ?

BIL—Nou, o wud'nt suffer that thing to cum within seven moile a mo hahce, if o cud help it. O think it a national pest,—a national curse,—a disgrace tot press, as weel as't country. O think it the blackest, the most demoraloizing, the varra foulest production in circula-tion ; an if ivver there shud be a reason for cursin the art of printin, it ad be becos sitch a mass of corruption wer suffer'd to contaminate the moinds of the roisin

generation. Its contributions is made up a chal-  
linges to feit o'ther cocks, dogs, or men, from  
all the scum an filth in the cuntra. That's  
mo opinion abaht that paper.

JOOA—Webbut if thah'd ivver read it, thah'd a  
seen at there's gentlemen dog-feiters, gentlemen  
proize-feiters, gentlemen cock-feiters, gentlemen  
swindlers, gentlemen gamblers e human life,  
gentlemen pickpockets, gentlemen murderers a  
one another, an gentlemen vagabonds a ivvera grade  
an description. Bless the loif, man, onna villan  
can get tubbe called a gentleman, if he's nobbut a  
good hand at his villany.

BIL—Then o'm to understand at if a fella can  
mush a chap's frontispiece whoil it'st culler of a  
cofe's heead, when it's been hung in a butcher's  
shop a munth, or pummel it whoil its as soft as a  
rotten turnip, ornock won or booath his eyes aht,  
at he's a gentleman, eh !

JACK—Egzactla, a furst-rater, fit to wear t' belt  
in a Christian cuntra, under onna Christian  
guvverment, an even where Christian bishops sit  
as legislators.

BIL—O it's brutish wark !—Human brutes !—  
wot a paradox !

JACK—Wot, does thah meean to compare these  
foine-lookin gentlemen, wot's get'n booans loike a  
bullock, an a fist loike a leg a mutton, to brutes ?  
Thah'd better not let em hear the, for if ta does, it's  
not varra unloikla at there al be sum comparison  
between thah heead an yore gret saucepan. An  
besoide, dus'nt thah think at when thah sees a chap  
respectably drest, walking abaht streets we a pair a

black eyes, an his arm in a sling, at he looks vastla loike a gentleman? An then, hah usefūl it ad be, when we'd a bit a spoite agean a chap, to be quali-foid to nock his day-leets up, or to lig a fella sprottlin it muck, just bit way a sattlin a argument. There's nooa soffistra e this; nou, nou, it's an application to the feelins, withaht t'help a logic; an o'm just thinkin if they'd adopt this system it Hahce a Commons, they'd not stay measurin tungs till two o'clock it monin; brother Gully ad clear't hoil on em menmy a toime befooar midneet, we arguments mooar substantial an sensable nor's varra offen livver'd aht e that shop.

JOOA—Nah, o've heeard say at when these gentlemen gooas to feit, at they varra offen nock won another's heeads till they're as soft as blubber. All that ma be true, but o think here's sunmat else at has'nt been consider'd.

JACK—Hah? wot's that?

JOOA—Whoy, it stroikes me varra fooarcible at they wer soft befooar they went, an there's a varra foine sample a soft ans gooas to see em.

BIL—O think, Jacka, thah's been trailin us a bit. Just tell us, e good eernist wot's thah opinyon abaht em.

JACK—Whoy, thoine's bad enuff, but moines ten toimes war, if possible. Hah monstrous! hah unnatteral! hah inhuman! hah wretchedly besotted e ignorance! Here's two fellas meet in perfect health an strength, we a fixt an firm resolution to smash won anuther to pieces; an then here's two mooar at same kidney, wot stans beheent em, to see at they kill ther sens soiantiffi-

cally. This lot is enclosed it insoid on a ring, at aht soid a which is collected together all the varra dregs of society; an just accoordin tot state at battle does each party shaht, an sware, an bet, an cheeat; an whoil they're shahtin, or bettin, or cheeatin, there's another set a gentlemen bizzy e pickin ther pockets. Well, by an by, won at feiters is dun up, his jaw's brokken, or a eye nockt aht, or his bodies maul'd an bruised e sitch a manner at he's fooast to ge in. Wot then? Whoy, after gettin three parts murder'd, an disabled sooa at he can nivver work agean, the very men wot back'd him al curse him to his face, an tell him he wer nivver fit to feit at all. This lot gooas away rayther chop-fallen; but the winners rend the very hevvens we ther shah, just as if the greatest enemy of mankind wer for ivver annihilated. Well, the man is tain away, an a doctor sent for; but his walnds baffles t' skill at physician, an in a short time he's deead. Well, wot do ya call this?—Manslaughter? Nou, o call it wilful, deliberate murder! an ivvera man wot bets a sixpence upp at issue, has a share in it. Wot, then, are we to think a sitch men wot studdy a soiance, as they call it, fort sole purpose a killin an maimin won anuther, an thus bid defiance alike tot laws a God an man? Here, then, religion is laft at, humanity kick'd a won soide, an all't moral feelins stultifoid to summat ten toims war nor brutish stupidity. Could it ever a been conceived possible at men should be sooa depraved—sooa monstrously wicked—sooa shockingly blasphemous, as to mak the eternal destinies of the human soul a gambling speculation? O look uppa



these fellows as the varra lowest of the low, an their system the wickedest of all the wicked; ivvera thing connected with it is bad, an its demoraloizin influence on society is not tubbe calculated. Just look at state of a tahn loik this, where won a these disgraceful scenes is to tak place. (But, by the way, it is to the eternal honour of Shevvild, that these fellows cahnt get to show off within thirty moil rahnd.) Whoy, just this, ivvera workshop, ivvera Jerra-shop, ivvera gin-shop, an even in the oppen street, feitin'st common topic of conversation, an mooar they toke, an mooar ther feelins become blunted: an this is particularly t' case we lads. An then, to imitate these gret feiters, these youngsters, throo thirteen to eighteen, mun mak pitcht battles, an gooa intot fields on a Sunday tubbe shure; an these feel thersens quoit men we a pair a black oyes, or a stunn'd finger, an ther arm in a sling. An if yo shud happen to say owt to a gang loik this, yo'l pratta sooin have hofe a dozen fists e yer face, an a volley a curses, an they'l smash yer ribs in a cupple a shacks. An even sum parents al larn ther childer to do mandozar befooar they can o'ther walk or toke;—mooar shame for em!

JOOA—Nah, o'l just teil the hah o'd have these feitin men sarved. All wot wanted to feit shud be put into a pinfoud, wot shud be woled twenta yards hoigh, an nobbada be alah'd to see em; they shud be made fast in for an hahwer, an wen they cum aht they shud be trail'd rahnd tahn in a cart, e boxin order, just as ivvera bodda cud see hah two fooils cud mump won another; an at ivvera street corner be pelted we rotten eggs; an then be sent

tot tread-mill for a munth to finish ther eddication. This sooat a phizzic ad ungentleman a good menny on em, o'l warrant it.

BIL—Nah o wunder whether these chaps gets drunk soiantiffically or not ?

JOOA—Tubbe shure they doo, an if yo shud happen to say owt to em wot wod'nt pleease em; they'd just ge ya a soiantific bung o'ert nooas, an mak a gentleman on ya in a minnit; an wooa can grumble ? becos all men profess to be lovers a soiance.

JACK—Whoy, its not menny weeks sin a noble lord wer playing Jim Crow, e company we a feitin man, an he wor tain up be't Police, o believe.—Varra foine, this, eh ?

BIL—Whoy, o knew a noble lord at yused to keep a bear.

JOOA—Hah, there's nooa accahntin for taste; but he wor a lord, or else he'd a been call'd a blagguard.

JACK—Whoy, mun, here's lots a lords regular gamblers, an o think that ist reeason at they care so little abaht these feitin men. They seeminly can feit onna where abaht Lunnun, an have it ad-vertoided for a week afooarand, withaht ivver being stopt bit police. O say they owt to put t'law e full foorce, at ivvera won wot kill'd another shud be troid for Wilful Murder. An o'l tell ya anuther thing, an that is, at if onna man, whether lord or duke, be a gambler, or a feitin man, at he shud be for ivver disqualifoid for a legislator.

BIL—Wa, then wot's to be dun we this proise-feitin nuisance ? hah is it to be put dahu ?

JACK—Let justice be done; let ivvera man at taks t' loif of another be hanged upp at spot where't murder wer committed, an then the foulest blotch at ivver disgraced a Christian nation shall be for ivver wiped aht.

BIL—Nah, adder say these feitin men al think we're varra hard on em; but its ahr opinion at we're sent intot world for varra different purposes throo proize-feitin. We happen tubbe won a them soot a animals wot believes in the existence of a God; that we possess an immortal soul, which must exist in a future state; an that ahr eternal destiny depends varra much uppa ahr conduct here:—we believe at men al be judged accordin to ther works; an altho' we're not merit-mongers, yet we do think at ivvera proize-feiter must merit the displeasure of his maker, if he die with his sins unrepented on. We think we are sent intot world tubbe virtuous, not vicious;—tubbe kind, not cruel;—tubbe loving, not to be abusive;—not only to studdy ahr awn happiness, but the happiness of others. Nah we think at proize-feitin just leads tot contrary a all these, an we greatly daht to summat war. As parents, as citizens, as mesters, as lovers of ahr species, we spaik aht uppa this subject, because it is most ruinous booath to body an soul, the consequences of which raich beyond the limits of time.

JOOA—They'l say thah't a methodiss.

BIL—An if it wornt a better method nor theirs, o'd varra sooin forsake it. Mo Methodism has ivvera thing in it an abaht it wot's calculated to mak me happy, honest, and honourable, an the

worst wish o wish these feitin gentlemen is, that they were influenced by the same principles.

JOOA—Wa, o kno'd a Methodiss parson wot ad been a boxer, an abaht a munth after he wer converted, a chap cum to his hahce one neet, an nockt at dooar ;—" Duz Jack —— live here ?" " Yis," says t' man, " an wot does thah want we Jack —— ?" " Whoy, o've browt thee a challenge to feit Bil —— in a munth." " Oh," says t' man, " thah mun gooa the way back, an tell Bil —— at Jack —— is turn'd Methodiss, an if he'd sent his challenge two or three week sooner, he'd a get'n a good hoidin."

# THE SHEFFIELD DIALECT.

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## THE SHEVVILD CHAP'S OPINION OF ROBERT OWEN'S SOCIALISM, AS EXHIBITED IN THE SOCIAL BIBLE.

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JACK—Well, Bil, he's cum'd at last, an browt his social physic we him. We'st all be transmugrifoid into perfection nah. We'n all been wrang ivver sin't world stood, an we'n all been sitch a pack a flats at we nivver cud foind it aht till Robberd Owen cum squeealin intot world, an fun it aht be his own sharpness.

BIL—Wa, then, o think it a marsa at he is cum'd, becos it's nivver to late to mend, they sen; an it's nooa sacret at sum on us ad be no war if we wer a bit better; for good lack-a-day, we're in a queear world, an if he's cum'd to mak us onna better, o'm shure we owt to be thankful.

JACK—A, goodness, man, he'st varra essence of perfection itsen; he's just chap wot's wanted to reggilate us top garrets, an mak us wot we awlis thowt we wor,—viz. rational beins. He's a philanthropist, if ta kno's wot soot an a thing that is.

BIL—Stop, o'l get dix'nary. Let's see, wot mun e look for? F i's, o reckon. (*Looks, cahnt foind it.*) It's not in, it must be a new word, an he must have a new system, an he's bahn to mak us all new, an we'st have a new world altogether. An then he'l mak Solomon tell a fib, for he sed there wer nowt new under't sun. But mooast loikla Robbin kno's better nor Solomon.

JACK—Hah, he can see a midge throo a six inch plank better nor Soloman cud see won throo his barnacles.

BIL—This is't age a discovvera; here's marvellous things cums to pass nah days. (*Turns o'ert dix'nary.*) O, but it's here, o see; it's amang't p.h i's. Nah then, let's see.—Oh, "Philanthropist, a lover of his species." Wa, then o'shud think he must be a reit an.

JACK—Whoy, there nivver wer won loik him befooar, an thear al nivver be won loik him no mooar; for if his system be true, then there's mooar wisdom concentrated e his skull than there ivver has been e all't skulls at ivver possest brains befooar, an his name's shure to be handed dahn to mortallata we a wither; he's pratta weel kno'n in Amerrika allredda.

BIL—Wot, has he been dooin Jonathan?

JACK—Yis, he diddled Jonathan, but unfortunatla he diddled his sen anole. He bowt a piece a land there sum years sin, an troid to establish his socialism there; an he get sum as silly as his sen to join him, an foine fun they had for a whoil; for this system allow'd em to fiddle an donce all't day on a Sunday, an they call'd it rational! But they

cud'nt amalgamate ;—the rich lasses did'nt loik to gooa a milkin, an be daubed we cah muck, to be laft at bit pooar ans. O avver, they continued to fiddle an donce tilt blunt wer gone, an then this marvellous moral doctor donst o'ert Atlantic into England, to administer his syrup here ; an nah he's donst into Shevvild, an o hooap all't winnin it tahn al mak him donce aht agean to the tune of the “Rogue's March.” For if his system be adopted, farewell domestic happiness for ever !—becos e his new system there's to be no'ther husband nor woife, nor onna distinctions a this sooart.

BIL—Wot, does he praich agean domestic happiness, an's a lover of his species—eh ? Nah o awlis thowt at genuine affection between husband an woife, when regulated and influenced by pure religion, produced the happiest state possible.

JACK—O tell the there's to be nooa husband nor woife ; for we're not to live e families, as we doo nah, but e “communities and associations of men, women, and children, in the usual proportions, from two hundred to three thousand, as local circumstances determine.”

BIL—Then we're not to be married, but we're to pig together e lots,—a sooart an a seraglio consarn, for't men to gooa to when they loik. Well, o shud think that chap wot tokes a that fashon's nother a rooag nor a fooil, but just ready for a stret jacket. But let me ax em, what earthly name is so dear as that of mother ? what earthly relationship or state can produce affection so strong or pure as that of husband an woif, mother an dowter ? or wot name so noble an manlike as that of fath'er

an son? An is these distinctions to be for ever banished? is the sacred institution of marridge to be broken up, which binds society together with ties most indissoluble, eh?

JACK—Let Owen answer: “The only foundation on which the temple of human happiness can be erected, is a rational commonwealth, divided into communities of property; wherein no artificial distinctions will be known; where the irrational sounds of husband and wife, and master and mistress, will not be heard.”

BIL—Houd, houd, houd, Jacka! thah’t stuffin us a bit.

JACK—Abbut, am e? he says upp at same page, “In such a state of society the travail of the female will be divested of all its pains.” Wot thinks ta abaht that—eh?

BIL—Allads, Owen; if o wer a woman, o shud wish that state to cum sooin. Then he dus’nt believe at these pains is’t consequence a sin.

JACK—Poo! fudge, lad; he’s a reggilar reit dahn atheist; he no’ter believes in a boible (as a revelation), nor a boible God. Hark the wot he says he believes:—“I believe that all facts prove that there is an external or internal cause for all existence; but that man has not yet acquired a knowledge of any facts to ascertain what that cause is, or any of its essential qualities.”\*

BIL—He’s another Dick, o hear—won at oud schooil. O wot a wonder-workin world we’re in!

\* Almost all the modern pretended atheists believe in some sort of a first cause, but like Owen they do not know what it is.



he'l just suit a lot at o kno. An sooa we're all to turn Turkish Sultans, an't women Sultanas !

JACK—An we're all to follow us awn inclination ; there's to be nooa rich nor poor—we're all to be on a level ; an moi stars ! we shall have fun ; we'st have ivvera thing wot we loike to live on, an we'st heit, an stuff, an stare, an guzzle, till we're as fat as butter ; an then we'st fiddle an donce for exercise, an to finish us fun, we'st all donce intot seraglio, an end t'neet up there. Wa then, we'st work when we loike, an as little as we loike, an travel when we loike, an where we loike, an A—it will be noist !

BIL—O rare Bob ! he's fun summat aht, o avver ; there's nooa wonder on him gettin disciples, but o think he'l not get menny rich ans, though o wonce knew a chap fooil enuff to thro abaht four thahsand pahnd after John Wroe an that set, an nah he's uppatt parish. Alas poor human natur !

JACK—Abbut he's made a vast menny discoveries abaht men an childer, an they're publisht e wot's call'd the Social Bible.

BIL—An wot are they, prethe ?

JACK—Whoy, he says at hah ñnooa infant has t' power to decide when he shall be born.

BIL—Wa, hah in the name a goodness can a infant decide when he shall be born after he is born ? an hah can he decide befooar he is born, eh ? Well dun Bob.

JACK—Wa, then he ses at nooa infant can decide whether his father shall be rich or poor.

BIL—Hurra ! Nah suppose it possible for a infant to down o these things ; when is he to do it ?

Is he to do it befooar he's born, or after? Nah o wunder whether Robin could tell me whether a pig can see't woind or not.

JACK—Thirdly, he says at its possible to taich a a choild at two an two maks four.

BIL—Nah o wunder whether Owen did'nt laff at his sen when he writ that. Whoy its possible to mak a choild believe at two an two maks seven. But o'l bet owt Owen cah'n't tell wot's t' reeason at two an two maks four, as much of a witch as he is.

JACK—Fourthly, he says at hah its possible to mak a choild believe at black's whoite, an at whoit's nooa culler at all.

BIL—An wot be that? he can't mak a man believe it, wethaht he be as crazy as he is.

JACK—Fifthly, he says at hah it's absolutely possible to mak a infant into a rational being.

BIL—He's a rare guesser; but o think his fath'er wer nobbut a poor tooil at that trade.

JACK—Sixthly, at it's possible to mak a choild into a irrational being.

BIL—Hah, his existence proves that.

JACK—Seventhly, at all men believe a thing to be true when they're fooarst.

BIL—O shud think he fun that aht when he wer in America, for he wer fooarst to believe at his system wud'nt work weel there, o shud think.

JACK—Eighthly, at ivvera man, woman, an choild loikes that wot's pleasant, an disloikes that wot's unpleasant.

BIL—Thah ma depend on't Owen gets up e rare toime in a mornin, or he'd near fun that aht.

JACK—Ninthly, at if onna bodda heits or drinks till they're ommast brussen, they're shure to feel uneasy.

BIL—Sans pareil !

JACK—Tenthly, at no man can tell whether a apple be sweet or sour till he's tasted it.

BIL—But he may have a gud guess.

JACK—Eleventhly, at all men feel't best when they're e perfect health.

BIL—Not when they're bahn to be hang'd.

JACK—Twelfthly, at all men are in a state of perfect happiness when they're e nooa state else.

BIL—Thah's dun o hooap : if thah has'nt o'st cut.

JACK—Nou, nor hofe ; but if thaht toired o'l ge o'er ; but o avver, these is't part of a lot a discoveries wot Robin's made, an which he's been pleased to reveal fort cure of a distempered world.

BIL—Whoy, nah, e gud sadness, thah dus'nt pretend to say Owen's publish't sitch stuff as thah's been token abaht, dusta ?

JACK—Beledda, but o doo, an ten toimes mooar if ta'd patience to hear it. If o wer to tell the sum mooar abaht him, o'l tell the wot thah'd say.

BIL—Hah, wot ?

JACK—Whoy, thah'd say at he wer organically mad. He says at hah man is a creature of circumstances.

BIL—Oh, he's won a that lot, is he ?

JACK—There's anuther thing or two at o want

the to hear, if ta will but keep the temper whoil o tell em the ; becos they're reggilar good ans.

BIL—Well, but if they're as soft as t'last lot, o'l thro sum swarf e the face. But o avver, gooa on.

JACK—Wa, then, he says as much as this ;—at if a chap's skull be square, or ovil, or rahnd, or nooa shape at all, at he's not responsible for it. (*A gret uproar, an Bil gets a handful a swarf.*)

BIL—Moind the hoies ; thah dus'nt meean to say at he maks use a them words e his boible, does ta ?

JACK—Whoy, not exactla ; but he says wots exactla t'same meeanin. He says at nooa man's responsable for his physical organoization.

BIL—Whoy, a flat, ahr cat kno's that.

JACK—Witta have a bit mooar ?

BIL—Hah, o'm prepared for owt nah.

JACK—Wa, then, he says at nooa man's responsible for hearin a mule rote ; or to let the have his awn words,—“ No one shall be responsible for the sensations made on his organization by his external circumstances.”

BIL—Whoy, that's just same thing. But is'nt he responsible for't manner in which he allows those sensations to operate and influence his conduct—eh, sharp Bob ?

JACK—But o've another proime bit ;—if a chap meets a lass it street, an begins a huddlin her, an sitch loike, nobbada al tak no nooatis, an they'll not be ashamed, let em doo wot they will, becos he says at e his new state a society, “ there will be no

absurd feelings of shame created on account of the natural affections which arise between individuals of the opposite sexes."

BIL—Goodness ! we'st be loike Adam an Eve, when they wer first created.—Wot innocent craturs we'st be, for sartin !

JACK—Hah, an e this new state a things, we'st not be bother'd we churches an chapels, an praichin an prayin. O dear nou, Sunday an warkday al be all aloike. As for't Bible, whoy, Robin believes that's all a loi, or priestcraft, or summat else. All't religion wots necessary is to spaik truth. Bob says that to worship God as we do, is necessarily destructive of the rational faculties of those trained in the practice of it.

BIL—Wa, all at o've to say abaht that is just this, at he's a loiar ; an that's a short answer.

JACK—Webbut he says at nooa man's responsible for his belief.

BIL—Wa, an if there's nivver been a revelation, he isn't ; but even if there had'nt, dusn't a man's belief influence his actions ? Is he responsible for them, eh ?

JACK—Hah, that's a corker, Bil ; But he says at man's character is form'd for him.

BIL—Oh, that's all fudge ; a man forms his awn character. Is a man compell'd by his nature to be a thief, a drunkard, or a murderer ?

JACK—Owen tells the at it all depends on his organoization, an't circumstances by which he's surrahnded.

BIL—Wot, he cud'nt help it, eh, an thearfooar he's not responsible for it ? Nah o wunder if

a chap wer to meet Owen sum neet, an administer a sahnd floggin, an then tell him at his organoization an surrahndin circumstances compell'd him to do it; would he be satisfoid we that?

JACK—Tubbe consistent with his awn principles, he'd be loik.

BIL—Then a hooap he'll get, it an sooin.

JACK—But Robberd says, at all past an present systems are of an irrational character; but my system is of a superior an virtuous character.

BIL—O dear yis, I am the man, an wisdom al die we me. But o say Jack, witta gooa an hear his lecter?

JACK—Wot dusta meean? Dusta think o spend mo toime a that way? When onna chap cums tot tahn to toke common sense, whoy o'm there if its possible; but o dooant run after sitch a hare-brain'd goose as Bobby Owen no'ther. Nou, nou; mo external circumstances waint let me, or else me organoization, o do'nt kno which.

BIL—There al be plenty gooa if thah waint.

JACK—Hah, an o cud tell the t' names of a gud menny. O kno that lot, an has dun a menny years; they're a promisin set o'l uphoud the; they'n been a gret blessin tot tahn an society in general! O how they do but love ther woives! Good stars! wot world renovators they are. Yes, yes: they're mooast on em vast fond at seraglio system. It's vast odd is'nt it, at these wisdomites cahnt stick to ther woives?

BIL—Whoy, it's ther organoization wot does it ; they cahnt help it.

JACK—Does thah organoization mak thee toke nonsense ?

BIL—'Sloik it does ! an thoine maks thee a wise man ; but there's nooa praise due to the for it, becos thah't fooast tubbe wise, an o'm fooast tubbe——eh ? Wot fudge !

# THE SHEFFIELD DIALECT.

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## THE SHEAF BRIDGE ORATORS, OR A NIGHT IN THE OWENITES' SANCTUARY.

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Whether impostors sinner it, or saint it,  
If knavery grows ridiculous, I'll paint it.

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BIL—O say Jack, o went to hear t' Share Brig orators tuther neet, an a foine treat o had anole.

JACK—Oh, thah did, did ta? wot, o reckon it wer the external circumstances wot compell'd thee to gooa, or else the organoization, wor'nt it? Thah heeard sum lodgick, o'l warrant it.

BIL—It wer't mooast laffable consarn at ivver ta seed e the loif—it wer a reggilar bull-baitin. There happen'd to be a young chap throo Leeds there, an he shaved sum on em rather to cloice; an o'l be hang'd if o did'nt think they'd a hettn him. There wer won varra poloite socialist, in whom dwelt all the essence of good-breedin,—nay, he must have been onmast perfect e Owen's blessed socialism, an top full' an even brimmin o'er we charity;—he croid aht, “Thah't a brazen'd young d——l, o avver!”



JACK—Wot! a socialist call a youug man a d——l; whoy, o shud think they'd send him tot moral hospital, to get his organoization rectifoid, wud'nt tha?

BIL—Abbut there wer anuther wot call'd him a d——d young b—g—r, an thretten'd to nock him dahn.

JACK—That cahnt be true; for they're all on em sitch good-natur'd souls at they cahnt no'ther doo nowt nor say nowt to hurt onnabodda.

BIL—Wot o've said o'l sware to e onna cooart e England, an o'l say mooar;—o'l say at o nivver heeard sooa much blagguard language e onna meetin e all mo loif. Bur o avver, he turn'd em o'er as fast as they came, booath young an oud. Not a single argument could be answer'd. O near seed sitch a mob a socialists; o'm quoit shure if a philosopher's horse ad been amang em, he'd a kickt ther brains aht.

JACK—O deny that.

BIL—Wot's ta meean be that?

JACK—Whoy, o meean there wer non to kick aht. Bur o say, Bil, did ta kno onna at spaikers?

BIL—Nou, o cahnt say at o did, but o can ge the a bit of a description a sum on em, an adder say thah'l kno em. There wer won oud man, a varra noist, luvvin sooart an a oud man, we a pair a spectacles on, an he'd sitch a noist weedlin, cantin, greeasin way a spaikin, onnabodda ad a thowt at he wer won at mooast innocent craters it world; he'd wesht his face in a laver of hypocrisy, an dipt his tongue in the oil of deception, an his words wər 'as

soft as childhood's smile, or woman's look of love.

JACK—An prethe wot did he toke abaht ?

BIL—Whoy, abaht morality, an responsibility, an sitch loik. He said at when onna chap broke a moral law, at he wer awlis punisht in his sen for it. Well, there wer a young chap jumpt up, wot kno'd at this oud chap wornt livvin we his awn woif; an he said he thowt he cud mention sum sins ageean a moral law at a man wornt punisht in his sen for. Suppooas, says he, at a man seduces his neighbour's wife, and thereby ruins the peace of a family, is that man punisht in his sen ?

JACK—Moi oie, but that wer a clencher !

BIL—Hah, an ivvera bodda seed it, ant oud oily tongued goat felt it keenly, for he skulkt into a corner, an nivver sho'd his hypocritical face no mooar that neet.

JACK—They'l say thah has no charita.

BIL—Nou, nou, not much ; but its me organoization wot compels me to use't sledge hammer to sitch chucks as these.

JACK—Wa, an whooa did ta see besoides ?

BIL—Whoy, o seed anuther chap, wot cum up to this young man when he wer toking, an after he'd spued abaht seven hundred yards a ribbins, made a blast furnace on his mahth, an conjured abaht a hogshead a pins, an sitch loik, he says, " Boy, boy, boy,—did ya hear owt nock ? I'll meet ya any where, an discuss the question with you." " If you can bring any one at can talk common sense, bring em," says't young chap ; " but o'm not going to spend ino time e talkin to you." But

wot dusta think ther talented lecturer cum up we?

JACK—Nay, to guess that's impossible: becos there's nowt no'ther to soft nor monstrous for em to say, an sum on em's not varra noist abaht wot they dun.

BIL—Webbut he wanted to cram it dahn't fooaks's throits at Christians wer suppoarters a slavery.

JACK—Whoy, he came throo Lunnon anole, didn't he?

BIL—Hah, o believe he did.

JACK—Wa, then, its quosite clear to me, at there's as big thickheeds e Lunnon as onnawhere else. But didn't he kno at Christians obtained emancipation to a great extent? an dus'nt he kno at Christians jis nah troyin to exterminate it altogether? Didn't he kno at slavery wer quosite opposed tot spirit at gospel an Christianity? His Lunnon buzzard organical vision cud'nt see at there's a world a difference between a Christian e name an won e practice. But o say, just let me ask, wot has the infidels done towards Negro emancipation? Have they sent petitions to Parliament for its accomplishment? Have they sent missionaries abroad to evangelize em—eh? When did they do these things? Never! They've never been guilty of a good action as a body sin't world stood, but they've been guilty of ivvera croime wot can be mentioned, an the commission on em's been aggravated by their pretensions to right reason. An now, forsooth, we've get'n infidelity drest up in a new habit, hypocritically called Socialism; an the

great prophet of this social gang has publisht to the world that marriage is prostitution;—that to worship God is irrational; an we all't crazy impudence imaginable has asserted that he—do'nt mistake me—that he, Robert Owen, who has got a patent to mak a world full of new organical skulls;—that he, Robert Owen, the philanthropical originator of the seraglio system;—that he, Robert Owen, the first propagator in England of Sunday fiddlin an donsins;—that he, Robert Owen, founder of the rational system of adultery;—that he, Robert Owen, the only individual who ever attempted to turn England into one common brothel, by living in common, under pretence of reciprocal affection;—that he, Robert Owen, author, orator, an system-builder to Burns's Nick-a-Cloota; that he, Robert Owen, is at this minnit in possession of the best organized skull, an has it fixt uppatt best pair of organical shoulders at ivver wer stuck on a organized trunk, or carried abaht be a pair a organical legs; an consequently, he says, we all the self-esteem which is indicated by a bump on his skull abaht soize a mo fist,—that he, Robert Owen, is *the only rational man!!*

BIL—Allads Jack! But dusta kno at they'd a social fiddlin festival a Wissunday, at Share Brig?

JACK—Whoy they had'nt, had they? O wonder, whether there wer onna reciprocal affection stirrin amang em, eh? becos they're sitch innocent, lovin, affectionate, charitable, gud sooart a craters, an nivver does nowt but wots natterable, thah kno's,—eh? But hah dusta kno at they'd a festival there?

BIL—Whoy, o doo kno, becos two young chaps wot o kno, went in to em to ask em if they'd let em have their room to deliver two lectures in ageean Owenism; an they wud'nt let em have it.

JACK—An had they onna fiddlers? an wer ther booath men an women in?

BIL—Hah, they'd two fiddlers; and dusta think at they'd be wethaht the ladies? Not sooa! reciprocity for that.

JACK—Webbut, wud'nt they let em have 't room?

BIL—Nou, lad, they'd geen em enuff't neet afooar.

JACK—O moi stars! A whooal gang a Owenites scared aht a ther wits at two young men; dare'nt let em ther room to discuss ther awn doctrines. Well, that's a starcher! it's just as it should be. But o avver, there didn't appear to be much reciprocity of feelin, at onna rate between 't parties.

BIL—Nou, they wert rang sex, thah flat! But wot sooa on a excuse did they mak, thinks ta? They told em at if they let it they shud braik ther contract. Nah that were just a social lie; becos't landlord told t' young men he'd nooa daht at they'd let it em, an even went we em to see.

JACK—O then, they mun be reported, an we'll have em sent to't lying hospittle, o'ther to have new tongues, or toud ans new organoized. Then did these young chaps get a room onna where?

BIL—Hah, they took Tahn-Hall, for three neets;

but they went a second time tot socialists, an there if ther wornt twenty or thirty apparently young lasses set, an two or three oud goats we em; an its generally thought at they were taichin em't reciprocity catechism. But hark the!—Gentlemen we are all on us craturs a necessity, an all us actions is necessary: ivvera man wot hears me spaik here this neet were under a necessity to cum here. Yo may think yo came in be chance, but o tell ya there is'nt sitch a thing as chance: its all fudge: yer external circumstances, an yer organoization compell'd yo to cum in. An o can tell ya this at yo'n nooa choice a yer awn, becos yore compelled o'ther to gooa away, or else stop where yo are.—Abbut, says a chap, shall o be compelled to stop here another hahwer?—O, says t' lecturer, external circumstances al determine that.—Webbut, says't chap, if o say at o'l gooa aht a this room at exactla noine o'clock be mo watch, can o please mesen whether o gooa or not at that toime?—O most certainly you can, if you think proper to go.—O then, says't chap, when a fella's compelled to please his sen wot he does, that's necessity is it?—Most certainly, says't spaiker; becos yore compell'd to make a choice.

JACK—Wot a tomma!

BIL—Abbut, hark the a bit longer. Noine o'clock cum directla, an this young chap says, Nah mester, o'in bahn to gooa away. Yis, says t' lecturer, external circumstances compels you to go. That's a lie, says three or four wags, wot get fast houd on him; external circumstances compels him to stay; an O moi goodness! wot a crack a laffin!

Soilence ! shahts't lecturer.—Gentlemen, I wish to explain to you the beautiful system wot we wish to establish e this large and poppilous tahn. Gentlemen, we shall have no distinction of character in our state of society ;—we shahnt have my Lord Thingembob, an my Lady Lueza Carolina, duchess o wot yo ma call it ;—we shall be all on a level. Gentlemen, we shall have nooa beggars ; (*croies of hear, hear !*) we'st no'ther have kings nor priests ; (*hear, hear, from the infidel benches ;*) an consequently, we shahnt have em to keep. (*Hurra !*) Gentlemen, man is a compound being, whose character is formed for him of his constitution or organization at birth. Wa, then, shahts a chap, if it's formed for him at his birth, it's a screemin character. That's not true, says anuther, is'nt it a man's actions wot determines his character ? Yes, to be shure, says t' lecturer. Wa, then, says't chap, hah can his character be form'd befooar he's ivver perform'd a single action—eh ? Wa, then, there wer another uproar. Gentlemen, says t'lecturer, I shall not stay to answer such silly objections. These young men have got'n a quibbling organoization. Therefore I shall proceed.—Gentlemen, man is compelled to receive his feelins an convictions, independent of his will. Indeed ! says anuther, what do you mean by his constitution ?—do you mean his organoization only, or the whole man himself ? Oh, the whole man himself, says t'lecturer. Oh, then, he receives them independent of himself ;—that is to say, he receives them, but he dus'nt receive them. An this is Lunnon lodgick, is it—eh ?

JACK—Thah maks me think abaht one a these

socialists at Leeds wot ad get'n necessarily drunk, an sooa he wer necessiated to kick up a row; an sooa it necessarily happen'd at one at police get houd on him, an necessarily lockt him up all't neet. Sooa t'next monin it wer necessary to bring him befooar won at magistrates, to be examined abaht this necessary row at he'd kickt up. Well, says't magistrate, what is it you have been about? Oh, says t' man, o think it's a shame to bring me here for dooin wot o cud'nt help dooin. Yes, says't Justice, and so think I; but what is it you have been doing? They say you have been breaking the peace, my man. Yis, sir, but o wer predestinated to kick up a row, o cud'nt help it. Oh, indeed, you wer predestinated to kick up a row, were you? Well, then, I'll just tell you what I am predestinated to do;—I am predestinated to fine you twenty shillings and costs for being predestinated to kick up a row; so that you will have the pleasure of paying for predestination. And I can tell you more;—if you come here again under similar circumstances, I shall be predestinated to do something for you very handsome.



# THE SHEFFIELD DIALECT.

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## THE PHRENOLOGICAL FARRAGO OF CHARLES THOROLD WOOD, ESQ. WHEELSWARFT.

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BIL HEFTPOIP—Well, Jack, wot's matter we the, this mornin ? thaht in a brahn studda, o think, arnt ta ?

JACK WHEELSWARFT—Hah, o've been dooin a bit it brain way.

BIL—Wot, has ta been grooapin summada's brains ? for there's a vast deeal a noise abaht brains nah-days ; we'n concentrativ brains, philoprogenitiv brains, amativ brains, adhesiv brains, combativ brains, alimentiv brains, secretiv brains, acquisitiv brains, an constructiv brains.

JACK—Abbut there's anuther sooarta brains wot thah's not menshon'd.

BIL—Hah ? wot sooart's them ? o thowt o'd menshon'd all there wor it brain kallender.

JACK—Nor hofe, lad, thah neer sed nowt abaht soft ans, an moind me if there is'nt mooar a this last soot sturrin nor thaht aware on.

BIL—Webbut thah didn't say wot thah wer thinkin abaht so varra cloisly.

JACK—O nou, but o wer thinkin abaht us brain bein't organ at moind; o mean, thah kno's, t' thing wot t' moind maks use on as a sooart an a main spring, to ge nooatis tot moind hah things is gooin on, t' rooad to it liggin throot senses.

BIL—Fudge, lad, it's all up we that doctrin nah; o've summat e mo pocket wot just turns all that sooart a philosophy upsoid dahn, an it's written be a chap wot thinks he knose all abaht it, becos he lives in a varra foine hahce, an's had a varra foine eddication, an sitch loik.

JACK—Hah! prethe whooa is he when he's enuff?

BIL—Whoy, he's a varra rich man, an his name, whoy it issent hooak nor yit hezzle; but it's Wood for all that: hah, Charles Thorold Wood, of Campsall Hall, an if wisdom dus'nt dee when he dus, it al be in a consumption, depend ont.

JACK—O dear, o dear, is it him? Whoy he's varra latela been deliver'd of a lecture it Lyceum e Doncaster, abaht grooapin't skull, an it wer published e Shevvild.

BIL—Hah, that's wot o've getn e mo pocket, an there's won paragraph wot o want the to look at, an if ta can lig the intellectual musher abaht it, doo, an let it swing reit an left; but o'l read the't paragraph, an then thah may gooa at it. "The word mind is calculated to mislead, for it suggests the idea of an existent being, whereas in fact it designates merely a function or action of the brain, to which it stands in the same relation as digestion to the stomach, or respiration to the lungs."

JACK—A, mo lad, that doctrine wornt born at

Campsall Hall; it cum aht at crazy brains a Lawrence.

BIL—Lawrence, Lawrence; whoy thah dus'nt meean oud Nock, dus ta?

JACK—O desoir thah nivver fouls the lips we that name no mooar.

BIL—That al be as it happens; get on we the wark.

JACK—Wa then, it furst place, accoordin tot Campsall Hall doctrine at human moind, it's uo'ther matter nor sperrit; it has'nt a positive existence; consciousness, willin, judgin, an all us powers a reasonin, have ther existence it action at brain, an when that action at brain's dun actin, whoy then t'moind's dun existin. Allads Thorold Wood! if sitch stuff is'nt worthy a bedlam, tell us wot is. Nah then, mester Wood, dus't brain act continually? is it awlis e action, or is it nobbut sumtoimes e action? nah, it's loik to be won at two, there's nowt else for it, an yo shall have yer choice which,

BIL—Wa then, o'l say for him, at its awlis e action.

JACK—Wa then, if it is, he reckon'd withaht his host, becos ift brain be awlis active, then we'n awlis a moind, an't moind ad just be as much an existent bein ast brain is.

BIL—Wa then, o'l say for him at brain is'nt awlis active.

JACK—Wa then, there must be a toime when we ha'nt a moind—when we've nooa consciousness of us existence, nay when we dooant know at we doo exist.

BIL—Whoy, we dooant kno that when we're asleep.

JACK—Abbut we think when we're asleep, an mester Wood cahnt tell us when he is'nt thinkin; for even if he cahnt remember his dreams, that's nooa proof at he has'nt dremt; an besoid dreams is caused withaht onna thing actin uppat brain to produce a operation, becost senses is shut up, us moind's shutters is put too, an therefooar there's nooa brainish action e dreams; wot dun ya think abaht that, mester Wood, eh?

BIL—Moi hoi, oud lad, but that's a stunner! At him ageean.

JACK—Wa, he says at moind stans it same relation tot brain as't digestion does tot stomach;—nah, then, can ther be onna sitch thing as digestion withaht summat material to digest?

BIL—Wa, o think o may say nou for him there, o avver.

JACK—Varra well; can there be onna action at brain, withaht brain be acted upon?

BIL—Wa, o dooant kno wot sooart a eagle-eyed vision mester Wood has, but o cahnt see hah there can.

JACK—Wa, then, pretthe wot material action at brain is it wot maks t' moind reflect uppen itsen? Is it a sooart an a josslin at brains together wot causes this reflection? this cahnt be, becos we can reflect uppat operations on us moinds, withaht bein bumpt o'er us toll-dish to joggle us brains abaht, just a purpos to mak us think.

BIL—If these Campsall Hall gentlemen can spawn no better food for philosophers nor this, whoy, o think they'd better keep it at hooam to cram ther turkeys.

JACK—Nah, o shud just loik to kno wot loikness ther is between a action at brain an a action at moind. Is'nt brain matter ? an can there be onna action withaht mooation ?—material action o meean, thah kno's.

BIL—Whoy, o think not.

JACK—Then if't brain acts at all, it's a movement at particles at brain throo won part at cranium to another.

BIL—Exactla, an o think Thorold ad say sooa anole.

JACK—Nah, then, wot's a action at moind ?

BIL—Whoy, perception is a action at moind.

JACK—Come, then, tell mester Wood hah it's done.

BIL—Sloik o will ; wa, then, suppooas Wiloughby Wood's proposition at he get throo me Lord Brougham is placed befooar us, viz., at man is'nt responsible for his belief ; wot faculty at moind will it call into operation to detect its fallacy ? Whoy, this proposition is made up of letters put into words ; these pass in swift succession o'er the retina of the eye—that is, t'images a these, thah kno's—till at last that faculty call'd perception discovers't relation wot they bear to won anuther ; then cums mester Reason, an gets oud on em, an riddles em weel to get all't chaff aht, thah kno'z, till at last mester Perception cums agean, an he sees at wonce at this proposition is defective, becos men are influenced by certain motives to believe certain things ; an therefooar it shud a been a this way ;—man is'nt responsible no'ther for his capacity of understanding, his opportunities of knowledge,

sufficiency of evidence, nor the motives which induce his belief. Then last of all cums mester Judgment, an drawst black cap o'er his face, an pronahnces me Lord's wonderful gret truth wot's gone forth, to be a gret summat else—yo ma guess wot. Nah, then, is ther onna loikness e these two operations? The first, in fact, is not a operation, nor a action no'ther; but the second is a noble an intellectual operation.

JACK—Webbut, just for a lark; if't moind a man is produced be a action at brain, the mooar violent that action is, the bigger't moind ad be, becos ivvera bodda kno's at there's big moinds an little ans. Nah, o wunder whether Charles Thorold Wood's be actin just nah; if they arnt, whoy, then, he's just nooa moind at all; an as he seems varra ambitious for poppillarata, o'd advise him to run his heead ageean a ruff stooan wall, an moi stars, he'd have a moind loik a steeam wheel boiler! But suppooasin this phrenological materialist should happen to be stannin on his heead, t'next time his brains begins to operate, hah then?

BIL—Whoy, then his moind ad be 'stannin' on its heead anole, an all his thowts ad be turn'd upsoid dahn.

JACK—Wa then, he must have been stannin on his heead when he delivered his sen on his lectur, for all his thowts ar't wrang end uppards, an they stan up just loik t' boolders e Lichfield-street.

BIL—Webbut he happen meeans at moind is caused bit particular organoization at brain.

JACK—Organoization can produce just nowt at all; becos nooa organoization can act whoile it's

acted on. Did ta ivver see consciousness floy aht an a steeam ingin ?

BIL—Nou, mun, it is'nt organoized reit for it.

JACK—That's true, nor nooa other organoization is ; an as to Mester Wood's tokin abaht moind bein't action at brain, whoy all at that proves is just this, at Mester Wood's capable a tokin nonsense, becos, as we sed afooar, ift brain be awlis active, then we'n awlis a moind, even accoordin to his awn dogma !—nah then, Mester Wood, yore brain produced yer moind did'nt it ?

BIL—O'st say yis for him.

JACK—Hah did he get to kno that ?

BIL—Whoy, his muther fetcht him a claht o'ert heead won day, an set him a thinkin loik a spinnin jinna.

JACK—Ho—ho—that's just funna, is'nt it, at brains is fooast to mak a bein a purpose to kno at we han brains ! But we'st call him up tot scratch abaht anuther thing ;—he says at t' word moind designates merely a function or action at brain ; but Mester Wood, will yo be so good as just to tell us Shevild groinders hah thowt is secreted it brain ? an when it is secreted, e what crevice at knowledge box does it lig ? Nah as yore sitch a thick an thin phrenologist, mooast loikla yo'n grooapt menny a skull booath insoid an aht, an's seen an handled menny a peck a brains ; doo, o beseech ya, fort credit a yer awn brains, be varra careful when ya split up anuther toll dish, to see if ya cahnt find a soul e sum corner ; there is won depend ont, sum-where ; if yo should happen to see a perception stickin aht, or a will, or a consciousness, slap oud

on him we booath hands, an drag him aht altogether (for if yo get'n won all't rest al follow,) an show him up it Lyceum e Doncaster, an a boiled turnip to yore brains at yo get'nt furst prize it grooapin community.

BIL—Throo wot we'n seen an's known a Charles Thorold Wood, we'n ivvera reason to believe at he disbelieves it existence a sperrit, an at he believes at there's nowt exists but matter.

JACK—A, bless the loif, if thah wer to talk to him abaht a sperrit, he'd laff whoil his brains shackt anuther soul aht.

BIL—Wao'l bet him a shillin he cahnt demonstrate t' existence a matter, an then o'l lig him another at o can demonstrate t' existence a moind ;—hah then will he prove at matter exists ?

JACK—O reckon he'l say he can see it.

BIL—Abbut he cahnt see it.

JACK—Not if he's blind he cahnt.

BIL—Nou, nor if he'd all't eyes e Campsall he cud'nt see it.

JACK—Explain.

BIL—Well, hah does he get his ideas of outward objects ?

JACK—Throo medium of his senses.

BIL—Hah, for instance, all these outward things are pictured on his eye, an these images is seen bit moind ; he dus'nt see't objects ther sens, but merely t'figures on em ; an besaide, wot ivver his ideas may be, these ideas is within him ; they ar'nt its objects ; sooa hah does he kno at he is'nt deceived ? But it's varra different wit moind ; we're not dependent on us senses for ahr knolledge of us moinds ; we're



all on us conscious of sensation, an thowt, an sitch loike ; an sooa thah sees, after all this stuff an stur, these wonderful wooden Woods, wot's bahn to turn t'religious world upsoide dahn, to establish ther phrenological, brain-splittin system on its ruins, at they cahnt, nou, not all three on em—for they're all of a kidney—even demonstrate the existence of matter. But mester Wood's absurdities dus'nt end here. The mind is an act of the brain ; so that whenever he can set the brain e action, he creates a whole moind at one strooak, we all its powers. A dear hah, consciousness, perception, conception, willing, judgment, nay, ivvera attribute at mind is browt into being at one single twirl ; an when that twirl's twirl'd its last twirl, alas, alas ! all these noble faculties are untwirl'd.

JACK—Nah, then, mester Wood, yo happen did'nt kno at there wer onna sitch chaps as us lived e Shevvild, an if yo'd kept yer farrago within eight moile a Doncaster, yo happen wud'nt a kno'n still ; but o avver yo'l foind it aht nah at we'n tain yore phrenological mongrel, an duckt him e ahr wheel-kit, an turn'd him aht intot world to be hooted an hunted till he kennels e some emty cranium within t'walls a Campsall Hall.

G. CHALONER, PRINTER, MARKET-PLACE, SHEFFIELD.

W.







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